WEEK ENDING MAY 28, 1927

5c

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

*Nothing under the Hat*

*In this Issue*

## MUSSOLINI'S SECRET POLICE RECORD

**A HIDDEN CHAPTER *in the* LIFE *of* ITALY'S DICTATOR**

# How Bakers today guard your health

*Section of interior of famous Dunwoody Institute. Bakers send employees here to study latest scientific baking methods. 433 students graduated 1924-25. Total graduates, 1,733.*

Eventually

Why Not Now?

***The same pure ingredients you would choose — bakeries as spotless as your own kitchen***

Shining clean and spotless—floors, walls, ceilings, ovens—the modern bakery is like the kitchen any housewife would envy. With every device known to science to make his baking accurate.

The ingredients he uses are all familiar products—the reliable, well-known brands that have always stood upon your pantry shelves. And, perhaps, on your mother's shelves before you.

Your baker takes more care than you could at home. For he no longer works alone. He now has his own laboratories where all his methods are tested. He is working with the chemists and dieticians of our large universities—thousands of home economics teachers—the millers of the flour—to bring health to you and your family.

The products of your baker are today the purest and most wholesome the world has ever known. They are "health" products in every sense of the word.

***Breads — rolls — cakes — pastries fresh from the oven daily***

Many kinds of breads and rolls to break the monotony of three meals a day . . . dainty cakes and exquisite pastries for your own special parties—you can get them all from your baker. Always as sweet and fresh as if you had just baked them yourself. A real economy. It only takes a minute to buy whatever you want. Just a phone call, a trip around the corner, or delivered at your door. That is all.

More than 15,000 bakers in the United States and 10,000 in foreign countries use Gold Medal Flour. Because it "acts" the same perfect way in all their baking.

*When your daily loaf of bread comes from the oven, it is wrapped by machinery in special sanitary paper. No hands touch it. Thus it comes to you with all its freshness and purity intact.*

At least 50% of baking success depends upon the way a flour "acts" in the oven. But the average flour may not always act the right way. Although the same chemically, a flour often differs in baking results.

The one sure way a miller can tell how his flour will act, is to bake with it himself first. That is why we bake from samples of each run of Gold Medal Flour at each mill—in one of our Test Bakeshops every hour in the day. In this way each batch proves its uniformity and stability—before it leaves the mill.

Bakers who use Gold Medal Flour are sure of serving you the same high quality products each day.

***A Special Word to Bakers***

If you are not receiving the Gold Medal Bakers' Service, write for details or ask the Gold Medal man. This service is free. Many hundreds of bakers use it regularly. It is worth looking into. No obligation.

## GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN CROSBY CO.: GEN. OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS. MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS KALISPELL

*Oven-tested*

Copyr. 1927. Washburn Crosby Co.

# *What has* dandruff *to do with* blood-poisoning?

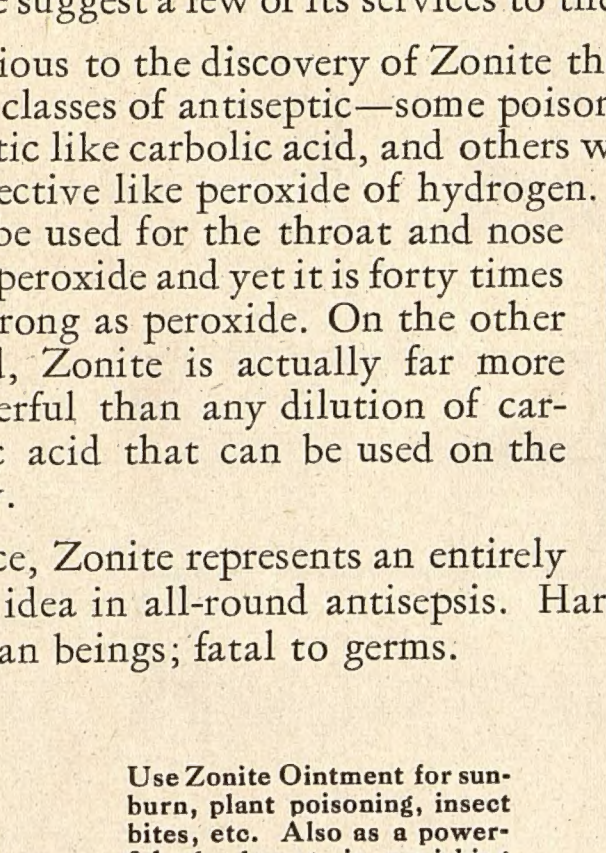
ONLY this. Blood-poisoning is a germ-disease. And dandruff is a germ-disease. At least, that is what many authorities now state. And with the rapid progress of medical science in the study of bacteria, more and more germs are constantly being identified. Some are associated with deadly typhoid, diphtheria and lock-jaw. Others cause merely annoyance, such as dandruff and noxious body odors.

By thus finding a *single cause* for so many ailments, science opened the way for the next step —finding a *single means of prevention*. And science itself has now taken this step and produced Zonite, the great germicide-antiseptic. Never before has there been an antiseptic of so wide a range — an antiseptic so powerful that it actually *stamps out* disease-germs, yet so harmless to human beings that it can be held in the mouth. And yet it is the boast of Zonite that it does just one thing. It kills germs.

**Many in one:**
Emergency antiseptic
Dental cleanser
Mouthwash
Nasal spray
Water purifier
Sunburn relief
Dandruff corrective
Body deodorant
Enema
Feminine hygiene

## *The astonishing variety of Zonite's services to family health*

First coming into public notice as the Great War Antiseptic, it was natural that Zonite should be thought of as a preventive against blood-poisoning in cases of cuts and wounds. In the Allied hospitals in France infection of wounds was reduced over 70 per cent by the use of this new and wonderful kind of germicide.



But the uses of Zonite have now spread far beyond the dreams of the days behind the Allied front. Sore throat, blisters, baby rash, pyorrhea, bad breath, manicure, insect bites, enema, shampoo, feminine hygiene, corns, poison ivy, artificial teeth, purifying drinking water—these suggest a few of its services to the family.

Previous to the discovery of Zonite there were two classes of antiseptic—some poisonous and caustic like carbolic acid, and others weak and ineffective like peroxide of hydrogen. Zonite can be used for the throat and nose like peroxide and yet it is forty times as strong as peroxide. On the other hand, Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body.

**Ask your druggist what he uses himself**

Hence, Zonite represents an entirely new idea in all-round antisepsis. Harmless to human beings; fatal to germs.

Tested and Approved by Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health, Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

*In bottles—25c, 50c and $1*
*Large tubes, 50c*
**Full directions with every package**

# Zonite *the* Great *family* Antiseptic

**Use Zonite Ointment for sunburn, plant poisoning, insect bites, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form.**

ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY
250 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
☐ Feminine Hygiene

10-E

*Please Print Name*

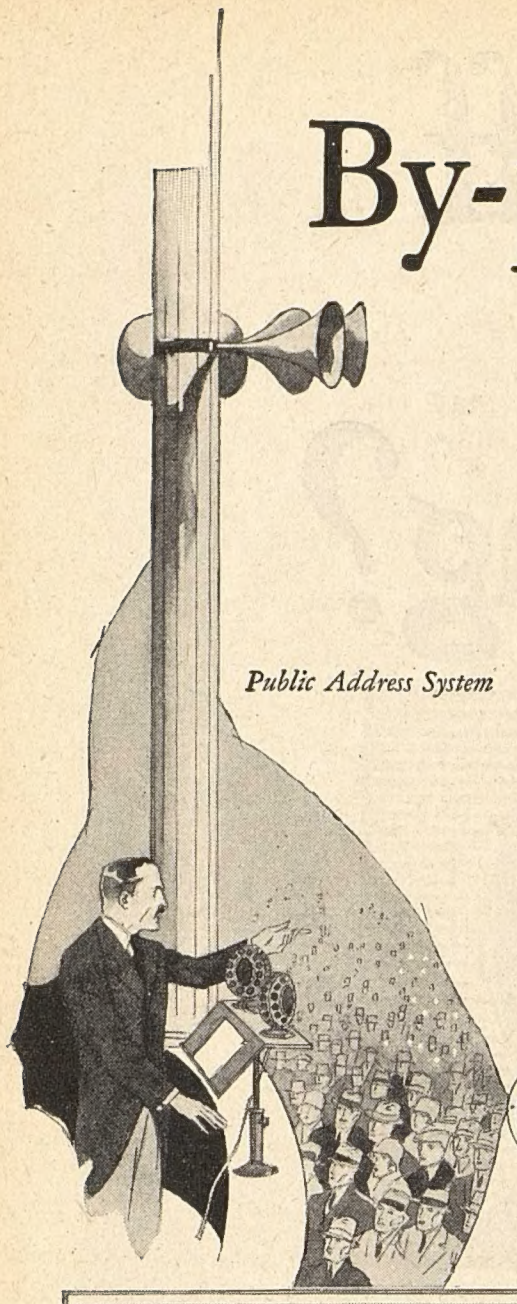
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

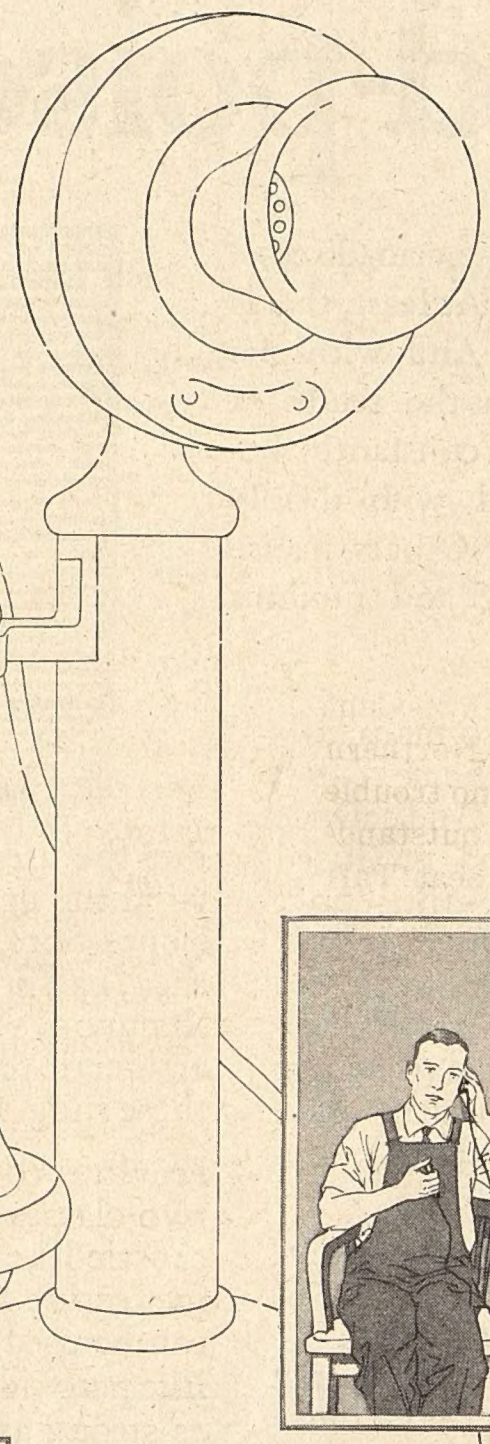
*City*_____ *State*_____

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)

# By-products of your telephone



*Public Address System*

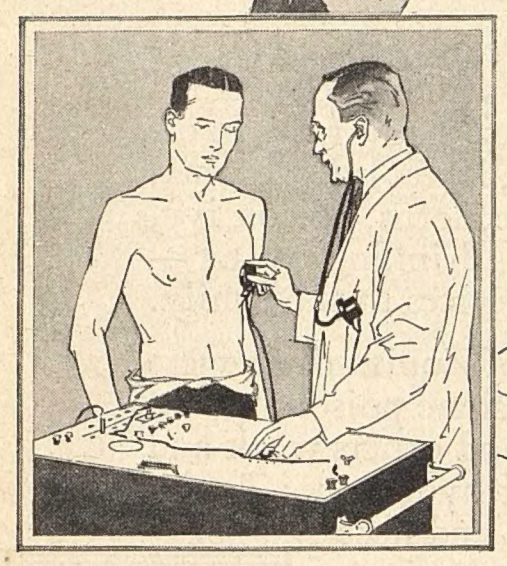


THE microphone, familiar to the radio world, has been called "younger brother of the telephone."

It is but one of a family of products which owe their existence to the communication system engineers and to the men who made your telephone at Western Electric.

Forty-five years' experience as manufacturers for the Bell System has brought not only a telephone that is the world's standard, but also a Vitaphone to give a voice to the motion picture screen; an Audiometer to test the hearing with accuracy never before possible; an Audiphone which gives new aid to the hard of hearing; an Electrical Stethoscope to amplify the faintest heart sounds; a Public Address System to carry a speaker's voice to crowds of thousands and tens of thousands.

Making telephones that are the world's standard, Western Electric has now broadened its field of activity to include the manufacture of many other types of equipment to communicate sound, and in so doing has immeasurably broadened its opportunity to serve.



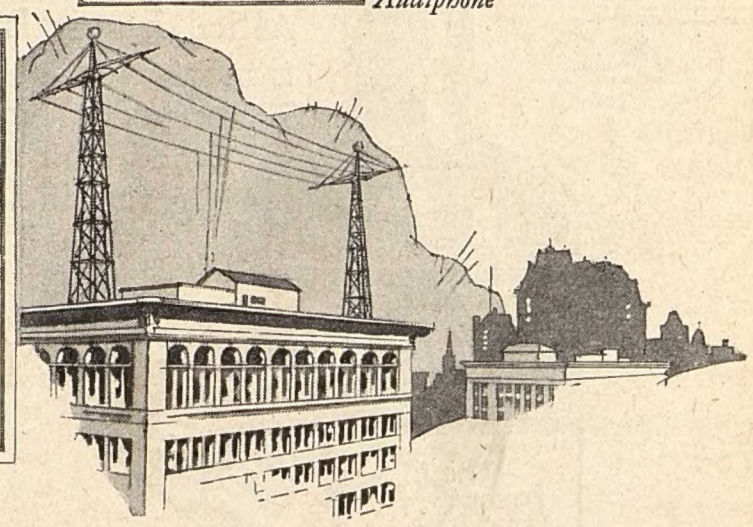
*Electrical Stethoscope*

*Audiometer*

*Audiphone*

*Vitaphone*

*Radio Telephone*



*Back of your telephone*

# Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

MAY 28, 1927

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

VOL. 4
No. 4

Printed and entered as second class mail at Chicago, Illinois. Western Office: Tribune Square, Chicago. Superior 0100

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York City. Telephone: Ashland 4160

**Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City**

*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."*
*—Stephen Decatur.*

## COOLIDGE WILL BE RENOMINATED IF HE LIVES

If he lives, President Coolidge will, we prophesy, be nominated for another term. As to whether this nomination will be for a third term or a second term is a subject that will be warmly disputed during the summer and fall of 1928.

The reason we think he is going to be nominated is because he will go into the convention with a third of the Republican delegates in his pocket. One-third of the national delegates come from the Southern States, where no electoral votes have been cast for a Republican President since reconstruction days. The Republican Party in the South, on account of the Negro problem, is merely an aggregation of office-holders appointed from Washington. Therefore these office-holders come into the convention prepared to do as the administration requires.

Starting with this one-third of the delegates, President Coolidge has to obtain only one-sixth more from the Northern States to have the nomination. Certainly he will have no trouble in obtaining this one-sixth, particularly as there is no outstanding candidate against him. If Roosevelt could not beat Taft under similar circumstances in 1912, what chance has anyone to beat Coolidge in 1928, IF he wants the nomination? And it is also clear that there is no IF about it.

His friends all over the country are suggesting him as the inevitable candidate, and not even a peep against the suggestion has come from the White House.

So far as the third-term argument goes, we don't think it will make much headway. Coolidge served one and a half years of Harding's term, then was elected for four years of his own. It is the usual rule when fractions are disregarded to take the next number above if the fraction is above one-half, and the next number below if the fraction is below one-half. If Coolidge is re-elected, he will have about two and one-third terms in all. This is nearer to two terms than to three terms.

Coolidge is a dry. We hope the Democrats name a wet against him. Not only will this make a more significant campaign, but it will tend to settle a question that is, we believe, not yet settled.

## NO PLACE FOR CHILDREN

"Male and female created He them"; but the cities have altered His plan and more and more are wiping out sex lines. The male and female work at the same tasks, ride the same subways, drive the same cars, play the same games, see the same shows. More and more, therefore, they think the same thoughts and have similar feelings.

It is always thus: the virile, the strong, the individual, come from the country—from the farms. The Roman imitators of Cincinnatus, toiling at the plow, and the stalwarts of the Legions looked with scorn upon the fops and dandies who were the result of Rome's influence. The strong, virile, masculine French from the provinces felt little compunction in sending the emasculated dandies of the court of Louis and Marie to the guillotine. New York and, to a lesser degree, Chicago and other large cities are affecting their men and women in the same manner, only much more rapidly, this being a rapid age.

More and more the cities require injections of virile manhood and womanhood drawn from its source—the farms. The draft from farm to city is reducing the virility of the nation steadily. The farm no longer needs so many workers, since one man with modern machines can raise more than two used to do.

Cities are necessary in this complicated modern world. But escape from them, or even partial escape, is possible. The country is the great restorer. Our dandified clerks and office workers, restored to the farm, quickly revert to shaving every other day or once a week, wearing old clothes, and stabbing at the bread across the table with a fork. In war the counter-jumpers begin to sing bass in a few months and revert to cave-man tactics.

Man is as adaptable to his environment as a chameleon is. The unsexing of men and women through city life is natural. City life softens men, makes them shrink from discomforts, standardizes their lives and their thoughts. City life hardens women. The first ride in a crowded subway train is a shock to the natural modesty of a girl.

Many must live in large cities because of the pressure of modern life—but it is not necessary to rear your children there. Get them into the country. Let them learn from birds and fish and bees, from dogs and horses, from seeds in the earth and growing things. Give them stamina, strength of body and mind, so that, when their turn comes to enter the grind of a city, they will have a reserve of strength to fall back on. They will need it.

## IN THIS ISSUE

Mussolini's Secret Police Record ..... 7
*Details of the Dictator's early career as a Red Firebrand*

Three Days Are Enough ..... By PHYLLIS DUGANNE 10
*The romantic dash of a slow-moving young man*

Mary Garden's Battles with Hammerstein
By GEORGE BLUMENTHAL 17
*Further episodes in the life of Broadway's famous impresario*

And the Prisoner Was Convicted .... By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS 23
*The story of a War Bird who singed his wings in Paris*

Tommy Milton—Lucky to Be Alive ..... By WILLIAM F. STURM 31
*The exploits of a man who cracked seventy-five speed records*

A Star from Mexico ..... By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 39
*Dolores del Rio bursts into film fame*

1927—A Synthesis of Young Love ..... By CLIFFORD RAYMOND 42
*A comic-opera tale of ultra-modern life*

Mash Notes and Others ..... By QUIN A. RYAN 51
*Vox Pop gets busy on the air*

Bobby Jones—Super-Champion ..... By O. B. KEELER 53
*The true story of golf's greatest amateur (Part Five)*

How Should I Leave My Money? ..... By HUGH FULLERTON 61
*Making a will to protect a small estate*

Is the Stage a Greater Career than Marriage? .. By GENE MARKEY 65
*The answer of Eleanor Robson, who became Mrs. August Belmont*

Come to My House (Part Six) ..... By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE 76
*A serial of one mad hour in a girl's true love*

News of the World (p. 41); Cross-Word Puzzle (52); Poem (64); Story for Children (71); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (72); Food (75); For the Love o' Lil (81); Patterns (82); Fashions (82 and 83); Twenty Questions (84); Sam Loyd Puzzle (85); Vox Pop (86).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

May 28, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 4

Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1927, by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Articles, short and long fiction desired. Address Editor, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Ronald Millar, Executive Editor.

**Five cents a copy; by mail, $2.50 a year in the United States. Ten cents a copy; by mail, $5.00 a year in Canada and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Ave., New York City. Allow four weeks for change of address.**

# "Detained at the office . . . again!"

THE WORLD does not always pity the "business widow." She, too, may be to blame. Neglect by the husband is often the result of the wife's neglect of *herself*.

For youth and health need not fade in the years after marriage. Modern science provides a simple protection: Sane habits of living, plus the proper practice of feminine hygiene.

But do not *experiment* in so vital a matter as personal hygiene. Use the disinfectant which is safe and certain and endorsed by physicians.

"Lysol" Disinfectant, for over 30 years, has been the standard with physicians, hospitals and fastidious women. It is reliable. Its strength never varies. Every drop is potent. And it *cleans* as it *kills germs*.

Send for the booklet offered below. It was written for women by a woman physician. It is frank and explicit and tells what feminine hygiene really is. It should be read by every woman.

Just mail the coupon to us and this booklet will be sent to you, free—in a plain envelope.

*Made by* Lysol, Incorporated, *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company. *Sole distributors* Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

In Canada:
Lysol (Canada) Limited, *Successor for Canada*
Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada), Limited, Toronto

© L. & F. P. Co., 1927.

Lysol
Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold *only* in the *brown* bottle packed in the *yellow* carton

LEHN & FINK, INC., *Sole distributors*
Dept. 53 Bloomfield, N. J.

*Please send me*, free, *your booklet*,
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

# Mussolini's Secret POLICE Record

## The Italian Criminal Archives Reveal the Details of the Dictator's Early Life as a Red Firebrand

(Anonymous)

P. & A. photo

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The name of the well known writer who prepared this article cannot be published. He managed at great risk to himself to obtain and smuggle out of Italy the exact copy printed here of Mussolini's secret police record. His home is on the Continent and some day he may have to return to the Duce's domain.]

FEW heads of governments today, outside Russia, can boast a real police record. There probably is a dossier, somewhere, of Aristide Briand's activities as a socialist. A former Premier of England, Ramsay MacDonald, has a few choice entries at Scotland Yard. But it remains for Benito Mussolini, Italy's Dictator, to provide an exhaustive document detailing how closely the police followed his activities from 1904—when he identified himself with the Italian revolutionary socialists—until he was elected a Deputy to Parliament in 1921.

The record reveals much in the life of the Dictator that has been unpublished hitherto.

To the Italian police of the first two decades of the twentieth century, Benito Mussolini, Dictator of Italy, was Benito Mussolini, No. 1349/14 of the Second Division (political). The complete dossier was kept at Forlì, for a few years Mussolini's place of residence, and where he still maintains a summer home.

How this police record came into my hands must remain a secret as long as Mussolini is in power in Italy. I can only say that it is an accurate transcript of the handwritten documents still on file in Forlì. I have not tried to correct the rather lax grammar of the police authorities, but have inserted a few explanatory notes.

But first I will precede the record with a brief summary of Mussolini's life up to the time when the political police take it in hand.

Benito Mussolini was born on the 29th of July, 1883, in the hamlet of Dovia, in the Romagna. His father, a revolutionary socialist and republican, was the village blacksmith and innkeeper, the leader of Dovia's "reds," and a member of Karl Marx's personal International. His mother was the village schoolmistress. The future Dictator of Italy was named Benito in honor of Benito Juarez of undying memory, leader of the anticlerical revolt in Mexico in the '50s.

Until he was fifteen, Benito evidently ran wild when not required to help his father in the shop. "In my fifteenth year I began to learn how to read and soon I read quite well," he writes in an account of his early years. (The Life of Benito Mussolini, by Margherita G. Sarfatti, p. 31.)

During his sixteenth year he studied in the evenings. A little later he went to a preparatory institution, taught school, and was dis-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



P. & A. photo

*MUSSOLINI, as a veritable Napoleon, saluting cheering subjects in Rome (above).*

*THE Dictator as a comparatively unknown soldier in the World War (at left).*

[ MUSSOLINI'S SECRET POLICE RECORD
Continued from Page Seven ]

charged for subversive ideas, and finally, in 1902, emigrated to Switzerland, where he worked as a hodcarrier and stonemason. His first arrest occurred in the fall of that year, when he was taken up by the Lausanne police and jailed for vagabondage, for having slept in a printer's street showcase.

By the end of 1903, when he returned home at the urgent appeal of his mother, then dangerously ill, he had managed to get himself expelled from two-thirds of the cantons of Switzerland as a dangerous radical, or for vagabondage. From this point we will let the police record take up the odyssey of the Dictator. It is headed with the following:

ROYAL PREFECTURE OF FORLI
SECRET N. 1349/14 DIV. II
RECORD, YEARS 1904—1921
CATEGORY IV
Subject: *Mussolini, Benito, son of Alessandro (revolutionary socialist)*
(Photograph in the files)

*Biographical summary to Jan. 1, 1904:* As an individual of rather vivacious and sometimes impulsive and violent character, but because of his meager education (that is, something the average worker could not boast) has enjoyed a good name. He has shown intelligence and some small culture, having attended the royal normal school of Forlimpopoli, where he took the superior courses.

He is a hard worker and is supported by his family. He frequents the company of workmen in order to make proselytes to his party. In family relations behaves well. Until now he has held no office.

He is inscribed in the socialist party, in which he has always been active, exercising a slight influence, limited, however, to his native town. He is in relations with the heads of the party in Romagna and with some in Berne, Zurich, and Lausanne, where he lived for nearly two years, from 1901 until October, 1903, when he returned to Italy, having been summoned by his family on account of the serious illness of his mother. While abroad he was never condemned and was never expelled.

[*Editor's Note:* While Mussolini was expelled from two-thirds of the cantons of Switzerland, he was not expelled from that country as a whole. Therefore his expulsions did not appear in this preliminary record, although reference is made to one later.]

It does not appear that he belongs to any associations, nor that he has collaborated in editing any newspapers. He received the newspapers and some leaflets of the party in which he is inscribed, but it does not appear that he circulates them. He makes an active propaganda among the working class, and earns a little money by it. He is capable of making speeches and has made some, one in Predoppio Dec. 6, 1903, and another in Meldola the 22d of the same month. Further, during his residence in Berne, where he made for himself a certain position [Lenin was there at this time] among our workers who professed advanced opinions, he repeatedly spoke in their public meetings, and especially on the occasion of May first, 1903, so much that he was registered by the Swiss police as a fervid socialist orator. Towards the authorities he showed himself indifferent. He participates personally in all meetings of the party, and since his return from Switzerland has assumed in Predoppio the attitude of party leader.

It does not appear that he has ever signed manifestos or programs of any sort.

He was never proposed for "*domicilio coatto*" [forced residence under police watch], nor for warning, and has never been accused or condemned.

*January 9, 1904. N. P. [File Number] 59.* The third of January, 1904, left for Geneva in search of employment.

*February 6, 1904. N. P. 308.* The royal consul general of Italy in Geneva reports that Mussolini, Benito, denounced to him as an anarchist, was expelled in September from the canton of Berne. He is at Annemasse with the notorious Donatini. He has the intention of settling in Geneva, where he has registered at the University.

[*Editor's Note:* It was at this time that Mussolini came into contact with Sorel and with Vilfredo Pareto, who was lecturing at the University of Geneva, as was Emile Vandervelde, the Belgian socialist Foreign Minister.]

*April 28, 1904. N. P. 942.* On the tenth of April Benito Mussolini was declared absent without justification when his class was called for army service. Fifteenth of the same month arrested at Geneva for having falsified the date of his passport and expelled from the canton. The seventeenth placed on a train for Chiasso to be liberated at the frontier. Having, however, during the voyage, protested that he could not be transported to the frontier because he had not responded to the army summons, and also as a result of measures taken by influential leaders of the socialist party with the government of the canton of Ticino, he was permitted to leave the train at Bellinzona, where he now is.

*May 16, 1904. N. P. 1088.* The minister of the Swiss confederation has reported that Mussolini is now in Annemasse, Haute Savoie.

*January 10, 1905. N. P. 66.* The thirty-first of December, 1904, having presented himself at the military district at Forlì, as inscribed in the first category of conscripts in arrears of the class of 1883, Mussolini is assigned to the tenth regiment of Bersaglieri stationed at Verona. On the eighth of January, 1905, left for Verona where the regiment is stationed.

*November 19, 1906. N. P. 1892.* On the sixth of September, 1906, arrived at Predoppio, released from the tenth regiment of Bersaglieri. On November fifteenth, 1906, left the Tolmezzo in search of employment as municipal school-

P. & A. photo

*Mussolini (center) with his staff at a Fascisti celebration.*

master. The prefecture of Udine informed of the necessity of vigilance, and received copy of biographic record.

*September 18, 1907. N. P. 3866.* Eighth September, 1907, returned to Predoppio from Tolmezzo, being adequately watched.

*July 22, 1908.* [No number.] With a sentence of July 22, 1908, of the local court, condemned to three months' imprisonment and 200 lire fine and costs for the crime of "threats with arms in hand."

*September 10, 1908. N. P. 2569.* With sentence of 10th September, 1908, of the prefecture of Meldola, condemned to 100 lire fine for contravention of Article 1 of the law of public safety for having made a public speech without due notice.

*November 12, 1908. N. P. 3041.* November 12, 1908, removed residence to Forlì, Via Mazzini 27. Is adequately watched, the more because he is a fervent anti-militarist.

*February 14, 1909. N. P. 60.* Now living in Trent, Via Raviera 20, second floor. Appointed secretary of the local chamber of labor. Is continually active as a propagandist of his ideas.

*July 29, 1909. N. P. 247.* With sentence of the ninth of June, 1909, No. 524-9/12 of the most illustrious Royal district court of Trent, condemned to three days of arrest already served for contravention of Par. 314 of the Austrian code. [Unjustified interference with the functions of the police.]

*October 3, 1909. N. P. 2087.* The questura [police headquarters] of Verona reports that Mussolini, expelled from Austria, is now in that city.

*November 13, 1909. N. P. 2869.* On the tenth of November, arrested at Forlì in consequence of a warrant of arrest dated Oct. 25, 1909, from the prefecture of Meldola, where he stayed ten days under arrest for not having paid the fine of 100 lire to which he was condemned by the prefecture of September 10, 1908, for contravention of Article 1 of the law of public security. Will be released from prison the twentieth of this month.

*December 12, 1909. N. P. 3069.* On twentieth of November, 1909, released from prison and returned to live in Sobborgo Mazzini 72.

*December 31, 1909. N. P. 3195.* On tenth January, 1910, will appear at Forlì a socialist newspaper with the title, *The Class Struggle.* Mussolini has been named director.

*February 12, 1910. N. P. 529.* Was acquitted by the council chamber of the local court of a charge of having prevented Father Gemelli from holding a lecture in the church of St. Mercuriali.

*April 14, 1910. N. P. 1508.* Named salaried secretary of the socialist federation of Forlì.

*May 19, 1910. N. P. 2281.* Condemned by the prefecture of Forlì to pay a fine of 2 lire for contravention of article 65 of the law of public security and 445 of the penal code.

*July 25, 1910. N. P. 2994.* Denounced to the judicial authorities for contravention of Article 7 of the law of public security for having promoted at Forlì a demonstration against the Argentine Republic without due notice.

*August 20, 1910. N. P. 3283.* It appears that he is making active anti-militarist propaganda among his coreligionists.

*September 15, 1910. N. P. 3571.* Condemned by the prefecture of Forlì to 10 lire fine for contravention of Article 7 of the law of public security.

*July 20, 1911. N. P. 3918.* Continues to live in Forlì, and to be a fervent anti-militarist revolutionary socialist. Advisable that he be accurately watched.

*September 30, 1911. N. P. 3918.* On the twentieth of September, 1911, denounced to the local king's attorney for a crime under article 246 of the penal code. [Public instigation against the authorities and institutions.]

*October 16, 1911. N. P. 4128.* On October 14, 1911, arrested at Forlì in consequence of warrant of arrest by the investigating judge because accused of complicity in crimes under articles 154, 190, 312, 315, and 316 of the penal code, committed on the 25th and 26th of September last on the occasion of a demonstration against the expedition to Tripoli.

[*Editor's Note:* The crimes for which Mussolini was to be tried were: 1. Resistance to the public authorities and acts of violence against public officials. 2. Violent interfer-

ence with the freedom of men called under arms; resistance to the authorities, acts of violence against public officials. 3. The closing by violent means of industrial businesses and factories with resultant cessation of work. 4. The stoppage by violent means of the tramways of the Romagna, together with the upsetting of cars and the goods carried on them and the damaging of the lines. 5. Damaging the telephone lines. 6. Damaging the state telegraph lines by pulling down poles and breaking and taking away wire. 7. Forcing by violent means the stopping of a locomotive. 8. Placing a telegraph pole across a railway line, with danger to an express train. The only charge he denied was the last.]

*July 15, 1912. N. P. 4135.* On February 29, 1912, the court of appeals of Bologna reviewed the sentence of the local court (imposed November 23, 1911) fixing the penalty at five months' imprisonment, which Mussolini served in the local prisons, being released on March 12th last. He was found guilty of having presented and supported, with a violent speech, a resolution forthwith adopted by a large majority vote, whereby Deputies Bissolati, Cabrini, and Bonomi were expelled from the Socialist Party for having taken part in a public demonstration favorable to His Majesty, Victor Emmanuel III, and Deputy Podrecca likewise, because of said Podrecca's patriotic attitude toward the war in Libya. [Both Bissolati and Bonomi were later premiers of Italy.]

He (Mussolini) was ultimately called to become a member of the new directorate of the Italian socialist party, composed exclusively of revolutionary elements.

*August 30, 1912. N. P. 4908.* Organized and participated in a public meeting held in Forlì, August 25, 1912, against the authorities of the United States of America to protest against the possible sentence of death against his co-nationals, Ettore, Giuseppe, and Giovannitti, Arturo. This meeting, during which the socialist Gionni, Guido, and the anarchist Savattero, Domenico, also spoke, passed off without incident. There were few persons present.

P. & A. photo

*Mussolini on crutches as a wartime patient in the Italian Red Cross hospital.*

[*Editor's Note:* This refers to the first big I. W. W. strike in the East, at Lawrence, Massachusetts, in which there was some shooting. The defendants were never brought to trial for manslaughter, but there was much talk that they might be. Both were tried for sedition and acquitted. Edmondo Rossoni, now head of the labor syndicates, was one of the leaders of this strike, and an editor of an Italian newspaper in Lawrence.]

*June 8, 1913. N. P. 4811.* In a private meeting of the republican section in the rooms of the club Carlo Cataneo, on the evening of May 29, to discuss and decide on a general strike of the metal workers, which has just occurred, Mussolini was named member of a popular committee for public liberties, a committee without authority and without following.

Signed, THE PREFECT.

*October 25, 1913. N. P. 9071.* Has just been proclaimed candidate for parliament of the socialist party in the district of Forlì, where, on the 18th of this month, he submitted to the voters his own political program. At a certain point, speaking of the Libyan war, he asserted the responsibility of the king, toward whom he used improper words. For this he was interrupted by a police agent and denounced to the judicial authorities to answer for crimes under articles 122 and 125 of the penal code.

P. & A. photo

*Half a million black-shirts paying homage to the Premier (with hat off) on the third anniversary of the Fascist parade in Rome.*

A copy of this is being transmitted by the local questura to the prefecture of Forlì.

Signed, THE PREFECT.

*April 11, 1914. N. P. 124.* Accused of the crimes of instigating to a misdemeanor and of vilifying the army for having published in the newspaper *Avanti* the following articles denounced by the local attorney general: The Murders of Rocca Gorga, The Crime of Baganzola, How the Military Beasts Reason, and Naples Rebels, after a noisy success before the local assizes wherein other accused figured with sentence of the first of this month. He was acquitted, the jury having responded negatively to all the questions. To celebrate this acquittal and to manifest their solidarity with the newspaper *Avanti* and its editors, on the initiative of the local socialist section, there was held on the fifth of the said month, here, a public meeting, where, among others, Mussolini was present and spoke, narrating with partisan spirit the episodes of Rocco Gorga and the progress of the trial. After stating that it was only his duty to assume responsibility for the writings on the basis of which he was accused of crime, he finished expressing the hope for *better days for the liberty of the press,* expressing himself in vigorous language, according to his custom.

Signed, THE PREFECT.

*July 4, 1914. N. P. 5157.* During the general strike of protest against the events in Ancona [attempted revolution, which broke down and was followed by severe reprisals], Mussolini was active in revolutionary endeavor, inciting to disorders through the newspaper *Avanti,* of which he is director, and in public meetings in the arena on the eighth and ninth of June last. He there pronounced violent speeches in which, having made himself culpable of the crimes of instigating to disorders and exciting to class hatred, he was denounced to the judicial authorities under the corresponding provisions of the law. More than a revolutionary socialist, he revealed himself by the violence of his words and writings, and by the action of which he personally was guilty on the occasion of manifestations and disorders, a true anarchist in the real sense of the word. And it is chiefly due to his indefensible work of excitement and class hatred, which he prosecutes in the newspaper *Avanti,* the accentuation and recrudescence of insubordination among the masses. He abuses the tolerance and the weak opposition of his more temperate and reflective adversaries and continues to assault people's minds with an outpouring [the Italian word is *irruenza,* "an inrushing"] of unattainable ideals and of seditious movements.

Signed, THE PREFECT.

NOTE. *Secret.* To the questura of Milan. Mussolini, Benito, revolutionary socialist, as director of the newspaper *Avanti,* is proved to have received large sums of money for the purpose of intensifying the socialist revolutionary propaganda through the newspaper *Avanti.* According to repeated information he has in fact received money, and probably from Russia or from the German social revolutionary party, to instigate class hatred among the laboring classes. It has not been possible, however, to establish the sum received. Accordingly, the very secret investigations have not been continued. Concerning the unconfirmed assertions from my informant, I reserve the privilege of recalling this information when I receive greater certainty concerning the truth of these facts.

*October 10, 1915. N. P. 20083.* Summoned to the colors, as conscript of the class of 1884, and assigned first to the twelfth and then to the seventh regiment of Bersaglieri, due notice given to the military authorities.

THE CIVIL COMMISSARY.

*November 9, 1915. N. P. 200987.* Now serving in the eleventh regiment Bersaglieri (7th company, 33d battalion) and according to communications from the commanding officer of the regiment behaving praiseworthily, so as to merit promotion to corporal by the commanding officer of the company.

Signed, THE CIVIL COMMISSARY.

*January 19, 1916. N. P. 1183.* Having finished the convalescence leave granted him after his release from the hospital of Treviglio, left day before yesterday evening for Brescia to rejoin his unit.

Signed, THE CIVIL COMMISSARY.

*March 9, 1916. N. P. 4315.* By regimental order of the day dated March 1, was promoted to corporal for merit. Promotion justified by his exemplary activity, his warlike spirit, his serenity of mind as well as his indifference to hardship, by his zeal and scrupulousness in the discharge of his duties, being always first in every daring enterprise. Now in front-line trenches of Conca di Plezzo.

Signed, THE CIVIL COMMISSARY.

*June 14, 1921. N. P. 6094.* In the general national elections of the fifteenth of May last, as candidate of the national bloc, was elected deputy from the districts of Milan-Padua and Bologna-Ferrara.

In the recent meeting of Fascist deputies held in this city [Milan] together with the members of the central committee of the Italian Fascia of combat, he was one of those to urge the following political policy: republican tendencies of the Fascia, abstention by the parliamentary group from the royal session at the opening of the chamber.

Signed, THE PREFECT.

THE END

He was Death's own ambassador. Watch for the thrilling story of his life in LIBERTY, beginning June 18.

# Three Days Are ENOUGH

## *The Romantic Dash of a Slow-Moving Young Man*

A Short Story by

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

*Pictures by*
R. F. SCHABELITZ

HUNTER DILLINGHAM had not wanted to come to Paris. For that matter, he had not wanted to go to London, whence he had flown the English Channel the day before. But he didn't *mind* London. It was an undisturbing sort of city, sufficiently like his native Boston to be tolerated—the kind of city that leaves a man alone. Furthermore, he had had business there in connection with the American publishing house of Dillingham-Stone, of which he was now the sole Dillingham. But Paris—

The very errands that had brought him there seemed to him typical of the place: to go to his mother's dressmaker and demand how a woman of nearly sixty could be expected to wear a frock such as that last they had sent over; to stop at her shoemaker's and order wine-colored slippers; to go—he glanced angrily at the list in Amelia Dillingham's handwriting—to the jeweler, the perfumer; and—crowning idiocy!—to bear in his hot hand a hank of soft gray curls to the hairdresser and demand that various imbecilic things be done to it. This was Paris!

He put on his hat and emerged sulkily into the caressing softness of the May air. Paris always filled him with vague dissatisfaction at his life, which ordinarily he found so adequate. There was something challenging to him about Paris, as if the city regarded him with amused eyes.

"So this is Monsieur Hunter Dillingham from Boston?" it seemed to say to him, and, carelessly displaying all its pearly panorama of loveliness, laughed softly to itself—Mr. Hunter Dillingham, who found such deep contentment in managing the stables and gardens of the Concord house, in playing eighteen holes of golf at the club, in dining with his mother, playing an hour or two of auction, and going to bed with a book!

His air was so completely one of determined disapproval that a woman laughed into his face as she passed, and, more disapproving than ever, Hunter continued his march. He would stop at the steamship office this morning and get his passage home. It was Wednesday. The Voleric was sailing on Saturday, and in little more than a week he would be back in the security of his ordered life. Three days were enough for his mother's business. And this was positively the last time he would undertake any such fool's errands.

His nerves were slowly recovering from the assaults of a hundred automobile horns, when someone clutched his sleeve. He turned a startled face to Claire Westcott.

"Hunter! I'm terribly glad to see you! I'm just dashing down to the bank and then to meet Tommy at the Ritz. Come along with me."

Hunter wanted to get his errands done and be rid of Paris once and for all; but Claire always amused him, and he had roomed with Tommy Westcott at Harvard.

Claire had not waited for a reply. "Gosh, how grand it is to be here! Hunter, was there ever such a city? I adore it! I've been shopping till I can't see straight. We've taken an apartment for a month—Avenue Malakoff. C'mon up this afternoon—there're some people coming for tea: Bill and Madge Ladd and a frightfully entertaining Englishwoman, Mrs. Pat Callahan. Tommy's head over in love with her. How long have you been here? And how long are you going to stay?"

Her face went completely blank at his reply.

"Got here yesterday and sailing as soon as you can! Hunter, you're not human—honestly you're not! Come and meet the fascinating Mrs. Callahan and you'll stay forever."

Her bag crammed with pastel-tinted bank notes, they crossed the square from the bank and entered the Ritz, passed down the long Alice-in-Wonderland corridor that winds from the Place Vendome to the Rue Cambon entrance.

"Tommy'll be in the bar, of course. Go drag him out, like a lamb, and we'll all have a drink in here."

WHEN he returned with Tommy, Claire was sitting at an infinitesimal table, talking to a slender, gray-eyed young woman whose gown was, literally as well as figuratively, a map of Paris.

"Tom-mee! Hunter! Look at Pat's dress!" With ruthless fingers Claire lifted the soft gray silk from slender legs and held it out before them. "See, it's the map of Paris! There are the Tuileries—the Louvre—the Tour Eiffel—look, Tommy, here's the Seine! I want it!"

Hunter's startled Bostonian gaze averted itself from rounded knees and traveled to the pastel-printed fabric of the frock, moved upward, and stopped short before a pearly, oval face. Luminous gray eyes met his from beneath the uneven brim of a small straw hat.

"Oh, Hunter—you don't know Pat! Mrs. Pat Callahan—Hunter Dillingham."

Her head inclined gravely and she smiled like a friendly child.

"Is this a system?" Tommy Westcott, behind Hunter, was demanding. "Here I plan to meet Claire for a nice, quiet talk on thrift and kindred subjects, and I find her with you —temptress! Have you no pity for poor money-grubbing American husbands?"

Mrs. Pat Callahan shook her head. "Rather not!" she answered, and Hunter tingled at the deep voice. "We've got a new evening gown at the shop that was simply made for Claire!"

"We!" "At the shop!" Hunter stared. Who was this Mrs. Pat Callahan, anyway? And what right had she to wear a silken map of Paris draped around her slender body, to have a skin like the city's pearliest mists and eyes as lustrous as the gas lamps on the bridges over the Seine? He sat sipping a champagne cocktail and watching Mrs. Callahan. Who was this woman with an Irish name and an English accent and the air partly of a queen and partly of a schoolgirl?

Melted pearl and mist, and an indescribable air of wistful gayety. She had that same disturbing charm—so this is Mr. Hunter Dillingham of Boston? She was as indifferent of his existence as the city itself. He resolved abruptly not to go to Claire's for tea, and rose to his feet.

Errands—he really had a lot to do—and he was sailing on Saturday—

"Oh, Hunter!" Claire's blue eyes were reproachful. "But you'll come this afternoon?

*"WHAT do you wish?" "That we didn't have to go."*

Wait; I'll write down the address."

Mrs. Callahan's fingers were smooth and cool. She smiled and turned back to Tommy, and after an imperceptible hesitation Hunter left them.

At the hairdresser's he had to wait in the narrow antechamber, in a dizzying aroma of perfumes. In the mirror opposite he saw his reflection —a slender young man of thirty, with features youthful enough to be clean-cut rather than sharp, and keen blue eyes. A young man of family and money, who worked hard at his business for the sheer love of working, and left it each night to return to a house that had been his family's for five generations. He was satisfied with his life as it was, he told himself, staring at the wistful twist to the mouth of the young man in the mirror.

"Monsieur wishes to see me?"

Hunter flushed as he produced the gray curls; but the Frenchman took them respectfully and bent over them, listening to Hunter's translated orders and nodding.

IT was too early for luncheon and the dressmaker's was only a few blocks away. Feeling more a fool than ever, Hunter strode into a softly carpeted room where rosy lights warmed gray walls and mannequins of every size and complexion moved lazily about.

"Hello, there! Can I sell you one of my dresses?"

He recognized the unforgettable voice of Mrs. Pat Callahan.

"Why, Hunter!" Claire's soft tones were mocking. "Fancy seeing *you* here!"

He explained his errand rather hurriedly—listening, as he addressed Claire, to Mrs. Callahan's lovely voice as she spoke to one of the models. Then a capable Frenchwoman, who inquired about his mother with profound respect, bore him to a corner of the room. While he waited he watched Mrs. Callahan covertly. Only the music of her voice reached him and an occasional disconnected word. The Frenchwoman returned with voluble apologies for the so-unfortunate frock, and Claire's voice was again at his ear:

"Just for this, young man, you can take us to lunch! I'm famished—aren't you, Pat?"

Mrs. Callahan smiled. "It desolates me to have to refuse a free meal," she admitted, "but duty is stronger. I have a fat American woman coming here in half an hour, and I expect to pay my rent for the next six months from my commissions."

She turned to Hunter: "If ever you want to buy any frills, don't forget me, Mr. Dillingham."

"See you later, Pat!" Claire called over her shoulder, and reluctantly Hunter followed her. "Isn't she charming? Every man I know's in love with her!"

Over their luncheon she chattered on about Mrs. Callahan. "She's a marvelous saleswoman—goes everywhere and knows everybody. She does quite a lot of designing herself."

Hunter thought it rather questionable taste, this mixing of business and society, and commented on it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THREE DAYS ARE ENOUGH
Continued from Page Eleven]

"Silly! That's what makes her valuable! She spends a week-end with Mrs. Clifton Schuyler at Fontainebleau—wears six frocks—and the house gets a dozen orders! She's going to marry Gil Sefton, I imagine. He's frightfully rich, and mad about her. Englishman, you know—racing."

"Who was Callahan?"

Claire's shrug was expressive. "Nobody, I guess. She never mentions him. I wish she *would* marry Sefton. She's terribly hard up—not a cent but what she earns, and no French house is exactly lavish with its salaries. If it weren't for all the invitations she has, I suppose she'd be hungry every now and again."

Hungry! Yet Hunter didn't like the idea of her being fed by casual hosts and hostesses. It was—undignified. It was also, he reflected, none of his business.

Claire was watching him amusedly.

"I told you you'd like her!" she said, and he detected a faint malice in her round blue eyes when he protested his complete indifference to the welfare of Mrs. Pat Callahan.

He had planned not to go to Claire's for tea; but, with his steamship tickets nestling reassuringly in his vest pocket, he felt that it might be rude not to go. After all, he was to be in Paris only two days after this one.

Gilbert Sefton was there, and Hunter took an unreasonable dislike to him. He was well enough—the ruddy, mustached type of young Englishman—but as a husband for Mrs. Pat he seemed a bit incongruous. She was standing beside him, a cocktail in her hand, and when she caught sight of Hunter she strolled across the room.

"Claire's been telling me that you're a Bostonian," she said. "D'you know old Nathan Lowell?"

Hunter was surprised by the question. He did know Nathan Lowell—the Dillinghams knew everyone worth knowing in Boston—but he didn't quite see why the Irish-English saleswoman for a French couturier should know him. Mrs. Pat's query smacked faintly of swank.

"He's a nice old duck," she said, and her eyes seemed quite innocent of irreverence. "I'm very fond of him."

HUNTER was silent; not even to himself would he admit curiosity. What was Mrs. Pat Callahan—her pretensions or her sincerity, even—to him? She was smiling, and as he watched something happened to her smile. Her mouth remained curved, unchanged, but her face had become sober. He glanced up and saw Gilbert Sefton looking at her.

"I'm toddling along, then, Pat," he was saying. "See you tomorrow."

She nodded, and as he moved away she stood quite still, looking down at her glass. There was something poignant in her attitude. Hunter started to make some trivial remark, to rouse her. Instead, without warning, he did the first of the unpremeditated things he was to do in the course of those three days. He reached out and touched her hand.

"You're not happy," he said.

"What?" She met his eyes, and her sudden laugh seemed to him much too old for the rest of her—discordant. "Are *you?*"

"Why—of course," he answered, and was bewildered at his own hesitation. Of course he was happy!

"How funny!" She was looking at him curiously.

The room seemed suddenly overcrowded; there were so many people, chattering and laughing and moving around. Hunter surveyed their activity irritably.

"Will you have dinner with me tonight?" he asked suddenly. "I'm sailing in two days. Claire and Tommy have another engagement—" (He didn't know that that was true, but it didn't matter!)

"I'd like to very much." She smiled, and moved away from him to Claire Westcott's side.

Hunter watched her go, dazedly. Odd that he should be dining with this Mrs. Pat Callahan on his first night in Paris!

Yet it seemed wholly natural when they sat down at their table in the restaurant.

"Claire says you don't like Paris?"

"It isn't so much that I don't like it," he answered slowly. "It's different."

"And you don't like different things?"

Her voice hadn't been in the least mocking; yet he had a sense of mockery, as if someone, somewhere, were laughing at him. "I suppose I'm afraid of them," he said honestly.

"They're—frightening," she agreed. "Of course I've lived here for nine years. It's home that seems alien, now."

HE wondered why she had come to Paris nine years before. She must have been a child!

"But that was during the war!" he exclaimed.

She nodded. "The last year. You were over?"

"Didn't get across."

"You're lucky. My husband was killed in it," she added.

Hunter had a curious feeling of excitement. Claire's words, "She never mentions him," rang in his ears.

"You must have been very young," he said.

"I was seventeen."

Curious pauses fell between them—curious because there was in them no awkwardness, no embarrassed attempts to fill them. Hunter had never before felt this sort of ease and understanding with another human being.

"D'you know, I've almost forgotten my husband!" she said abruptly.

He waited, sensing that she wanted to talk.

"It's true," she went on, more as if she were speaking to herself. "I look at his pictures—nice young boy—and wonder what he really looked like! It's like a—dream. He was killed two months after we were married—the day before he was to have leave."

Her slim white fingers played with the blue beads around her throat, and her eyes looked beyond him.

"I haven't been back to England since," she said.

The blue beads snapped, rolled down over the table, dropping with faint, explosive sounds, like hail on a tin roof. The waiter and a bus boy stopped to pick them up. Hunter rose and collected them in his handkerchief. Mrs. Callahan watched him abstractedly.

"That was stupid of me! Thank you."

Their conversation then flowed smoothly and impersonally on.

"I think I'd like to walk home," she said finally. "D'you mind walking?"

They sauntered through the soft May night. The wide doors of her house swung silently open in response to her ring, and she held out her hand, smiling gravely at him.

"I've had such a nice evening—thank you."

Silently the doors swung shut.

In the morning, when Hunter was emptying the pockets of his suit before sending it to be pressed, he found the blue beads. He slipped them into his pocket. Some time during the day he would walk across and leave them at Mrs. Pat's apartment.

It was noon when he knocked at her door, and he did not expect to find her there. A maid opened the door, and as he brought forth the beads he heard the murmur of voices in the room beyond.

"Who is it, Hortense?" Mrs. Pat Callahan came into the hallway, and her face lighted when she saw him.

"I brought back your beads."

"Oh—I'd forgotten them." She smiled. "Won't you come in for a minute? Gil Sefton's here."

He intended to refuse, but suddenly he felt that she wanted him to come in.

"Thanks."

The young Englishman was standing with his back to the door. His face, when he turned to greet Hunter, seemed very pink.

"I'll get us a drink," Mrs. Callahan said.

"I've got to run along, Pat." Sefton held out his hand to Hunter, his gaze slipping disconsolately past the American. "Good-by."

His face was hot and unhappy. As he took his hostess' hand he dropped something into it, seized his hat and stick from the table, and hurried from the room.

The girl turned over the little white box that Gilbert Sefton had put into her palm. Slowly she opened it and withdrew a ring—a square blue-white diamond in a platinum setting.

"Pretty, isn't it?" she asked tonelessly.

Hunter did not move. It was the first time he had seen her without a hat, and the sunlight, streaming through the high window, fell on hair that was as palely gold as strained honey. She looked up and met his gaze.

"Gil's really very nice," she said. "Good fellow. I suppose I'm going to marry him."

He sat down in a chair beside hers.

"Do you love him?" he asked—as if it were quite customary for him, Hunter Dillingham, to ask such questions of ladies whom he scarcely knew!

"I'm tired," she said. "And I'm not very young any more."

"You wouldn't marry a man you weren't in love with!" said Hunter.

She looked at him unresentfully.

"What do you know about me?" she asked.

"I know that."

"No, you don't. And I tell you I'm tired! I've been alone for nine years!"

He was silent. It occurred to him, oddly, that he had been alone for thirty—an idea which, he corrected himself, was quite untrue.

"I quarreled with my father when I married Pat. I haven't seen him since." Her mouth looked very small and determined. "He wasn't decent about it when Pat was alive—it was too late to be decent after he was dead."

"Pat," repeated Hunter. "But that's *your* name."

She moved impatiently. As if names mattered!

"My name's Patricia. Awful name."

THE tear that rolled down her cheek seemed strangely unexpected to Hunter: she was not the crying sort.

"Mrs. Callahan! Pat!"

She jumped to her feet.

"I never talk to *anybody!*" she said. "What do you mean by coming here and—and interfering?"

Hunter looked at her guiltily. It was true. He had interfered. Her life was none of his business and he had pried into it. He felt ashamed of himself and sorry for Pat.

"Let's go out to Versailles for lunch," he suggested. "It'll—do you good."

She did not answer, and when he turned she was standing rigid, the throbbing of her white throat the only living thing about her.

"Pat!"

Slowly she turned her head, and for a long moment they regarded each other steadily. She nodded.

"Wait here and I'll change my dress."

Then she put the little white box with its ring into his hand and went out of the room.

Hunter turned, glanced around him, crossed to the mantel, and dropped the box into a deep Persian-blue vase. At her desk he paused, with a slight start of recognition, before a photograph. What a strange, incomprehensible person she was! Why should Mrs. Pat Callahan have a silver-framed portrait of one of the oldest and most typically British members of the House of Lords on her writing-table?

They lunched in a garden-restaurant beside

a lake, while a crowd of tourists chattered around them. Hunter had never seen the Petit Trianon, and they wandered along paths in that prettily uncultivated patch of land which had been Marie Antoinette's playground. Pat carried her hat, and the sun shone on her fair hair. She stopped to pick flowers, to watch a butterfly, or listen to the excited comments of some bird. She was like a child on a holiday.

It seemed to Hunter, suddenly, that playing was the most important thing in life—to play, not at golf and auction, but at living. The thought of Gilbert Sefton made him cold. *He* wouldn't know how to play. And this girl who had been cheated of her girlhood by a war deserved her playtime!

He had only one more day. Six days across the Atlantic lay Boston and a publishing business, all his little life. One day—and he knew that in it, somehow, he must convince Pat Callahan that she could not marry Sefton. If he couldn't convince her he must not sail! It was absurd, fantastic, yet true. And what could he do? He hadn't been cast in the mold of playmate for young women whom life had robbed!

IF, he thought suddenly, he were a different sort of person, he could imagine no greater delight than marrying her himself. The idea made his breath catch, and he looked away toward the absurd island where the pillars of the little *temple d'amour* gleamed in the afternoon sun. He must remember, even in this enchantment, that he was not another person. A Dillingham bore responsibilities almost like a prince of the royal blood! One day he would have to marry, but he couldn't take back to his mother a girl who had lived for nine impecunious years in Paris, earning her living almost by her wits!

"We'll have to go back sometime," she said. "I told Gil I'd dine with him."

He looked at her miserably. What could he do?

"I wish—"

She had demanded what he meant by interfering, and she was right. To interfere, and then sail away—

"What do you wish?"

"That we didn't have to go."

Depression settled dankly over him, a depression that lasted the whole lonely evening. Two days ago their lives had crossed for a moment, and in one more day the threads would be untangled. He would go on his way, his posted, paved journey, and she would go hers. Three days were very little, in the hundreds of days of one's life.

His last day was a rainy one. Hunter packed his bags and emerged into the drizzle to complete his mother's errands. Everything was done by 1 o'clock, and there remained the hours of the day and evening empty before him. He ought to say good-by to Claire and Tommy. And to Pat. She had dined with Gil Sefton, perhaps spent the evening with him. Perhaps even now that square-cut diamond gleamed on her slim hand. That diamond! Good Lord, she didn't know where it was!

He went first to the shop, but she was not there. At her apartment the maid offered no help. He returned, through the rain, to his hotel, and four times braved the bedlam of the French telephone service before he reached her. He was calling to tell her about the diamond; but that deep note of her voice made him forget.

"You'll have dinner with me tonight? Pat, you must! My train leaves at eight in the morning."

"I can't, Hunter! Last night—I told Gil I'd let him know this evening. I've got to!"

Hunter forgot every resolution. "You can tell him later. After dinner. Please, Pat—"

He was to call for her at eight. She was not ready when he arrived, and he paced nervously around her living-room. Before her desk he paused once again to stare at the photographed countenance of a British lord. Why, in heaven's name, should she give that a place of honor? Then she was in the doorway, and he forgot everything but her loveliness.

It was his night to talk. Over dinner he told her of his mother, of the Concord house, the publishing firm, the Dillingham traditions.

"Let's go and dance for a bit," he suggested at last. "No self-respecting American should leave Paris without at least one trip to Montmartre!"

Apparently she didn't remember Sefton. "I'd love it!" she said.

Sedately they began at the Florida. Mildly, before, Hunter had enjoyed dancing. Now he was insatiable. Bubbles rose in their champagne; music floated, forming a buoyant carpet beneath their feet. This was another sort of play, and he felt that he could talk and dance with Pat Callahan forever.

One o'clock found them at the Perroquet, with two silken dolls sprawled on the velours bench

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*The room seemed suddenly overcrowded; there were so many people, chattering and laughing.*

[THREE DAYS ARE ENOUGH
Continued from Page Thirteen]

at Pat's side. At three they were in a cellar where a gypsy violinist closed his eyes and drew forth throbbing, passionate sounds with his bow. Dawn came unseen while they danced and talked in the clattering, amusing tawdriness of Zelli's.

"Hunter, what time is it?" Her eyes shone beneath disheveled hair; her mouth was rueful. "I promised Gil—"

Hunter Dillingham of Boston looked at his watch, grinned, and shook it. "This thing says it's quarter to six."

"Hunter!"

They smiled guiltily at each other.

The street was palely blue, like skimmed milk. Daylight seemed thin and unconvincing after the yellow warmth they had left. As the car began that descent from the hill, his arms folded her close. The dolls dropped to the cab's floor, as they sat, lips pressed close together. She withdrew herself gently from his clasp, and looked out at the morning city with soft eyes.

"Your things—they're all packed?"

HE didn't want to think—of anything. "Yes."

"You'll have time for a bath and some coffee." She adjusted her wrap. "Here's my house. Good-by. And *bon voyage*."

She lifted her face for him to kiss.

His head was heavy. His thoughts, rather than his speech blurred. He clutched her desperately.

"Wait, Pat!" There was something—he knew that there was something.

She smiled with amused indulgence as he groped.

"That ring! It's in the blue vase on the mantel," he remembered.

"The blue vase." She nodded.

"You won't wear it?"

Still she was smiling. "No; I won't wear it, Hunter."

Relief surged through him. He watched happily as she rang the bell, stood, beaming vacuously, at her closed door.

He steeped luxuriously in a hot bath while the valet packed. Boys carried his bags; he followed them like an obedient child. There was no time to lose, and his porters darted across the station and settled him and his luggage in the train. Then he dozed. He awoke at noon, hot and dusty, his lips and mouth dry. The conductor from the wagon-restaurant was offering him a ticket—"Second service, monsieur?" He blinked. He didn't want food. Water.

He sat in the swaying car, sipping cool water and collecting his thoughts. His bags were neatly arranged on the rack above his head. Tickets, passport, money—all there.

Two elderly women shared his compartment. They glanced at him disapprovingly when they returned from their lunch, and he wondered whether he had been snoring. Their voices were politely Bostonian; they fell on his ears with an odd familiarity.

"Six more days!" the younger of the two breathed, looking out the window. "Of course it's been interesting. But *home!*"

Hunter glared at them.

"I'm glad to have *seen* Paris," the other said doubtfully.

"D'you mind if I smoke?" Hunter asked.

Paris! They were glad to have *seen* Paris, these two with that smug, thank-God-that's-over expression. Paris! Back there in its pearly mists, Pat Callahan was—doing what? Sleeping, with the two gay dolls sprawled on a chair beside her bed? Or perhaps this very moment tipping up that blue pottery vase to find a diamond ring?

Recollections were singling themselves from the blur of his mind: "You won't wear it?" "No; I won't wear it, Hunter."

Her eyes, luminous, gentle, and her mouth, soft and tremulous like one of the fragile poppies in the fields. And before that—ages before that, in the eternity of those three days: "What do you mean by coming and interfering?"

Good God! What had he done! To drift heedlessly into and out of a life, perhaps to alter its whole course in a brief three days!

He must write to her—explain. But he didn't want to write! He wanted to see her, to hold her close in his arms, to kiss her soft, troubled mouth.

At Boulogne he let himself be moved by the crowd like a sheep. Capable porters led him through the customs, aboard the tender. The wind from the harbor was fresh, cooling his forehead. He must stop thinking about it! There was no alternative. He couldn't ask her to marry him. She was alien to everything he had known—different. "You don't like different things, do you, Mr. Dillingham?" "I suppose I'm afraid of them."

Afraid! One couldn't be afraid of Pat Callahan! If he was afraid, it was of Boston and his mother—afraid, for all the security of his little life! What did it matter, really, if she was a nobody, a woman who earned her own living, who had been the war bride of an obscure Irishman? She was herself.

They were pulling up alongside the liner, and he looked at it anxiously. He wanted, suddenly, to be back in that challenging beauty of the Champs Elysées, with Pat at his side.

"You're not going aboard, sir?"

His bags had gone aboard—but what did he care. "No!"

At last the gangplank slid back and the strip of water between tender and liner broadened. At last, again the train, movement. And at last the door of Mrs. Callahan's apartment.

"Madame is not at home."

He didn't believe the maid. He brushed past her without bothering to speak, strode into the empty living-room.

"Pat!"

*As Sefton passed through the door, Pat stood still. There was something poignant in her attitude.*

THERE was a scurrying in another room. He caught only the briefest glimpse of a wan little face above a film of chiffon before the face was buried against his shoulder and his hands were caught in a tangle of lace and sheer fabric.

"You came back!" said a muffled voice.

"Did you think I could do anything else?"

For an interval they spoke only in murmured phrases.

Then:

"I must look positively revolting!" said Pat Callahan.

He held her off to look at her.

"Beautiful—beautiful!" he said.

"And my nose must be shiny!" She scurried on bare white feet across the blue carpet to her door, poised a moment to look back at him. "Oh — my dear!"

She was gone interminably. He was standing before the mantel, contemplating a blue pottery vase, when she returned.

She followed his eyes. "It's gone," she told him softly. "I sent Hortense with it."

A lump rose in Hunter's throat. "Oh, Pat!"

"You did know, you see!—that I couldn't marry someone I didn't love!"

Suddenly he was afraid. "You'll marry me?"

She held out her hands.

"I wrote Gil—that the reason I couldn't—was because I loved someone else."

"Shall we stay here—or go to America—or first to England?" he murmured against her hair. He wanted to take her home—wanted his mother to know her loveliness!

"First to England!" she repeated.

Her soft cheek brushed his as she turned her head, and he looked, with her, at that silver-framed photograph on her desk.

"You don't know me, Hunter! You don't know what an unyielding person I can be! And he's getting old! Nine years—"

He held her close. "I don't understand."

"I mean my father."

Hunter Dillingham of Boston turned away from the likeness of his future father-in-law. The Dillinghams had had their forebear on the Mayflower! And Pat—the Wars of the Roses, the Domesday Book—

"You don't know me!" he blurted. "I'm a rotten sort of person! A snob. Oh, Pat, can you love me? Are you sure?"

"We've known each other three days, Hunter! Isn't that enough?"

THE END

**The true story of the Ace of Aces, with the official records of his many killings, begins in LIBERTY, June 18.**

# *Refreshing, invigorating* TOMATO SOUP

YOU SIT down at the table. Perhaps you are a little tired. Or your appetite is somewhat listless and needs a bit of coaxing. And even if this is not the case and you are decidedly hungry —"all set" for real food—the very sight and savor of Campbell's Tomato Soup makes you all the more eager to begin.

For this is a soup with a flavor and sparkle all its own. No other soup is like it. There's glow in it. It arouses the most indifferent appetite with its individual and irresistible taste. Each spoonful only serves to add to your satisfaction. You feel revived and refreshed.

At first glance it seems astonishing that any one soup could be so popular as Campbell's Tomato. It is such a universal favorite that it is no exaggeration to describe it as one of America's household dishes. But let your own appetite be the judge. You will realize at once that this famous soup is a masterpiece in the fine art of cooking.

* * * *

The tomato is just about everybody's favorite, to begin with. It has an appealing, refreshing flavor that piques the sense of taste. Nature has made it one of the most attractive of foods. And then Campbell's, with their strict standards of quality, their skill, their experience and their superb kitchens, select just the best portions of the finest tomatoes and blend and cook them into a soup that brings you all the sunny tomato goodness.

"Every single can contains our business reputation." See how carefully we guard that reputation!

No tomato is plucked until the sun has ripened it and sweetened it to the very heart, right as it grows on the vine.

Then when it hangs—a ruddy and luscious temptation—laden by nature with tonic nourishment—it is plucked and brought to the Campbell's kitchens. Here it is again subjected to the most rigid inspection and if accepted, washed five times in crystal clear running water to free it of all surface impurities.

Strained in colanders of solid nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points, only the rich meat of the tomato and the health-giving juices are retained in a smooth puree. So Campbell's Tomato Soup contains only the delicious, nutritious, digestible portions of the tomato—all the rest is discarded.

* * * *

Then golden country butter is blended in. Delicate seasoning is added. The soup is cooked in tureens of solid nickel. Campbell's French chefs test it and approve it at every step.

And the miracle of it is that you have only to add the water and let the soup simmer for a few minutes before placing it on your table! Ease and convenience combined with supreme quality! Now you can understand why this is such a popular soup. When we offer the American housewife a food she is proud to serve on her table and at the same time save her from useless work and expense, she is certain to respond with that greatest of all tributes —the regular use of it on her table. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

# *Mother*
# LOOK FOR FILM
## —Every Day
# ON CHILD'S TEETH

*The Film on teeth to which authorities ascribe many of your own and your children's tooth and gum disorders*

*Present day dental findings urge the importance of starting early in children the habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by Pepsodent. Gleaming smiles, the reward of daily care, bring charm and popularity in later life.*

### *Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free*

*A method dentists now are widely urging*

IN a film that forms on teeth, science has discovered what is believed to be a chief enemy both of sound teeth and of healthy gums —a viscous, stubborn film that ordinary brushing has failed to effectively combat.

Thus thousands who have taken greatest precautions, even from childhood, with their teeth, still are largely subject to tooth and gum disorders.

Many of the common tooth and gum troubles, including pyorrhea, are largely charged to this film. To combat it, a new dental care is now being widely advised.

#### What FILM Is—Its Effect on Teeth and Gums

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing was found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

#### Curdles and Removes Film— Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums —Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

*In daily practice, Pepsodent is urged by dentists for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualities.*

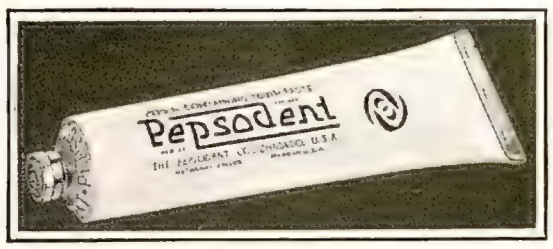
No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those contained in Pepsodent.

#### Please Accept Pepsodent Test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better tooth and gum protection.

## FREE—10-DAY TUBE




*FREE*—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Co., Dept. 1139, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name .....

Address .....

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W.

2428

# PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

# Mary GARDEN'S Battles With Hammerstein

## *More About the Famous Impresario Who Made Cigars, Designed Suspenders, and Produced Great Operas*

As Told by George Blumenthal to

BRUCE GRANT

[EDITOR'S NOTE: There was never a more erratic genius on Broadway than Oscar Hammerstein. Particularly was this so in his treatment of the great women stars, both of the stage and of the opera, who came under his management. As told in last week's issue, he imported the French actress, Mlle. DiDio, then sat in a box at her New York première and hissed her. His action brought on a fist fight and sent him to jail. And now follows the sensational disappearance of the diva, Mary Garden.]

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN had been a fighter from youth. I shall never forget the talk we had at the old Victoria Theater—the theater he loved most and where he made the greatest part of his money. This was formerly the Market Stable, and when Hammerstein built the Victoria he never disturbed the haylofts back of the stage. They remained there until the building was torn down.

He would not allow the place to be renovated or repainted, having a peculiar idea that it should always remain as he had opened it. He thought of it as The Theater without a Key. It was never closed; for when the winter season was over, in June he opened the roof. The average profits from vaudeville here were about $200,000 a year.

But one evening, as we sat in his little office at the theater, after a battle with one of his performers, he said:

"Blumy"—he called me that when he was feeling especially confidential—"Blumy, I have always been a fighter. I have always wanted to be independent. Never wanted anyone in business with me. I have wanted to stand alone, just as I have wanted my theaters to stand alone.

"Do you know that, time and again, I have been asked why I don't rent out offices in my theater buildings? Only the other day I had an opportunity to rent a corner of one of my theaters for a drug store. But no. If the building cannot pay as a theater I'll tear it down or sell it.

"I ran away from my home in Berlin at sixteen years old because I was flogged. I had been skating, and when I came in my father whipped me with my skate straps. I smuggled out my precious violin and sold it for thirty-five dollars. I went to Liverpool and shipped on the Isaac Webb to America.

"Well, I got a job on Pearl Street with a cigar-maker at two dollars a week. Think of it!"

Int. photo

*Hammerstein at the piano where he often composed music between the battles of his career.*

Photo from Harold Seton

*MARY GARDEN, who could either fight or play leapfrog with the impresario.*

HIS passion for the theater and opera was early in evidence. His first real-estate venture was the building of the Bedford Flats at 136th Street and Seventh Avenue, in which he showed his theatrical inclinations by erecting a theater in the basement where the tenants

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MARY GARDEN'S BATTLES WITH HAMMERSTEIN]
Continued from Page Seventeen

could put on amateur theatricals. He built a stage with a little auditorium.

At the same time, in his home at 120th Street and Morningside Avenue, he also had a small theater on the top floor which seated fifty or sixty people.

When Mascagni wrote Cavalleria Rusticana (not copyrighted in this country), Rudolph Aronson, manager of the Casino, at Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway, was to produce it for the first time here on a certain night. Hammerstein, hearing about it, immediately got a company together, and before Aronson could carry out his plan he produced Cavalleria Rusticana at a theater called the Lenox Lyceum, at Fifty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue.

By a few days, he was the first to present Cavalleria Rusticana in this country. This was his first operatic venture.

BUT his cigar-making trade was the basis of his fortune and success. He used to say:

"The tobacco business is prose. Opera is poetry. I'd rather make Melba sing than make cigars!"

Yet he never stopped making his own cigars or buying five-cent cigars from an old cigar-maker on West Forty-second Street. Once, when I went to meet him in London, I took along 200 of these cigars. He was delighted.

"You could have brought me nothing I appreciate more," he declared.

He revolutionized the cigar-making industry by some 100 inventions, and just before he died he had nearly perfected a machine to strip the leaf from the stem. Many a night since, Mrs. Hammerstein and I have pondered over this machine, because he had organized a company and the machine was worth $500,000, perfected.

There was just some little thing lacking—a little thing that he, with his inventive genius, could no doubt have perfected in a short time. He had told me of the offer made him, and he confidently expected his cigar-making invention to get him back into grand opera.

That was his way. He had used all the money from his inventions to finance his operatic ventures.

He was inventive in other lines, too, and on his desk in the old Victoria Theater he had an arrangement whereby, when one was writing, the inkwell was opened by a device that one's arm rested upon. When not writing, the lid automatically closed on the well. But he didn't think much of this device, as he did not care greatly about writing.

He spent considerable time trying to solve the suspender problem. He would rush into his office after listening to his favorite opera, La Traviata, and begin to work on this or something similar.

He had to be busy, although his was the rare and wonderful faculty of never appearing so. He always had time to be friendly. The suspender was a linen affair; for, as he said to me:

"Don't one's suspenders get dirty and don't they need washing?"

Who could contradict this man?

Well, he figured that instead of the buckles on the suspenders he would arrange holes, one above the other. Three holes there were. He gave me a pair and I still have them. They look nice—in the drawer. He also spent a lot of time perfecting a reversible necktie.

Oh, yes, there was what he called a leg-baker. He had pared a corn too close once and blood-poisoning had set in. He cured himself with his machine. It consisted of a strange contraption into which he placed his leg up to the knee. Then he turned on a switch. Violet rays darted through his leg. No one but Hammerstein ever used it.

© Mishkin

*Mary Garden in the title rôle of Thaïs.*

Photo from Harold Seton

*Lina Cavalieri, who was the innocent cause of a famous quarrel between Mary Garden and Hammerstein.*

Mary Garden and Oscar Hammerstein—two names to stir a thousand memories.

I remember, one day, Mary Garden came out of Hammerstein's office in the Manhattan Opera House, her eyes flashing as only the eyes of Mary Garden can, her chin at a haughty tilt, and her whole attitude one to strike terror into the hearts of those who knew nothing of histrionics.

"Bah!" Mary hurled back toward the door she had slammed. "Bah, bah, bah!"

Everyone flew from her path. Mary Garden's satin-shod feet twinkled out of the theater.

The next day the newspapers carried great headlines. Mary Garden had disappeared! The following day the headlines were still there—the next—and the next—for ten days.

THEN Mary Garden came back. She appeared at the theater. She sang in Thaïs, that opera of bewitching wickedness. She sang in Salome, that opera reeking of perfumed poison. Yes, Mary was back, and singing as if nothing had happened.

The newspapers could not understand. Then they thought they did. Huh! A press-agent stunt—her disappearance—nothing more. They shrugged their shoulders, mildly criticized Hammerstein for using such methods to gain publicity, and then forgot the incident—all except the New York *Press*. But more of that later.

Here's what happened:

In the spring of 1908 Mr. Hammerstein produced Salome, with Mary Garden as star. She had been appearing in Thaïs. Both operas were great successes. Salome proved a sensation. With doubled prices it brought in from $13,000 to $14,000 a night.

When the fall season opened, Hammerstein wanted to keep both operas in his repertoire, but felt that it would be too great a strain on Garden to sing both. So he called her into his office one day and told her:

"Miss Garden, you have been a great success in both Thaïs and Salome."

Miss Garden nodded. She knew it.

"I want to keep both operas in my repertoire."

Miss Garden nodded. She knew this, too.

"I feel that it would be too great a strain for you to—er—sing both—"

Miss Garden frowned.

"So I have engaged Lina Cavalieri to sing in—"

"What?" cried Miss Garden.

"In Thaïs."

Mary Garden was on her feet in an instant. She cast one glance, laden with daggers, scimitars, and arrows, all barbed with fire, at Mr. Hammerstein.

"*Nevaire! Nevaire!*" She used the French—slightly. "*Nevaire* will I sing in this house again if that woman takes that rôle. I have created it. I quit!"

She was gone.

Draw your own conclusions. Mary returned. Lina sang *Thaïs* once. Then she quit. Was the indomitable Oscar whipped? Well, he took a lot of abuse about press-agentry, and never denied the story, as I recall.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

*Branches*
BOSTON
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
AKRON
ATLANTA
DALLAS

*Branches*
CHICAGO
MINNEAPOLIS
KANSAS CITY
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES

# Here's Extra Mileage for You

4 PLIES AT SIDE WALL

5 PLIES AT SHOULDER

BALLOON tires for comfort? Sure. But how about the wear—and the punctures? . . . . India writes that answer clear. Here in this enlarged cross-section of an India Balloon tire showing India's patented construction, the extra mileage is easy to see. Two extra plies of cords under the tread take care of the wear and the punctures. The standard thickness of side-wall gives the added comfort for which balloon tires were designed . . . . . Use India Balloons with the True-Blue [HEAT PROOF] Inner Tubes (another exclusive India feature) and you will have the utmost satisfaction you can buy in automobile tires . . . . . India Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

# INDIA TIRES

6 PLIES UNDER TREAD

PATENTED CONSTRUCTION

# Smart as the Ritz

YOUNG Americans under sixty insist upon the mode. Peg-top trousers and long skirts belong to other years. Style is progress. The mode in motor cars is no exception. Today's motor car has four-wheel brakes. Speed dictates them. It's safer to be up-to-date—and smarter. The Whippet Collegiate is the season's best seller in Roadsters for these reasons:

*Four-wheel brakes.* If you were paying $2,000 you'd insist upon them.

*Seats for four passengers.* Take 'em or leave 'em.

*Speed*—Too fast. We admit 55 miles per hour.

*Acceleration* — Invariably first on the green light.

*Economy*—Whippet holds the coast-to-coast record for economy.

*Oversize tires* — Another plus-value feature that speaks for itself.

*Snubbers*—Smo-o-o-o-oth.

*Adjustable steering wheel*—long orshort, thin or stout, it fits you.

*Force-feed lubrication* — Like that of the Willys-Knight and other higher priced cars.

*Silent timing chain*—Extremely quiet engine operation.

*Roominess* — Holds four comfortably in two seats—not three in one.

The Whippet is available in six distinctive body styles. Collegiate Roadster $695; Touring $625; Coupe $625; Coach $625; Sedan $725; Landau $755. Prices f. o. b. factory. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, O. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

4-WHEEL BRAKES OVERLAND Whippet RUMBLE SEAT

COLLEGIATE ROADSTER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

But he was never the same toward Mary Garden. I had seen the time during the rehearsals, as I have said, when he and Mary Garden would play leapfrog all over the stage, to the edification of singers and stage hands. But no more.

A hundred little things happened between them. They quarreled frequently; and it was a treat to see steel meet steel, fire meet fire, in these arguments.

THEN one day Mary came along with a limp pay envelope in her hand and a look of beautiful—I admire Mary Garden—scorn on her face.

"What does this mean?" she asked Mr. Hammerstein, holding out the check.

"What is wrong, madame?" he asked, shrugging his shoulders.

"Where is the rest of my salary?"

"That is all you have coming to you."

"What? It is only one-fifth of what is coming to me!"

"Remember, madame," said Mr. Hammerstein in his most dulcet tones, "we made our contract in Paris."

"What of it?" asked Mary.

"Well,"—and Mr. Hammerstein settled back, his thumbs beneath his suspenders,—"a contract made in Paris is a contract made in France. If you remember, we made our contract in francs. Should you care to glance at the newspapers this morning, you will find that the rate of exchange has brought the franc value down considerably—"

"But the rate at the time of our contract still holds," insisted the prima donna, showing every indication of flying into one of her well known tantrums.

"No, no, no!" insisted Mr. Hammerstein. "The contract says in francs, and I pay you in francs according to the rate of exchange. I'm glad I thought of the matter, because I find I have overpaid you on several occasions. Let me see, now; you owe me—"

Well, enough was said right then and there. A suit was threatened by Garden, and—Garden won. What a woman! She was constantly getting advances from Mr. Hammerstein. He would advance her a thousand or two at a time.

One day he said to me:

"I wonder if she really needs that money so badly, or is she afraid I'm going broke and is she trying to get her salary in advance so I won't owe her anything? The next time she asks for an advance, I won't give her a cent unless she tells me what she is doing with all this money."

So the next time she came to ask for an advance, Hammerstein replied:

"Not unless you tell me why you want it."

It turned out that Mary was playing the races.

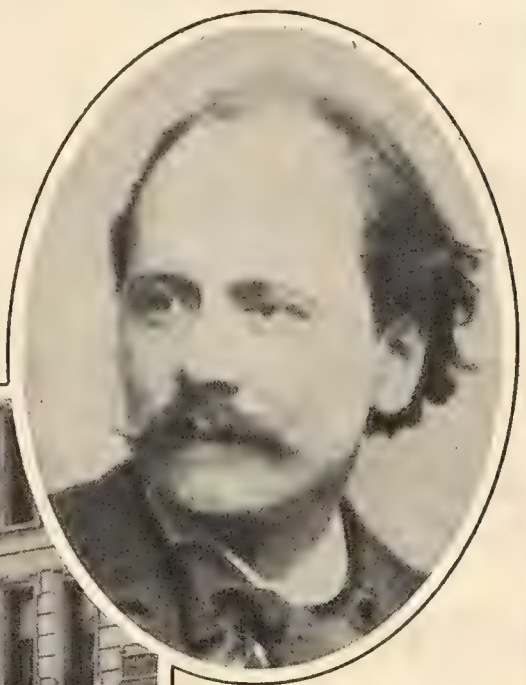
These two were friends and enemies—but friends at the last. In later years Hammerstein said of Garden:

"She does not know how great she is. She knows she is greater than the others, but she does not know how much greater."

Meantime the New York *Press* was still hectoring Hammerstein about this and that. It sent two reporters to every performance, and found all the fault it could.

Finally Mr. Hammerstein resorted to a letter. It was seldom that Hammerstein resorted to epistolary communication. He never knew what a stenographer was. He never had a secretary. The reason was simple: he never answered a letter. That's the truth.

He never answered any letter, nor would he open a letter that in any way looked like a bill. He would lay it aside, later push it to the other side of his desk, and when such letters had become so high that they were in the way, he simply pushed them off into the wastebasket.



*Massenet, the composer, who thought Hammerstein had snubbed him.*

Incidentally, he lost many checks and not a few friends. The composer Massenet gave him the cold shoulder once, in Paris, because he had never answered his letters. Hammerstein never knew Massenet had written!

BUT Mr. Hammerstein did resort to a letter on one occasion. He dipped his pen long and deep into vitriolic ink and wrote. The pages scorched. He told the New York *Press* a few things; and, among others, he made use of this phrase:

> Please, in the future, to keep your two reporters out of my theater. It is necessary to disinfect it every time they come.

The *Press* didn't like that. Neither did the reporters. The latter caught Mr. Hammerstein, famous silk hat and all, on Broadway one day. They trod on his hat and punched him several times on his cherublike cheeks. Mr. Hammerstein sued the *Press* for libelous articles—and won. It was not long after that the paper ceased printing. Munsey bought it and junked it.

But that was only one of Mr. Hammerstein's great fights.

---

*In next week's LIBERTY the author recounts how Mr. Hammerstein wrote an opera in forty-eight hours to win a $100 bet.*

**The true story of the Ace of Aces, with the official records of his many killings, begins in LIBERTY, June 18.**

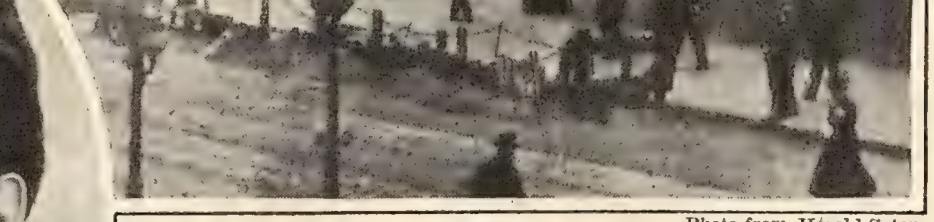
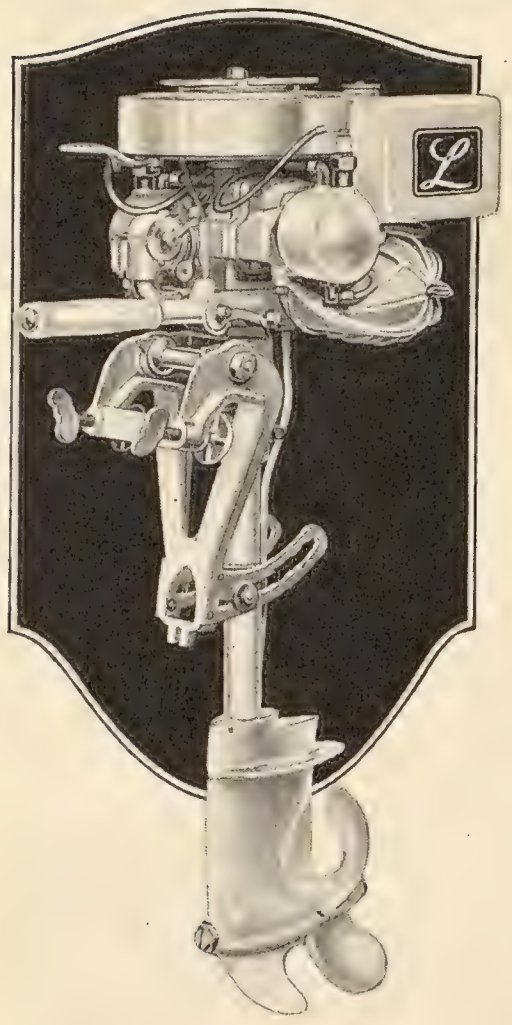


Photo from Harold Seton

*The old Victoria Theater at Broadway and Forty-second Street, most profitable Hammerstein house, but since torn down.*

*Mascagni, whose Cavalleria Rusticana was given first in America by Hammerstein.*

# A "Cocky" LITTLE MOTOR and the Ideal Size



THE Lockwood Twin has never been beaten except by a Motor of larger size—mark that! It holds 1925 and 1926 Class B World's records and has won all official events entered in 1927. Yet it is the smallest Class B motor on the market—the Ideal Size.

The Lockwood Twin was not built for racing—it is the All-Around Motor. Safe and Satisfactory Power; portability with no sacrifice of rugged strength; features of control and performance that are exclusive; moderate price. The "Motor for the Boater."

## *The Unbeaten Motor of the Light Twin Class*

It's a "Cocky" little Motor—proud of its record—a scrappy motor. A Dare-devil on a hydroplane. A "sticker" on your heavy jobs. A plugger for power and under-priced $15 to $20. Find out for yourself what the

# LOCKWOOD BOAT MOTOR

will do. Get a demonstration. See the Lockwood Pilot that "takes hold of the motor when you let go." One man said, "It's worth the price of the motor itself." Enjoy those holidays —May 30th, July 4th—as you never have before.

Get a demonstration. If the LOCKWOOD doesn't fit ALL your personal needs better than any motor you know, don't buy it.

In any case, get the new Catalog Folder that tells about the Lockwood Pilot and 14 other NEW features.

## LOCKWOOD MOTOR COMPANY

720 South Jackson Street
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Fred I. Mitchell
633 Notre Dame St. E., Montreal, Que., Canada
*Distributor for the Province of Quebec*

St. Lawrence Engine Co.
Brockville, Ontario, Canada
*Distributor for the Province of Ontario*

## SPECIAL DEMONSTRATION WEEKS

*Lockwood Dealers are making special Demonstrations, without obligation, during the weeks—May 23 to 30—June 27 to July 4—Make your Holidays, this year,*

LOCKWOOD HOLIDAYS

MAY 30 JULY 4

## *New World's Record Set by Lockwood*

On April 24th, at Houston, Texas, Lockwood Skimmer No. O-218, with Lockwood Twin Motor, driven by S. Hancock of Galveston, Texas, won first place in Class B Race, setting a new official World's Record, at the remarkable speed of

### *24.28 Miles Per Hour*

Second place was won by K. V. Goodlow of Galveston, Texas, with Lockwood Skimmer and a Lockwood Twin Motor.

LOCKWOOD MOTOR CO.
720 S. Jackson St., Jackson, Mich.

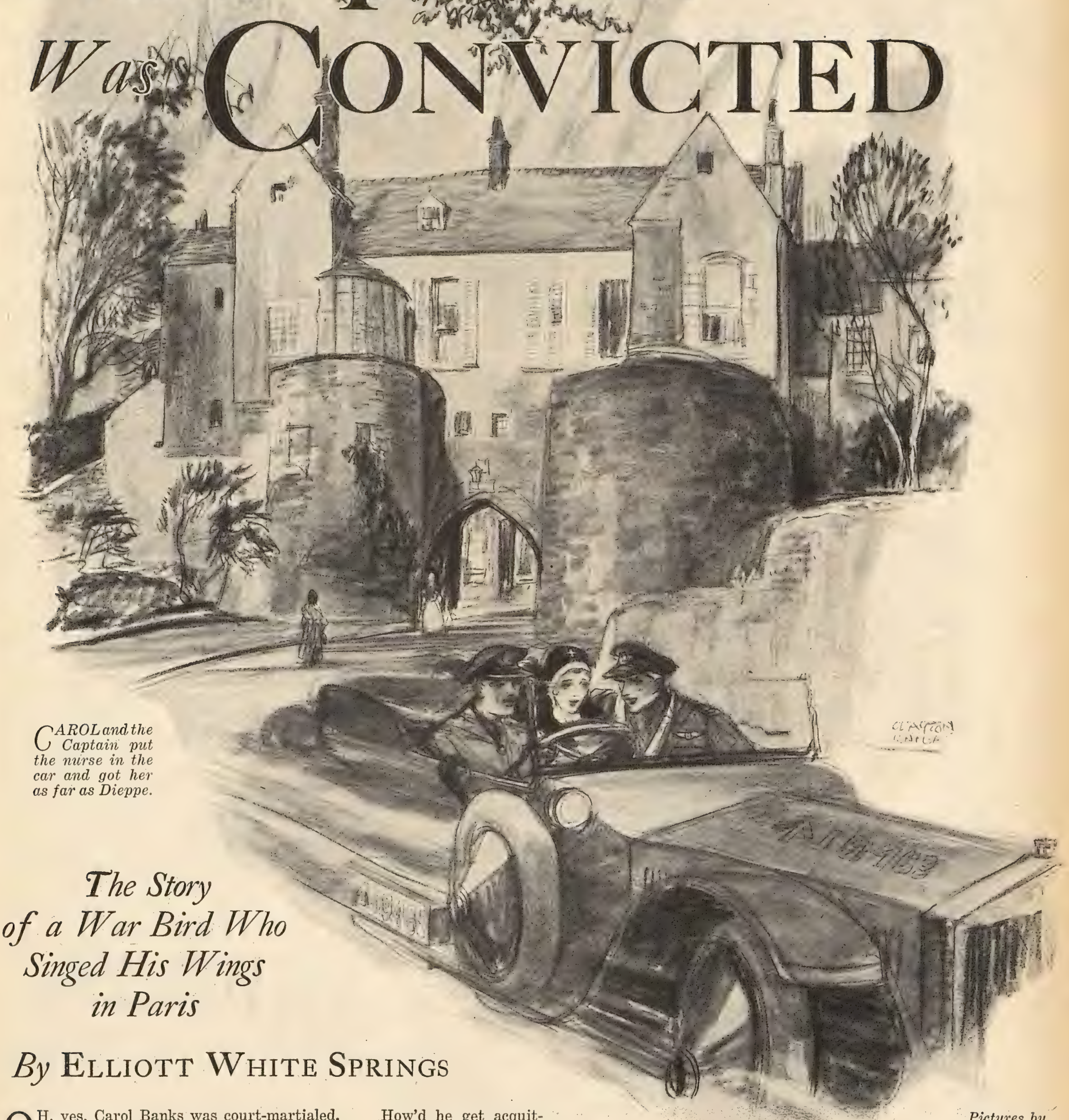
Gentlemen: Send me Free Catalog Folder describing the 1927 Lockwood Twin and its 15 New Features.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

# *And the* Prisoner *Was* CONVICTED



*CAROL and the Captain put the nurse in the car and got her as far as Dieppe.*

## *The Story of a War Bird Who Singed His Wings in Paris*

*By* ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

OH, yes, Carol Banks was court-martialed. Sure he was. Who told you he wasn't? Well, I ought to know. You ought to have read the charges and specifications: "Absent without leave, desertion in face of the enemy, mutiny, drunkenness, conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, abduction, seduction, appropriation of government property, theft, highway robbery, impersonating a general, and high treason." Isn't that a nice thing to say about a man?

How'd he get acquitted? He didn't. He was found guilty as charged. Yes, sir; he sure was.

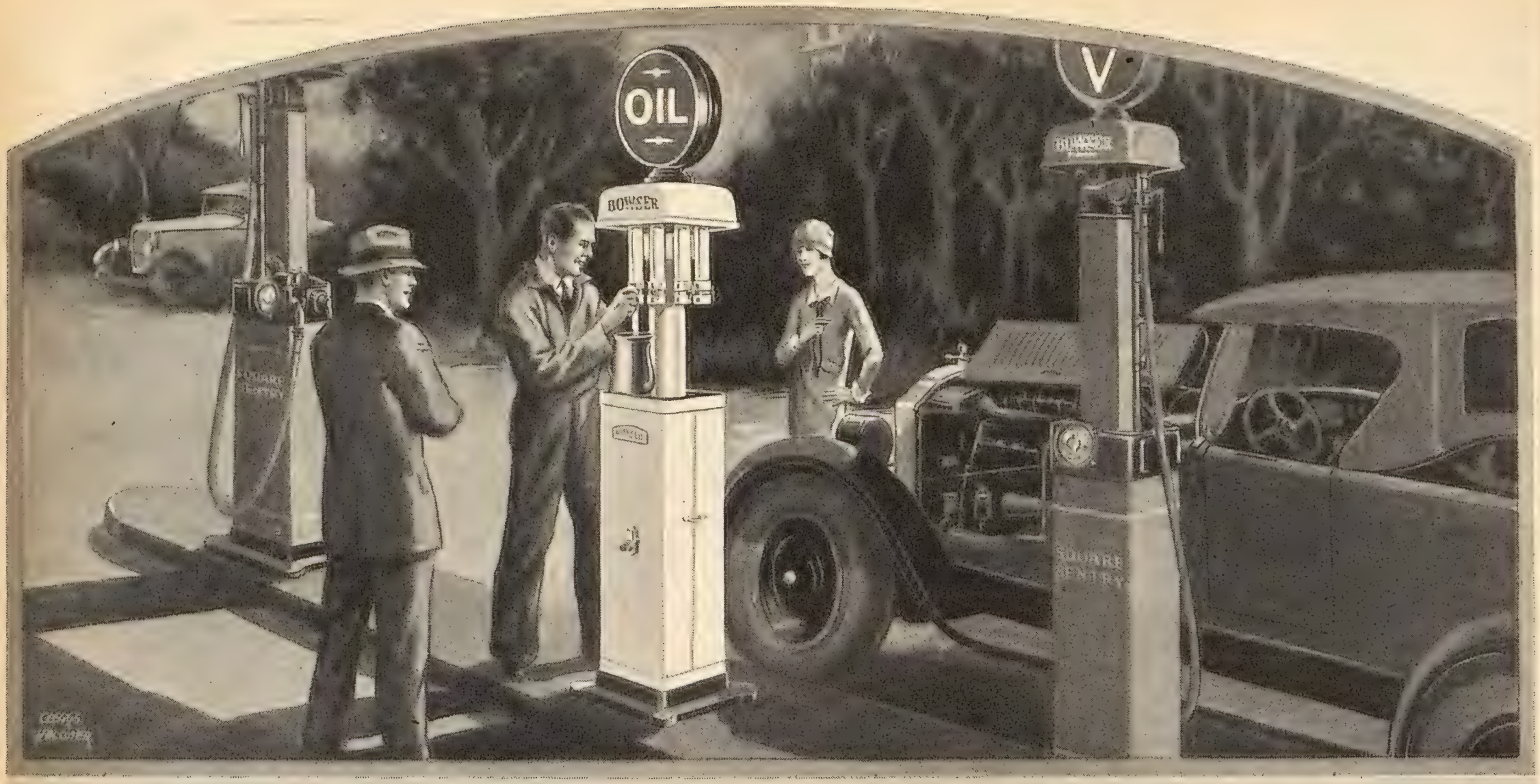
How'd he get out of the brig? Well, it's a long story. Thanks, I don't mind if I do. No ice and about half up with water. Righto.

Carol and I were out at the front, attached to a British squadron flying S. E.'s. We were still supposed to be in American uniform, but we'd quit wearing uniforms months before and we hadn't seen a paymaster in so long we didn't know what army owed us our money.

Then we got shifted around and I didn't see him for a while. I heard that he was missing after a dogfight, and then I heard he was wounded and got back on our side of the lines.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

*Pictures by* CLAYTON KNIGHT




# Safe oil. Clean gas.

## ALWAYS—wherever you see this "lighthouse," the Fountain of Illuminated Oil.

**You're SAFE, when you buy oil at a Bowser Fountain. You SEE what you're getting. Use the coupon and get the "secret" of buying oil and gas SAFELY!**

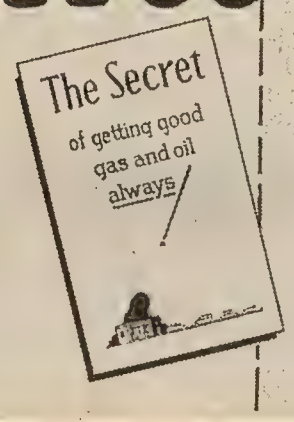
## Last chance on

# $500.00

The Oil Fountain is "safety first" for your engine, a real convenience for you—and a blessing to the filling station. It deserves a better name, and we offer $500.00 for one—with duplicate prizes if there is a tie. Full details in folder that will be sent FREE, along with the booklet offered in the coupon. Contest closes June 15th—hurry!

BOWSER
ESTABLISHED 1885

## free




S. F. Bowser & Company, Inc.
Dept. M, Fort Wayne, Indiana, U. S. A.

Please send me "The secret of getting good gas and oil—always!"

*My name*_____

*My address*_____

*I generally buy my gas and oil from:*

*Station name*_____

*Station address*_____

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

I had to go down to Boulogne to get some likker for the mess in September. I took a thousand francs from the mess fund and drove down in a tender for a nice washout day. Nothing like a holiday when it means just one more day to eat, drink, and be merry before the orderly packs up your kit and writes home what a fine fellow you were and tears up your I. O. U.'s.

I got to Boulogne and got myself a bath at the Folkestone Hotel.

*"Hello, America," he greeted us. "Come have a drink with me."*

Then I dropped into the bar to get the latest news of the war from Henri.

AND there in the bar, sucking at a coffee cocktail, was Carol. He had one arm in a sling and a bandage on his head and looked rather run down.

"Oh, it's nothing," he told me. "I don't even get leave out of it. I lit in a flat spin in Havrincourt Wood after one of Richthofen's pupils got on my tail and emptied his guns into my rudder post. But I'll be back in a couple of weeks, and I'll know that bird the next time I see him. He had a skull-and-bones painted on his fuselage, and if you see him don't shoot at him—save him for me. Besides, the lad is good, and you can find plenty of cold meat without paging a slap in the face with the old shovel. Meanwhile I am taking life easy out at Wimereux—lovely hospital, charming nurses, *beaucoup* zigzag and *encore* zigzig. Kick yourself in the face and come join me."

"Is this the way you win the war and make the Democrats safe?" I asked him.

"Death," he replied, "has drunk up all the stingers. There's a little nurse in my ward that could make the lion and the lamb lie down with a rattlesnake. She's engaged to everybody in the ward but me, and I've just got five pounds of sugar from home and I think she's mercenary enough to fall for such a temptation. Anyway, this is her evening off and the date is mine. I shall make a bumper crop of hay. I may have only one good arm, but, oh boy, what a workout it is going to get!"

A British captain joined us. His uniform was torn and greasy and his face and hands were badly scratched and cut. Apparently he had been well crashed and his wings were almost torn off his tunic. He was a pukka write-off. I remembered him faintly as an instructor at Ayr.

"Hello, America," he greeted us. "Come have a drink with me."

"Thanks," said Carol, "but I'm supposed to be taking it easy. The doc told me that my system needed building up."

"Well, a martini is just the thing to build it up on," advised the Captain. "Oh, Henri, scramble us three martinis, will you?"

Henri produced the cocktails and all the gossip from the front. There was no news of the war that Henri didn't know. There was a rumor that he was a spy, but he was far too valuable to the Flying Corps ever to be arrested. No one coming back on leave would ever have found his squadron if Henri hadn't been there to tell them where it had moved to. And you'd never know who was alive and who was dead and who was winning the war except for Henri.

The Captain drained his glass and called for another round.

"The Flying Corps," he told us, "is not what it used to be."

"Quite so," Carol agreed with him. "The Huns have been practicing shooting up my way, too."

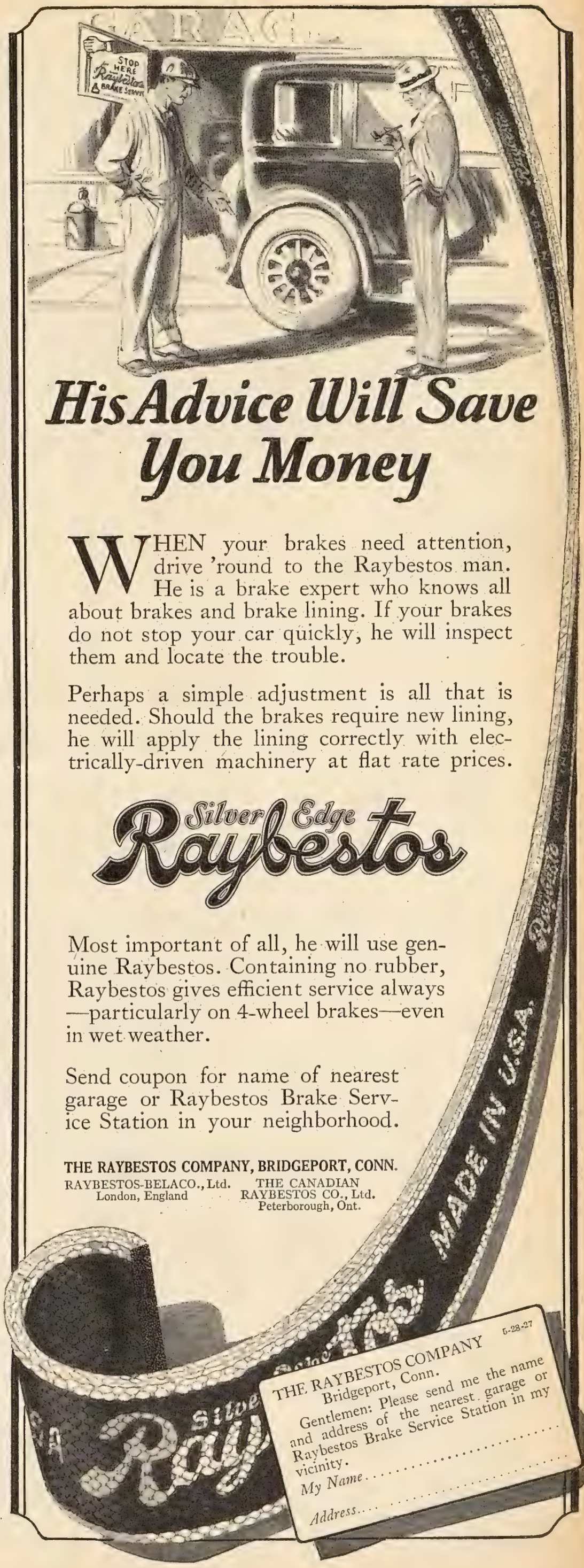
"It's not that so much," the Captain explained. "But they don't care who is made a colonel now. Nor what he drinks after he gets his brass hat."

CAROL and Henri began to exchange professional secrets, and Carol showed him how to cook the yellow of an egg in cognac, and Henri showed him how to get the extract for his coffee cocktail.

"You were speaking of brass hats," I reminded the Captain. "Has one of them been drinking up all your squadron's likker?"

"No; it's worse than that. Listen to this: You heard about the

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]


# His Advice Will Save You Money

WHEN your brakes need attention, drive 'round to the Raybestos man. He is a brake expert who knows all about brakes and brake lining. If your brakes do not stop your car quickly, he will inspect them and locate the trouble.

Perhaps a simple adjustment is all that is needed. Should the brakes require new lining, he will apply the lining correctly with electrically-driven machinery at flat rate prices.

Silver Edge Raybestos

Most important of all, he will use genuine Raybestos. Containing no rubber, Raybestos gives efficient service always —particularly on 4-wheel brakes—even in wet weather.

Send coupon for name of nearest garage or Raybestos Brake Service Station in your neighborhood.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

RAYBESTOS-BELACO., Ltd. London, England

THE CANADIAN RAYBESTOS CO., Ltd. Peterborough, Ont.

# Will you "sell" yourself today?

## *Yes,—if you feel fine!*

**You've *got* to, you say. There's your wife—and youngsters. Besides, there's your deep, inner urge to be something, your honest opinion that you're made of the right stuff. You'll show your world! You'll be a somebody in your community. A man for promotion in your office. A husband a self-respecting woman can be proud of!**

EVERY capable and red-blooded man wants to make his mark for himself and for the sake of his family. But will *you* attain it? Not if you have that dull, tired feeling all the time. Nothing really wrong, but—you worry about expenses, and the children get on your nerves with their boisterousness. Your office associates seem unappreciative, somehow, and your dreams of advancement seem farther away than ever. It's time to take stock of yourself.

What's wrong, you wonder?

"Maybe it's my health?" The answer is so distasteful you laugh it off with an "Oh, I'm all right."

Strange that when your health is below par you stand up for yourself with more fervor than ever. And the reason is a simple one: "A physical ill is blockading your will."

You refuse to think of a physical cause. You hate ailments. You reject advice.

But Health won't drop down out of the sky! You've got to break that blockade for yourself. There's a quick sure way. Say to yourself "*I'm going to feel fine*," and have it ring with *meaning*.

The very words are magic. They make you realize, it's *your* stomach that's upset and makes you sour. It's *your* nerves that play tricks and make everyone want to keep out of your way. It's *your* mind that's blocked against using the simple, efficacious remedies which will change your drab, cross life to optimistic confidence-spreading enthusiasm that answers, "*How do I feel? Why, I feel fine!*"

Health! There's something contagious about it! It's far more catching than the dumps. It's the secret of a happy home life. It's the key that unlocks success.

Joyous living is just around the corner for all of us—and we've captured it if we can say, "*I feel fine!*"

YOU can do more and better work—help yourself to greater achievement—if you take sane, sensible, practical care of your health. Get rid of that general "let down" feeling which is so common with busy men and women. Thousands of physicians who have put their trust in McK & R products could tell you of McKesson & Robbins' honorable history in the manufacture of medicines of unquestioned purity for 94 years.

***A few of the products physicians all over the world have trusted for 94 years to restore and retain health and happiness:***

LIQUID ALBOLENE—The original Russian mineral oil endorsed by physicians for 30 years.

AGAR-ALBOLENE — (plain and compound) — Albolene made more palatable by the addition of Agar-Agar.

McK & R MILK OF MAGNESIA—Mild laxative and corrector of acidity in mouth and stomach.

McK & R STEARATE OF ZINC—(Plain, with Boric Acid, or with Balsam of Peru). The original waterproof baby powder.

CALOX TOOTH POWDER—The only oxygen dentifrice—it purifies and cleanses.

McK & R PERFECTED COLD CREAM—A cream of delightful consistency perfumed with Jacqueminot rose.

McK & R ASPIRIN—Scientifically prepared so as to dissolve immediately and give immediate relief. A quality product.

ANALAX—Ideal mild laxative for women and children. Tastes like candied raspberries.

McK & R POISON IVY LOTION—Acts promptly.

MOSQUITONE—Keeps insects away, heals bites and stings. In form of a stick—nothing to spill.

EMOLEO OUTFITS—For successful treatment and relief of dry and moist catarrh. Also used for rose cold.

McK & R CASCARA AROMATIC AND CASCARA TABLETS—Pleasant tasting, mild laxatives.

***Your druggist can supply you with these products and will describe to you their use***

# McKESSON & ROBBINS

INCORPORATED

SERVING THE PUBLIC HEALTH FOR 94 YEARS
THROUGH PHYSICIANS, DRUGGISTS AND DENTISTS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

battle last week down on the Somme, didn't you? Well, we moved down from St. Omer for the fireworks. The first morning my flight was on the dawn patrol, and the Major delivers the orders personally.

"'Take your flight up to the advanced lines,' he tells me, 'and split 'em up. Then fly up and down over the enemy trenches at a height of fifty feet until you are relieved by B flight.'

"'But why, in the sacred name of Henri Farman and Captain Daedalus?' I asked him.

"'Don't know,' he says. 'Orders from the Colonel. Have you any papers on you that might prove of value to the enemy?'

"So up I went and followed instructions. All I had to do was to dodge machine guns and rifles and pom-poms from the ground. I saw nothing up above, and nothing saw me. Then one of those coffin-faced Fokkers poked his nose through the clouds and popped off a few rounds before I found out what it was all about.

"I woke up in a shell hole with my bus on top of me. The shells were falling all over the place, so I lay there and wondered what in Flanders that Colonel had been drinking. One of your American concoctions, probably.

*"THERE'S a little nurse in my ward that could make the lion and the lamb lie down with a rattlesnake."*

"Well, pretty soon—as they say in the books, but don't mean—our infantry came over and went on by. The souvenir-hunters were very bold that day, and came on close behind and fished me out. A new barrage began accumulating and the only hole I could find shelter in was in a tank that was disabled. I crawled in, and found the crew trying to repair the motor. I helped them doctor the magneto and we got it going again.

"The officer was killed and the sergeant was wounded, so they asked me to take charge. I did, and we moved on up and got in the scrap. We flattened out a couple of machine-gun nests, and spent the night digging ourselves out of one of the elephant traps the Hun dug for us.

"A FIELD gun stopped us the next day with a direct hit, and I ran into a general that was trying to get back here to catch a quick boat to England. He had an important date in London, and his chauffeur had got himself bumped off. So I took the job and brought him here; and now he's gone to England, and I've got a nice little sport-model Rolls outside that is crying for its mamma."

"But why," I asked, "did you have to do a patrol at fifty feet?"

He handed me a clipping from the London *Times*. It read:

> On the 20th the Air Force and Tanks co-operated successfully. Our low-flying planes were able to drown the noise of our approaching tanks and permitted them to take the enemy by surprise. Considerable ground was gained south of Peronne. Six of our planes have not returned.

"THAT," I admitted, "is good for a long, loud laugh. But you've got nothing on me. I've been shooting up Hun transport and chasing cavalry around on the ground until I've taken to wearing spurs so I'll feel more like a trooper.

"I've also bombed Hun generals in their limousines and gone after Archie batteries with my guns. I've been after balloons on the ground and taken pom-poms head on. I've escorted two-seaters to every objective from the Zeebrugge Mole to the Munich Brewery. And I've been chased into Holland twice on the same day. What kick have you got?"

"Listen, America," entreated the Captain, reaching for another martini, "and hear my tale of woe. I found some cold meat last week. Real cold meat it was, too. A fat old two-seater was trying to sneak over and have a look behind our lines, and I caught him in the act. I got under his tail and fired one burst, and he went down in flames. And what do you think happened? The pilot and observer both jumped out and came floating down in a parachute! Think of that! The Huns have parachutes now! I got so mad that I shot my own prop off diving after them."

"Yes," said Carol, joining the conversation, "you're right; they have got parachutes. One of the checkerboard tribe tried to ram me about two weeks ago. I gave him credit for having more nerve than I did, until I saw one of them make a jump. His parachute fouled on the rudder and it didn't do him any good.

"But what are you birds kicking about? It's the best war I know anything about. If you know of a better war, hop to it! After all, the Colonel loses a night's sleep every time the General gets bombed, and the General loses a week's sleep every time London gets bombed. And neither catastrophe costs us any slumber."

"But it's only sleep that they lose," said the Captain, "and precious little of that. I'm supposed to be sleeping with Harry Tate, so I think I'll stay dead and go over to your country and be an aerial postman. I see by the papers that they need such."

"No," said Carol, "you had better not. Your insides will rust.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


# You Need this Safeguard

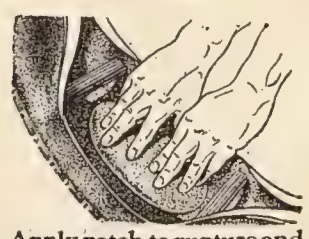
U. S. Balloon Tire Patch with plies separated to show exceptional construction

# United States Balloon Tire Patch

Clean inside of casing around rupture with gasoline

Peel glazed cloth off face of patch

Dampen gum surface with gasoline. Let dry two minutes



Apply patch to rupture and press firmly in place. Patch will stick securely

HERE is a *real* tire patch — a patch for all cord tires — with which you can make a permanent repair quickly and easily, even though you've never patched a casing before or even seen it done. The pictures at the left show how easy it is.

The U. S. Balloon Tire Patch is made of four plies of Web-Cord — the famous material which goes into United States Royal Cord Tires.

Over the plies of Web-Cord is a layer of pure gum of such high quality that it will hold the patch permanently in place.

The United States Balloon Tire Patch comes in three sizes. Carry a set in your car and be *ready* for roadside repairs.

## *United States Cold Patch Outfit*

And speaking of patching—there's the U. S. Cold Patch Outfit for tubes. No heat, very little time, no trouble and your tube is as good as new. Have an outfit with you *always*.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON FOR MONEY-SAVING FOLDER

**United States Rubber Company**

Trade Mark

Repair Materials & Accessory Dept., 1790 Broadway, New York City
Please send me your folder, "Are You Prepared for This Emergency?"

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ (L)

[AND THE PRISONER WAS CONVICTED
Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

You forget that the country is now inhabited by nice people only."

"That is so," agreed the Captain. "I did hear something like that. Didn't the W. C. T. U. or the S. O. L. or some other alphabet start the war to get all the men out of the country so they couldn't vote?"

"Yeah, something like that."

Carol and the Captain got to be great friends, and loosened up their vocal cords with a constant application of martinis and sang of the troubles of Major General Hannafield. Then they began that old song:

"Take the cylinders out of my kidney,
The connecting rod out of my brain;
From the small of my back take the crankshaft,
And assemble the engine again."

Henri returned from a conference with two new arrivals from the war, and announced to us that two entire American divisions had been surrounded and captured that morning, but had escaped and were all being besieged in the Sunken Canal.

Someone came in with the news that G. H. Q. had a terrible wind up over the lost divisions, and that the Camels were out flying low enough to see the uniforms, trying to locate their position. And, in addition to their other troubles, the two divisions had found the canal tunnel full of Huns. So I decided I'd better be getting back to the war.

Henri let me have a bottle of his best cognac to take back to the Colonel, as a bribe to keep him from sending us out to fly through the Sunken Canal to have a look at the Huns' collar ornaments.

Carol and the Captain had agreed that a special dispensation of Providence had sent them the General's car and that it was flying in the face of said Providence to refuse the loan of such a magnificent means of transportation. They argued that, since the car was last seen in the middle of a push, it would take the clerks at G. H. Q. at least a week to miss it, and another week to locate the General and ask him about it. And if G. H. Q. could lose two entire divisions, why should they worry about one little car? Let them find their divisions first!

The General would be too busy trying to explain something to the politicians at the War Office to bother about his car for a while. Gasoline would be hard to get without orders, but they figured that a general's Rolls with the corps insignia on it ought to high-tone gas out of any American or French outfit.

They had to have a chauffeur, so the Captain took off his Sam Browne and pips and announcd that he was now ready to drive the General's A. D. C. to Paris on urgent business. But since the roads were so crowded near the front, and the A. D. C. had already been hit once by a bomb, the General had told them to take the trip down the coast by Paris Plage and Dieppe. Thus could they linger at the fashionable beaches and view the pulchritude of northern France.

"All we need," says the Captain, "is some francs."

"How much have you got with you?" says Carol to me.

"About fifty francs," I told him. "You're

*"A NEW barrage began accumulating and the only hole I could find shelter in was in a tank that was disabled."*

welcome to that if it's any good to you."

"Thanks; but what about that big wad of pretty pictures I saw you flash?"

"That belongs to the squadron," I told him. "And I'm going to buy likker with it at the Base Supply to take back."

"You mean we are going to buy likker with it in Paris," says Carol. "Hold his arms, Captain."

What could I do? They got the francs.

"WAIT a minute," says Carol all of a sudden. "I can't go. I got a date with my little nurse tonight."

The Captain snorted in derision. "I thought this was a war," he snapped at Carol.

"Sure," said Carol. "You ought to know you can't have a good war without women. That's the hell of it. Remember Helen of Troy. This little nurse is just as good as Helen and this is a damn sight better war."

"Well, you had one good idea," says the Captain. "Now it's my turn. Let her be Helen, you be Paris, and I'll be Hector."

"Oh, my gawd!" gasped Carol. "She wouldn't come."

"How big is she?"

"Not so big."

"There's two of us—she'll come. Tell her we're going to take her for a ride. She won't know any better until we get to Dieppe. Then you can overpower her. That'll ease her conscience. Besides, you need medical care. Do like royalty and take your own clinic with you. We gotta show some style."

They were still arguing over plans when I started back for the war. They didn't even stop conspiring long enough to tell me good-by. So I went on back to my shell holes and mud empty-handed.

I got the rest of the story later, at odd times. They did get the nurse and took her to Dieppe. But she got them drunk, and when they passed out she loaded them in the car and drove it back to the hospital herself.

The next day they made a fresh start, and wandered on down the coast looking for trouble. Then they went to Paris. In a week Carol was picked up by a marine M. P. for being in Paris without a pass. He licked the first three, but his bad arm handicapped him and they finally got him to the bastile.

There was nothing for the provost marshal to do but send him back to his squadron under guard and present the papers for court-martial. The Captain drove him and the guard back in the Rolls and then gave it to the wing commander.

The court-martial was a big affair. The Major was president and the wing adjutant was judge advocate. The Captain was the star witness. It was held one rainy day down in Charlie's Bar in Abbeville, and half the brigade went down to hear it. I missed it, but they say it was the funniest show ever staged.

Carol was duly tried, but the Captain's testimony broke down on cross-examination, when it was proved that he'd been hanging around Boulogne with the nurse ever since. The counsel for the defense tried to show that the Captain didn't pass out in Dieppe, but took the nurse home to double-cross Carol.

The court deliberated at great length, and found Carol guilty of everything he was charged with. He was sentenced to buy as much likker for the crowd as they could hold. Fortunately, he had brought back twenty gallons of gin from Paris in the special tank on the Rolls and had saved it for the occasion.

That's the time the Brigadier offered to go across the lines and get pictures of a Fokker with a camera gun. And he'd have done it next day if he could have got a camera gun. They say he was the fellow who invented ground strafing—was just out amusing himself.

Well, that's the low-down on Carol. Don't let anybody tell you he got what he deserved. If that boy had got what he deserved there wouldn't be a calorie left in hell for the rest of us.

Thanks—no more for me. I gotta get on toward home. My wife gets worried about me if I stay out late. You know how dangerous life is these days. You never can tell when a taxi will dive on you or the home brew explode.

Cheerio! Chin-chin!

THE END

**How Major Hawker, England's great War Ace, was killed is one thrilling episode of the story which begins in LIBERTY, June 18.**

*Many heroes forfeited their lives for failure to out-run Atalanta—and Hippomenes won the race and her hand only by throwing golden apples ahead of her, which she stopped to pick up. So Swinburne wrote of: "Arcadian Atalanta, snowy souled—fair as the dawn and footed as the wind."*

# STUDEBAKER COMMANDER

## *"Greatest post-war engineering achievement"*

SO great has been the public's response to The Commander, Studebaker's Big Six of heightened performance and lowered price, that Big Six sales now *exceed the combined total of all other cars in the world of equal or greater rated horsepower.*

One authority has called The Commander "the greatest post-war engineering achievement." Sweeping pick-up from 5 to 40 miles per hour in 18 2/5 seconds, flashing speed of 70 miles an hour if you want it—and as long as you want it.

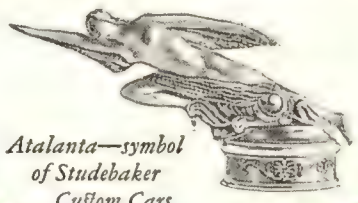
Big Six stamina and dependability have been tested on Studebaker's 800-acre Proving Ground and by 1009 Studebaker owners who have driven their cars 100,000 miles or more. Only seven American cars equal The Commander in rated horsepower—and they cost from $4,000 to $10,000.

A man's car as far as power is concerned—a woman's car so far as custom beauty is concerned—and everybody's car so far as its new One-Profit price is concerned.

COMMANDER SEDAN $1585 f. o. b. factory

Other Commander models include: Victoria, for four (with mohair upholstery), $1575; (with broadcloth upholstery), $1645; Coupe (for four), $1645; Coupe (for two), $1545.
*Prices f. o. b. factory, including front and rear bumpers and snubbers*

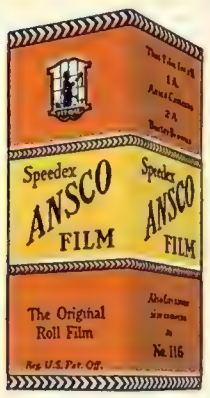
***Equipment*** Nickel-plated bumpers, front and rear; snubbers; no-draft ventilating windshield (exclusively Studebaker); full-size balloon tires; disc wheels and positive acting four-wheel mechanical brakes; engine thermometer and hydrostatic gasoline gauge on dash; two-beam acorn headlights controlled from steering wheel; cowl lights and interior dome light; rear traffic signal light; automatic windshield cleaner and rear-vision mirror; oil filter; Alemite lubrication; silken curtains; Butler finish hardware.



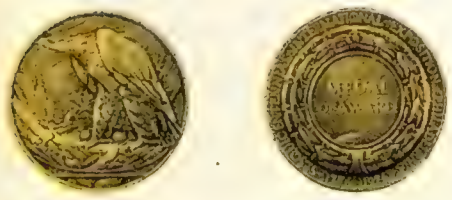
*Atalanta—symbol of Studebaker Custom Cars*

STUDEBAKER

6 out of 6




*That's Ansco Speedex percentage — in any well handled camera. It fits the light, dull or bright—and makes successful picture-taking possible earlier and later in the day. A size for every camera, regardless of make.*



***The Sesquicentennial Gold Medal*** for Excellence in Camera Design and Manufacture was awarded to

**ANSCO**

Ansco Cameras have never failed to take the Gold Medal in any competition they have entered

# The handy Ansco Dispenser *means fine, fresh film*

YOU can buy no better film than Ansco—*you're lucky to get as good.* Ansco Speedex is the product of America's oldest photographic manufacturing experience. And now the new Ansco Dispenser, in stores everywhere, assures everyone a constant supply of fine, fresh film.

It's part of a new idea in film selling —an Ansco idea that further simplifies picture-taking. The Dispenser means that Ansco film stocks never get old. It contains just the proper assortment of fast selling sizes—and every single Dispenser is "just around the corner" from one of 105 fresh film distributing centres which Ansco has established at strategic points throughout the country.

Ansco Speedex is the film that made good picture-taking easy under the widest possible range of light conditions. Camera users everywhere know it for a certain clearness and sparkle it gives to their pictures. There's no surer indication of pure excellence in film. Buy from the Ansco Dispenser!

***Ansco Readyset Cameras***

No focusing. No adjusting. Automatic Finder. The easiest camera in the world for non-professionals to use.

***At good stores everywhere***
***$7.50 to $13.50***

*Photographs Live Forever*

ANSCO

EST. 1842

# ANSCO

*The early history of photography in America is woven about a few outstanding pioneer names — among them Anthony, Scovill, Adams, Goodwin—all now represented in Ansco. The record dates back to 1842. The distinction of originating roll-film, of putting the first hand and studio cameras on the American market and of being the first to establish a full line of professional supplies, all belongs to Ansco*

ANSCO PHOTOPRODUCTS, INC. BINGHAMTON NEW YORK *Ansco Cameras — Cyko & Noko Paper — Ansco Speedex Film*

# Tommy MILTON— *Lucky to Be Alive*

## *High Points in the Exploits of the Man Who Cracked Seventy-five Speed Records*

An Article by
WILLIAM F. STURM

*Tommy Milton in the freak twin-engined Duesenberg in which he set a record of 156.04 miles an hour at Daytona in 1920. (Above) Milton's famous racing smile.*

FAR below the topmost tiers of the immense grandstand at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, flashing motors, controlled by tiny begoggled figures straining at the wheels, sped round and round the famous board runway. Records were tumbling, world marks were threatened. And such an exhibition of speed and resource and daring as seldom had been vouchsafed the enthralled spectators of automobile racing was on view. It was the Pennsylvania autumn classic of 1919.

The distance was 225 miles—200 turns around the mile-and-an-eighth track. And in this Labor Day contest the great engines had thundered on and on until only ten laps remained to be run.

"It's Milton! Tommy Milton!" the throngs bellowed. "A hundred to ten on the Duesenberg!" shouted a frantic figure, waving a handful of bills.

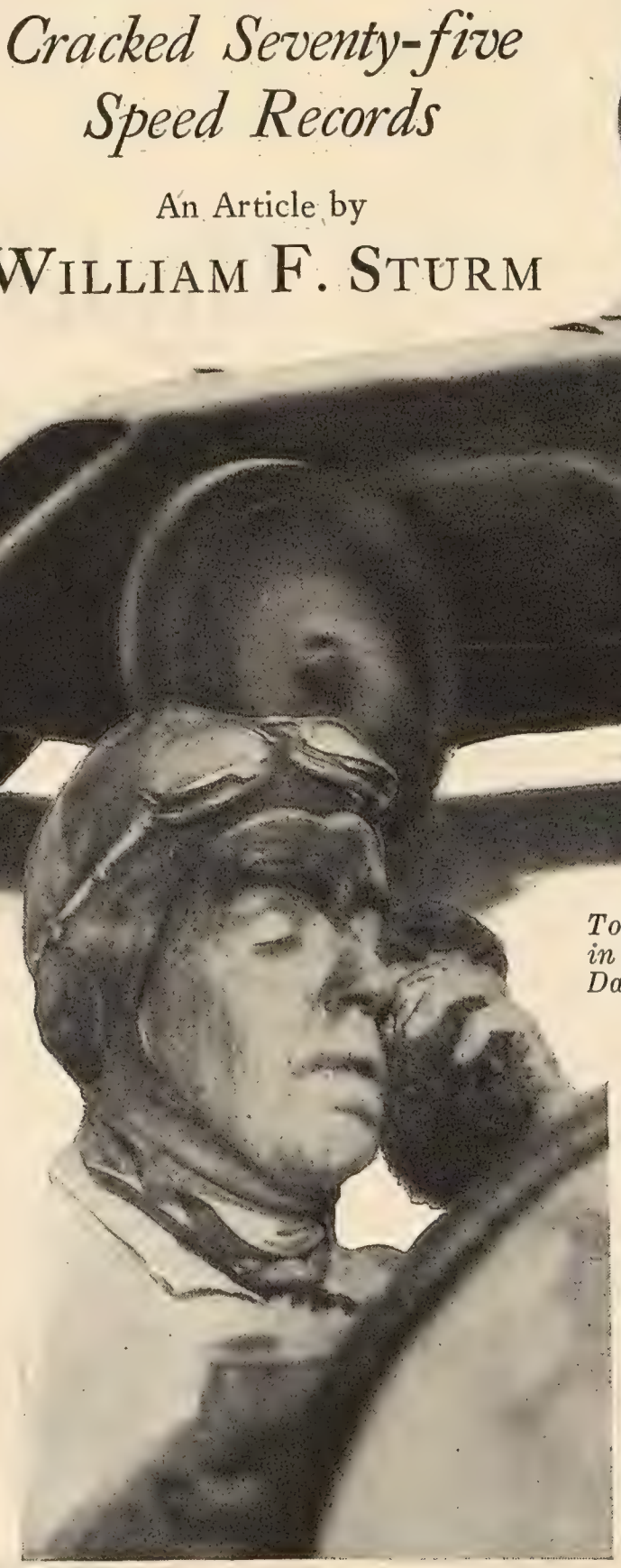
One hundred and ninety laps over the smooth plank surface had been reeled off, and Tommy Milton was three laps ahead of the second machine, a Frontenac driven by Joe Boyer and Gaston Chevrolet. Strung out behind were a dozen mighty racing cars, hopelessly vanquished by Milton's cool intrepidity and uncanny driving intuition.

Indeed, it seemed a ten-to-one shot that none of his adversaries could overhaul the speed streak whirling far in the lead. The crowd, however, leaned even farther forward, for they knew what desperate chances would now be taken by the prize-hungry and fame-hunting drivers following fast.

Then—suddenly—as from one throat, a cry of horror swept the crowd.

Milton had swung around the turn and pointed his wheels into the stretch for the 191st drive to the starting line, when his car was obliterated from sight by a towering, swirling, jet-black screen of greasy smoke! First, the tumbling opaque cloud had sprayed out from beneath the hood; then it had spread, mounted, and enveloped the machine; and in a second the stunned crowd saw, not a long, low-swung Duesenberg catapulting down toward the stand, but an oncoming black smudge in whose furnace midst they knew Milton and his mechanic, W. D. Kesslar, must be frantically trying to save themselves from suffocation and roasting.

The pillar of smoke slowed down the veriest trifle, then suddenly veered obliquely across the track to the outer and upper rail. When it seemed it would crash through and fall to the ground fifteen feet below, the black mass moved sharply to the left, crossed the speedway, and dove straight for the inner rail.



*How the speed king looked at the end of a 300-mile race at Kansas City in 1922, when he made a new world's record of 109 miles an hour.*

Before it could plunge through the barricade into the oval inner field, the inky splotch jerked to the right, spun completely around as the invisible car skidded under the powerful arm that was tugging at the wheel and brake, and stopped dead against the fence directly in front of the stand.

The other cars swerved to the right as they sped past the weird and still hidden tragedy in the heart of the smoke cloud.

MECHANICS and helpers were running wildly from the pits toward the climbing black column at whose edges there now appeared quivering tongues of saffron flame. Suddenly from the smoke emerged a blinded, staggering, garb-charred human being. It was Kesslar, who had managed to jerk himself clear of the raging wreckage.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

# Underwear *does* influence your subconscious mind!

(*no college professor wrote this*)

Don't pooh! pooh! this subconscious mind stuff. It's little things that throw you off your game, like the binding of your underwear across your back, or an uncomfortable bunching at the waist or crotch.

Yes sir! That's why the new Lewis Golf Suit has created such a sensation among golfers. It fits perfectly no matter what your figure; yet it is so airy, light and comfortable that you lose all consciousness of wearing underwear at all. Gives with every slightest motion of your body. Do you perspire? It absorbs and evaporates perspiration as no other underwear can.

You'll look and feel like a new man in the Lewis Golf Suit. You'll put your subconscious golf mind at rest when you discover this new freedom, this new sensation in underwear comfort.

Certainly! Underwear must be as free as your swing. Look for the Lewis label and the little picture of a golfer on every *genuine* Lewis Golf Suit.

If you cannot secure the Lewis Golf Suit from your local merchant, send us your measurement from top of shoulder, through crotch, up the back to top of same shoulder, state height and weight, and we will send you postpaid two suits, no sleeves, knee length for $5.00; or two suits, no sleeves, ¾ length for $6.00. Lewis Knitting Co., 110 Main Street, Janesville, Wisconsin.

*The New*

*If it's good for golf, of course it's even better for the street. Sold by better stores*

# LEWIS GOLF SUIT

*The* NEW UNDERWEAR *That Gives NEW FREEDOM*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

He flung one arm across his blistered face, and with the other pointed back into the center of the blazing mass.

"Get him out! Tommy's still in there—get him out!" he screamed, and toppled unconscious to the boards.

No man could approach within ten yards of the flaming car. They stood there helplessly waving their arms and running to and fro. The crowd, afoot, shrieked its futile counsel. The other drivers, led by Boyer and Chevrolet, sped round and round the track, looking back until their lurching racers beckoned their eyes back to the road ahead.

THEN, like a black ghost, a man came out of the smoke and fire, and reeled, sightless and dazed, toward the inner rail. Eager hands caught and lifted him over and carried him to the emergency hospital toward which doctors with their kits were running already. From the first scream of the crowd to its gasp of relief, possibly ten seconds had elapsed!

Later that afternoon, an ambulance took Tommy Milton to the Uniontown Hospital, where his epic story was soon told.

*Tommy Milton being greeted by Mrs. Milton and Tommy, Jr., after winning the Charlotte, North Carolina, fall classic for the second consecutive time.*

"Just as we shot up the incline toward the stretch," Tommy explained, "one of the connecting rods let go and tore a hole in the crankcase. The oil and gasoline in the pan underneath caught fire and melted the gasoline line from the carburetor.

"I knew what was coming, and so did Kesslar; but it came before we could bat an eyelid. We were instantly blinded by clouds of bitter smoke. I closed the throttle, but our momentum carried us up to the outer rail. There I cut my front wheels to the left and promptly skidded toward the barrier.

"By the time I corrected this skid I was shooting down across the track to the infield. I couldn't see anything, but I *knew* what was happening. There I cut my wheels sharp to the right, and quick as a flash we had slipped into a hard tail skid to the left.

"By this time the flames were coming up through the dash and I could feel my feet going. I knew, though, that if I skidded back into the track I would be split wide open by some car coming along the stretch, so I jerked the steering wheel to the left while I reached for the hand brake with my right. I gave it such a yank that I felt the steel handle bend at right angles. While I was doing this I shoved my foot so hard against the other brake that the pedal and my foot went completely through the floor board!

"Well, all of this did the trick. At least, we spun completely around and stopped. I felt Kesslar crawling out. I grabbed the rim of the car and tried to pull myself up from the seat, but my rubber-soled shoes slipped on the oily metal floor and I kept falling back.

"The flames had me now and my lungs were through. Knowing it was my last chance, I threw myself toward Kesslar's seat, grabbed the side of the car, braced my feet against the other side, and kicked with all my might. It worked, and I fell out on my head."

Tommy Milton is through now with the racing game. He tossed his goggles in the tool box at the end of 1925 and quit the track. He still keeps in active touch with the business, and served throughout 1926 as a member of the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association, representing the drivers. He is the first pilot to be so honored.

From the day of his first race, July 4, 1913, until he retired from the speedways, twelve and a half years later, Tommy Milton was regarded by the automobile world —manufacturers and customers— as one of the greatest drivers the world has ever seen: great in every sense—physically a superb specimen, mentally a marvelous, intuitive driver, and the ultimate word in sheer courage and daring.

His career is not commonplace, and now that he seems definitely to have abandoned the racing course for his real-estate business, it is appropriate to tell his tale and the story of his accidents—he averaged one smash-up a year for twelve seasons—and his astonishing series of record-breaking feats.

MILTON was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1893. At the age of twenty his father gave him a Mercer runabout, and Tommy proceeded to flit about the Twin Cities. A two-mile dirt speedway opened at Sioux City, Iowa, and, to get entries for the first race, the promoter promised two St. Paul youths, one owning a Buick and the other a Marmon, that he would pay their expenses if they would take off fenders and lamps and enter the race. They said they would if Tom Milton got the same proposition. Tom got it.

He took the headlights, fenders, and running-boards off his runabout, and entered his first automobile race at Sioux City, Iowa, July 4, 1913. Milton might have finished the race, but he didn't know that a car run wide open for a considerable period gets so hot that unless the pistons have sufficient clearance to expand somewhat, they will expand anyhow and stick in the cylinders. Tommy learned this from one of the drivers while he was spending $150 for labor to repair his motor, and talking the Mercer factory into giving him credit for $200 worth of parts.

Milton's father was the owner of a prosperous dairy business, and he naturally expected Tom and the latter's brother to follow in his footsteps. Tom's brother did. But Tom preferred the thrill of speed on the motor tracks. Johnny Raimey, a driver whom Milton met at the Iowa contest, became his friend and induced Tommy to go with him to a race meet at Canton, South Dakota. Tom raced there under the name of Leo Grange, a friend of his in St. Paul. There was only one prize for the whole afternoon and it was to go to the driver making the fastest time. The method was to run the cars two at a time until all entrants had a chance at the prize.

Johnny and Tommy were tearing around the track when Johnny went through the fence and thence to the hospital. Tommy turned right off the track and followed the car that carried Johnny. He arrived at the hospital and told Johnny he was through racing; but Johnny, who was not much damaged, told him to hurry back to the fair ground and win that seventy-five dollars for the fastest time.

TOMMY drove back, re-entered, and won. This so encouraged Leo Grange, née Milton, that he went on to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where in three days he managed to annex $150.

Tom returned home and entered a race at the Minnesota State Fair. He was beaten by a bumper. By this time he could not be kept off the speed paths, he says. He jumped at the offer of a promoter who played county and State fairs.

Tom's stipend was to be fifty dollars a week. All he had to do to earn this was to furnish his runabout stripped down as a racing car, pay for his own meals and lodging, and drive from ten to twenty-five races a week. Just to show what a picnic it was for the group of drivers who traveled with the promoter, Milton says that on eight consecutive days they raced in five different towns and traveled 3,000 miles by rail. The promoter generously paid transportation from town to town.

In Tom's eyes this promoter was little short of Providence, in spite of his treatment of the drivers. Even an experience Tom had with

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

# Small-bubble lather

*soaks every whisker*

*Holds water like a sponge. Softens each hair right where it grows out*

AT the base, just where the razor edge works —that's where Colgate lather battles whiskers. Sopping-wet with water are its minute bubbles. They snuggle round each tiny hair, as the pictures above show.

*How "small-bubble" lather works:* The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, every hair is cut close and clean. Your face remains comfortable all day.

*FREE—A Week's Better Shaves*

Prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just write to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502 E1, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a generous trial-size tube—free.

*Additional Dividend.* We will include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that keeps your face looking freshly shaved.

Colgate & Co.
*Est. 1806*

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

# How to Buy a Straw Hat

THE circumference of the sweat band is enough if you don't care a hang how you look. *But you do care.*

That's why we have scientifically developed the assortment of hats in the Townsend-Grace line so that any face, *every* face can be fitted.

Long, thin faces can't wear straw hats that were made for round, chubby faces any more than large men can avoid an odd appearance when they wear hats designed for small men.

***Here's the way to buy a straw hat:***

Find the dealer who handles the Townsend-Grace line (he is usually the best in town). Let him show you the new assortment. Any straw hat of the right size will fit your head—but a Townsend-Grace Straw will *fit your face.*

Look for our name and the dealer's name. A double assurance of quality, value and style.

(Cushion Flex corners permit your straw hat to conform to your head. Perfect comfort).

*"LOOK AT YOUR HAT—EVERYONE ELSE DOES"*

## Townsend-Grace
## *Straw Hats*

*Baltimore* STANDARD AMERICAN QUALITY *Maryland*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]
him at Jackson, Mississippi, didn't change Tom's mind, for he didn't understand it at the time. The promoter told Milton he was sorry, but business was so rotten he could not afford to keep him on the pay roll. After thus putting the boy in the depths, he astutely lifted him out by saying that he would skimp and prune and take him back at thirty-five dollars a week! The race-mad youngster took the bait and signed up for fifteen dollars less than he had been getting.

IN 1914 Tom still was with the promoter and drove for him the whole season. He never won because there were two stars on the team who had fast cars and could step away from the rest of the drivers.

But in 1915 Tom inherited some money and forthwith bought a new motor to put into his old chassis. Even with this new car Tom stuck to the promoter who had given him his first real opportunity, as he considered it. But a season of trailing the stars of the outfit, under orders, finally got under Tom's skin, and at a meet at Shreveport, Louisiana, he made up his mind that he would make the old hack travel as fast as it would go. In the time trials he ripped off a circuit of the dusty mile track in fifty-five seconds. The best the two star drivers could do was fifty-eight seconds. One of these star drivers, Eddie Hearne, is one of Milton's friends and still is racing. After a trip to the carpet, Milton was fired for not following orders.

Later, the same promoter came to Tom and suggested that he could get him a job with Fred Duesenberg and persuade the latter to build him a car with a part of the money the boy had inherited. After getting the new car, Tom, according to the way he tells it, was to go to Florida and, under American Automobile Association sanction, make some fast time; then do some speedway racing until he got a reputation as a speed king. This accomplished, Tom was to forsake Duesenberg and come back to the wildcat promoter as his star driver.

The promoter and Milton were first to journey down to the Florida beaches, long a famous speed course. Here they would make a record of 180 miles an hour, and then they would "have the world by the tail." Milton did not believe anyone could go so fast, and he asked whether they would be sure to get the record.

"You don't think I would go down to Florida and not get the record, do you?" the promoter snorted. "Listen—the world first saw a mile a minute, then two miles a minute. Now the only record worth while is three miles a minute. That's the record we'll make."

Milton entered into an agreement by which he went on the Duesenberg racing team; but he stayed there for five years.

Tommy says the only good thing he got out of working for the cheap promoter was the idea of going to Florida to make a world's record. His chance came on April 19, 1920, when he went down to Daytona to beat the record, then held by the great Ralph De Palma, who established it in a Packard with an aviation motor of 905 cubic inches displacement. De Palma's record was 149.87 miles an hour.

The car with which Milton made his record of 156.04 miles an hour was a freak. It had two 300-cubic-inch straight eight-cylinder motors set side by side. Readers mechanically inclined will be interested to know that there were two separate clutches, two propeller shafts, two pinion and two ring gears. The rear axle was solid, without a differential.

Milton's records were timed officially by a representative of the American Automobile Association. He had to take five miles to get up to top speed in order to make his records, and he had to have an additional two miles to slow down to a stop. The only reason he did not try for longer distance than he did was that he could not find a sufficiently good stretch of beach.

DURING his career, Milton cracked speed marks with the same nonchalance that the old Gas House gang used to crack skulls. At various times he has been the holder of something like seventy-five speed records. The most outstanding of these marks was the one made on the beach of Daytona, Florida, in 1920, breaking every world's record from a half mile to five miles.

(J. G. Thomas of England is credited with breaking Milton's mark in 1926 with an engine much larger than the one with which Milton set his records.)

At Syracuse, New York, in September, 1923, Milton made a world's record which still stands and which Tommy considers more remarkable than his beach record because he lowered the world's record fourteen minutes. He entered a 100-mile race at the New York State Fair grounds and won the race in the record time of 75 minutes and .33 of a second, an average of eighty miles an hour.

Now, eighty miles an hour is considered good going on a straight course, but it should be remembered that Milton made it between two fences on a flat dirt track, rounding two turns to each mile and passing a dozen other cars during the race. Not many men would care to take one turn on a mile dirt track at eighty miles an hour, not to mention 200 turns in seventy-five minutes. After making a 100-mile record, Milton set a world's mile record of 42.28; which was intact until September, 1926, when it was lowered .9 of a second.

MILTON won the internationally famous Indianapolis 500-mile race twice, in 1921 and 1923; being the only driver in the world who ever did so, although the race has been an annual feature since 1911. He placed second in the American Automobile Association drivers' championship in 1920, first in 1921, second in 1922, fifth in 1923, fourth in 1924, and second in 1925, a record that no one else has equaled.

This championship is awarded on a point basis. The first ten places in a big race are awarded points ranging from 500 for first in a 250-mile race, down to only five points for tenth place. As captain of the Duesenberg racing team for several years, none of his team mates finished ahead of Tommy in any race in which he finished at all.

Early in his career, in 1915, while driving a dirt-track race at the Minnesota State Fair, a racer blew a tire, and while the car was crosswise of the track Milton came tearing out of the dust and hit the first car head-on. Milton's car went up in the air ten or fifteen feet, turned end over end three or four times, and finally came to rest upside down with its driver underneath. As souvenirs, Milton got a long cut near his right eye, a split nose, and a few stitches in his lower lip. In the process of wrecking the track fence, a two-by-four went through the cowl of the car, low enough to smite Milton and raise a huge bump on his head. It was a little too high to kill him.

At another race of 250 miles on the Beverly Hills speedway in 1923, Milton was out in front when a steering connection broke. The car did the whirling-dervish act, slid down to the lower edge of the track and on to the rough macadam safety apron. As the car whirled, its wheels would catch momentarily on the rough surface, start to turn over, then reconsider and keep whirling. It kept Milton busy trying to decide which way to duck his head.

If the car turns over to the right, the only way for a driver to save a cracked head is to lean to the left in order not to be caught when the right side hits the ground, and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

Photo by Lazarnick

*For several years Milton (left) captained the racing team of Fred S. Duesenberg, famous automobile engineer, with whom he is shown above.*

*Your tires do their hardest work over the week-end. That's why we suggest you test them every Friday.*

# For Accurate tire testing— this sturdy Schrader Gauge

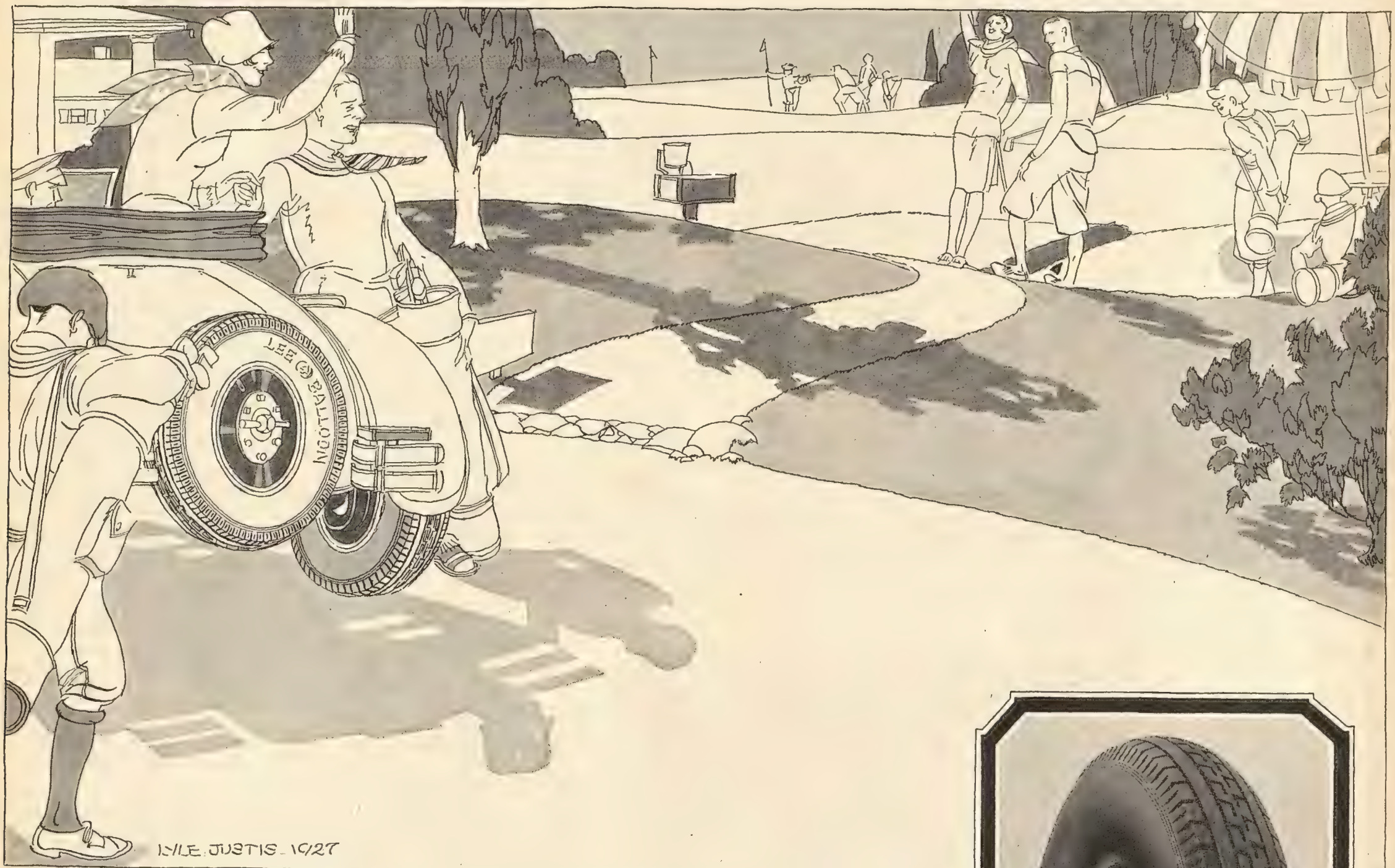
THE Schrader "direct action" gauge is made for its specific job—tire testing. It has no delicate mechanism to get out of order. No gears. No levers.

You can drop this gauge on the hard garage floor. Throw it into your tool box. It will still give reliable, *accurate* service.

Buy a Schrader Gauge today. Use it regularly week after week. Schrader Gauges are sold by over 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc.
Brooklyn
Chicago Toronto London

# LEE *of Conshohocken*



## TIRES BY LEE *of* CONSHOHOCKEN

When LEE of Conshohocken began his own business, he was one of the most expert fabricators of rubber. His surgical rubber goods became and they remain the standard of quality all over the world.

He slowly assembled a corps of workers and they learned "rubber" from Lee. He taught them how, and when tire-making came, they knew how. Machines do what they can, but the important part is done by hand; hands trained to the Lee method.

The workers for LEE of Conshohocken are not merely "rubber-workers," shifting from one factory to another as the labor demand fluctuates. They *live here* in their own homes; they know how to make tires, one way; the Lee way.

It is this trained Craftsmanship plus the most modern methods that make your tire money go the farthest—when you ride on Tires by LEE of Conshohocken.

Pneumatic tires for passenger cars, trucks, buses. Staghound tires for commercial use and the famous Lee Puncture Proof cords for unusual service.

## COST NO MORE TO BUY — FAR LESS TO RUN

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

vice versa. The car finally came to a stop on four wheels. I asked Tom how he felt while the car was going through its gyrations.

"My mind was turning over about seven thousand revolutions a minute and the movement of the car seemed almost languid to me," he said. "I knew I was powerless to do anything other than hope it would come to a stop right side up, but I was recalling the story of the pitcher that went to the well just once too often; and I don't mind saying that I was thinking that there was no difference, absolutely none, between one Tom Milton and that said pitcher."

Milton, one of the few racing pilots who never served an apprenticeship as a mechanician, but was a driver from the first, was to me the acme of the finished racing driver.

His handling of a hurtling car always seemed like a smooth, effortless flow of car and pilot round and round the track.

He did everything so easily. He never jerked his car around by mere brute force, as one does a fractious horse.

The impression created was of a perfect understanding between car and driver. There are many big-league drivers today who win races but who always are getting themselves into dangerous situations simply by their lack of finesse. But not Milton. He seemed always to find that mythical groove around the oval which permitted him to ooze through traffic so easily that it seemed anyone could do it.

ANOTHER trait of Milton's was that once a race got under way, he never came to the pits unless out of absolute necessity. He won the Indianapolis race in a Frontenac in May, 1921. The car was late in being finished and was delivered to Milton a week before the race. In his practice rounds he found there was something radically wrong with the oiling system. He broke several connecting rods as a direct result of insufficient lubrication at high speeds.

No radical changes could be made in the motor in the three or four days remaining before the race.

Milton qualified the car by driving it at the required speed of more than eighty-five miles an hour for four laps of the course.

That same afternoon he broke another connecting rod. The bearings in the engine were in bad shape, due to insufficient oil, and Milton and his mechanics started to work a day before the race to make new bearings, since none of the right size were to be had. They whittled down some large bearings and managed to get them installed in the car by 4 o'clock on the morning the race was to start at 10 o'clock.

Milton had knocked off work at midnight and slept until 4 o'clock. The motor was run a short time in the garage and then the car was wheeled out to the starting line.

Milton knew definitely that to get sufficient lubrication the car could not be run above a certain speed, and he watched his tachometer (the instrument which indicates engine revolutions) to see that never once did it go over the danger point.

But that was not all of his troubles. Once the race was under way, he found that if he attempted too rapid acceleration—coming out of a corner, for instance—his clutch would slip, due to oil leaking on the clutch plates.

However, crafty Tommy decided that if he could slip the clutch just

*Milton in the Miller Special he drove in 1925. This car, with an engine smaller than a Ford, was capable of nearly 140 miles an hour.*

enough to have the friction burn off the oil and not enough to burn the clutch up, that method would eliminate the trouble. The field whizzed by him like shooting stars through the Milky Way for twenty-five miles, but after that he was no longer bothered with the slipping clutch.

By his clever thinking he had saved a stop at his pits, with a vain effort of many minutes to remedy the difficulty that could never have been helped in any way except the way he fixed it.

With 125 miles of the race covered, Milton's sensitive ear caught a new note in the song of his throbbing motor—one of his eight cylinders was cutting out. That meant he was running on seven and dragging the eighth.

Badly oiled plugs were without question responsible for the mischief.

MILTON knew that in the haste with which the spark-plug openings to the cylinders were drilled the work had been poorly done. He knew if he stopped at the pits there was a chance that, in taking the plugs out and putting others in, considerable time might be lost or some damage done. His car would be a trifle slower on seven cylinders, but by driving the turns harder Milton knew he could keep his engine speed close up to the danger point which he had set before the race began.

And so he kept on, finishing the last 375 miles of the 500-mile race on seven cylinders, but driving at a fast enough average by taking chances on the turns to win first place!

Milton has never worked in a garage, nor been to an engineering school. But all the drivers smile when Tommy says he really is not mechanically inclined.

"If he is not," one of the boys said to me a couple of years ago, when I repeated what Tommy had told me, "and ever does get that way, we'll be even worse off than we are now. We'll never win a race!" But Milton was serious when he told me he knew he wasn't an engineer. He really meant that he was not.

In spite of his insistence, the known facts are that Milton has always been properly considered as smart a man about a race car as ever laid wrench to a spark plug. It has long been conceded that Tommy always got a little more out of a motor than the builder put into it.

Memory runs to a story told by George Stiehl, who had been with Tommy ten years and whom Milton regards as the best mechanic in racing. George is equally positive that Tommy is the world's best driver.

Milton had bought a new motor, and it overheated so badly that it damaged valves as fast as they could be put in. As a racing motor it was as valuable as a snowsled at the equator. George and Tommy took the motor down and Tommy sat in a chair and looked at it until George thought he was going crazy.

The upshot of the scrutiny was that they reduced the size of the exit from the water jacket around the cylinder walls and the valves to half of what the motor builder had made it. This gave the water time to circulate and cool the valves, where, before, the opening had been so large that it rushed right in and right out, without reaching all parts of the cooling system properly.

From then on they never had any more trouble with an overheating motor.

AND now, after twelve years of jousting with death on grass-edged dirt horse tracks, rough road courses, splintery timber, and bumpy brick speedways, Milton has quit.

A couple of months ago he sold the last of four racing cars that had campaigned this year on the race courses of America. His own driving career ended at the Fulford, Florida, speedway, when he announced that it was his last appearance at the wheel of a racing car. Since then his cars have been piloted by others.

Milton is married and lives in Beverly Hills, California. He has a son, Tommy, four years old.

Six feet in height, weighing 190 pounds *sans* clothes, without a pound of surplus flesh on him, Milton's figure would make a sculptor happy.

Holding a steering wheel in a grip of steel for more than a decade, jamming on foot brakes, tugging at the hand lever, when a little weakness might spell disaster, has no doubt contributed to Milton's excellent physique. Add to this clean living and the recipe is complete.

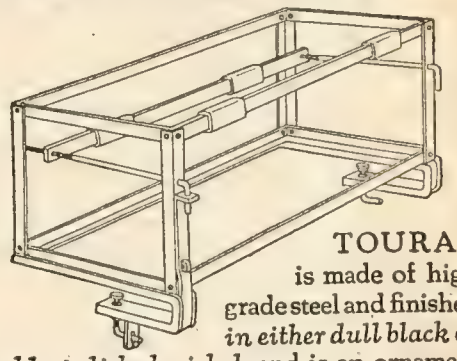
THE END

**Few of those who fought him ever lived to tell of it. That is why his story is so terrible, and yet so fascinating. It begins in the June 18 issue of LIBERTY.**

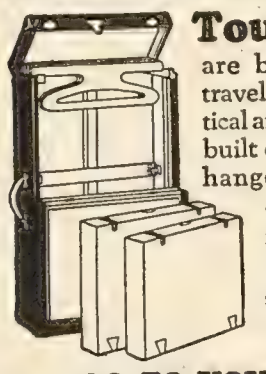
YOU can tour and have all your garments hung securely away from dust and moisture. Free from wrinkles—uninjured by the longest day's travel. Fresh and clean to use when you arrive at your destination. You can travel in comfort with the

**Adjustable TOURAC Auto Luggage Carrier**

TOURAC is sold to you under a positive *money-back guarantee.* You can lock your luggage on your running board in ten seconds. Is absolutely thief-proof—no tools needed—no holes to drill—no straps—holds luggage solidly. TOURAC *fits any car—any running board.* Carriers may be used on both sides. Your luggage is securely held outside the car as solidly as if locked in a vise. No shifting—no damage.



TOURAC is made of high grade steel and finished *in either dull black* or *highly polished nickel,* and is an ornament to you car. The price of TOURAC for the black finish is $6.00, in the nickel finish is $10.00. A slight advance in these prices west of the Rocky Mountains.



**Touro Trunks** are built solidly to stand travel abuse. They are practical and efficient. They are built complete with clothes hangers and two inside cases for small clothing. Write for our illustrated booklet describing the TOURO TRUNK in full.

**GO TO YOUR DEALER**

If he cannot supply you with the TOURAC, order from us direct. Use attached coupon.

**A. S. KNAPP & CO., Inc.**
**1413 Pine Street · St. Louis, Mo.**

A. S. Knapp & Co., 1413 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Enclosed please find $.....for which ship me.....TOURAC finished in (BLACK) (state how many) (NICKEL). These are to be sent to me on a guaranteed basis.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....

"YOUTH WEAVES
ITS DREAMS • • TO MUSIC
OF THE BAND"

FROM the blare of the herald's trumpet . . . through every crowded minute of the glittering pageant . . . flying acrobats . . . elephants . . . clowns . . . to the last furious dash of the charioteers, *every thrill in the circus is timed to the music of the band!*

In this world of a thousand wonders grown-up America rekindles youth—and Youth weaves its glamorous dreams of Life.

And here, as in the concert band, the symphony, opera and broadcasting orchestra, Conn instruments are chosen for their superior quality—remarkable ease in playing, dependable mechanism, surpassing beauty and brilliance of tone.

C. G. CONN, *Ltd.,* 598 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind., *Dealers and Agents Throughout the World*

New York, . . 47th Street at Broadway
Detroit, . . . 1431 Broadway Avenue
New Orleans, . . 125 Carondolet Street
Seattle, . . . . . 1613 Third Avenue
Boston, . . . 16-18 Providence Street
Portland, . . . 11th and Alder Streets
Atlanta, . . . . 62 North Broad Street
Mobile, . . . . . 5 St. Emanuel Street

CONN
BAND
INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

Chicago, . . . 62 E. VanBuren Street
San Francisco, . . . 47 Kearny Street
Oakland, . . . . . 531 16th Street
Kansas City, . . . 1011 McGee Street
Tacoma, . . . . . 207 S. Ninth Street
Vancouver, . . 324 Hastings Street West
Baltimore, . . . 406 N. Howard Street
Peoria, . . . . 116A S. Adams Street

# A Star from Mexico

## *Dolores del Rio Bursts into Fame in Tolstoy's Resurrection*

An Article by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

*DOLORES DEL RIO, the new star in Hollywood's constellation.*

DOLORES DEL RIO today is a star, although two of her three important film appearances, in Resurrection and Carmen, have not yet been glimpsed by the public. The powers that be at United Artists, including Doug Fairbanks, looked over her performance of *Katusha Maslova* in the Tolstoy tragedy and tendered her the stellar contract.

The story behind Dolores del Rio is the opposite of that of almost any other star. Fortune has walked hand in hand with her. Gloria Swanson fought her way up from the lowly extra ranks. Mary Pickford struggled in small touring companies when other girls of her age were playing with dolls.

Dolores del Rio, on the other hand, is the daughter of Don Juan Asúnsolo, a wealthy Mexican. She was born in 1903 at Durango, the birthplace of Ramon Novarro. She is a second cousin of that star.

On April 11, 1921, after a carefully guarded schooling in Mexico City, Paris, and Spain, Señorita Asúnsolo married Jaime Martinez del Rio, a rich young Mexican and an Oxford graduate.

A fortunate marriage—and usually the ultimate event in a young girl's life in Latin America. Señora del Rio might have gone on presiding over the elaborate ancestral home of the Del Rios but for a fortuitous event. An American motion-picture company came to Mexico City to make some scenes. Edwin Carewe was the director, and Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor, just married, were the stars. That was early in 1925.

The Del Rios invited the Americans to tea. The company was on location, and the director and his players did not reach the Del Rio residence until 7 o'clock. Señora del Rio bridged the delay with charming *sang-froid.* Dinner, instead of tea, was served.

Then Señora del Rio, who had studied under the best masters of Spain, danced for her guests. Director Carewe was impressed. This wealthy mistress of the house had distinct screen possibilities. He suggested the films.

The Del Rios laughed heartily and were, perhaps, a bit shocked. But three months later they came to Hollywood. Such is the seed of unrest sown by the movies even in the pretty head of a convent-bred Mexican matron. The Del Rios arrived in Hollywood on September 7, 1925. On September 8 the test was made. On September 9, Dolores del Rio began her film career in a small rôle of Dorothy Mackaill's Joanna.

Next came the William Fox production of What Price Glory. The Mexican newcomer was selected for the rôle of *Charmaine,* and she attracted quite a bit of attention. Meanwhile, Director Carewe planned to present her in Tolstoy's Resurrection.

Carewe has been directing for fifteen years. He is part Indian, his grandmother being a full-blooded Chickasaw. Carewe is a graduate of the University of Texas, and has had an up-and-down career. He seems to possess a Svengali sway over his Mexican discovery. Where Señora del Rio was merely attractively promising in What Price Glory, she is amazing in the tragic Tolstoy story.

*Rod La Rocque as* Prince Dmitri *and Señora del Rio as* Katusha *in Tolstoy's Resurrection.*

*Katusha Maslova* is a peasant orphan who lives with a well-to-do family in the Russian provinces. The scion of the family, *Prince Dmitri Ivanovitch Nekhludof,* has his way with her—and goes on to the Turkish-Russian battle front.

A child is born and dies. *Katusha,* turned out by her benefactors, becomes a girl of the streets. Years later *Dmitri* comes face to face with *Katusha,* now a derelict charged with murder. He tries to atone for the past, and when the girl is sentenced to Siberia he follows.

He offers her marriage. He exerts his influence for a pardon. But *Katusha,* believing that the past makes the future impossible, will have none of it. She sends him back to his old life and marches on into Siberia, one of the long procession of convicts struggling through the snows.

Director Carewe might easily have sugared or distorted the story. He has avoided the pitfalls and evolved several scenes of real cinematic force.

Rod La Rocque is the *Dmitri,* and he does better work than he has ever done before; but the amazing playing of Señora del Rio dwarfs his portrayal. She is either going to be one of the screen's best actresses or her *Katusha* is a sensational freak bit of camera hypnotism.

Anyway, Jaime del Rio is disposing of his Mexican interests and taking to scenario-writing. Thus is a peaceful Mexican household torn asunder by the glare of a bank of Cooper-Hewitts.

### *Brief Comment*

LONG PANTS: This is the newest effort of Harry Langdon, the comedian with the wistful face. Here Langdon plays a kid with a terrific crush on a questionable siren. The crush leads him to jail. Fairly funny, but not so good as Langdon's recent comedies.

EVENING CLOTHES: The story of a wealthy country chap who becomes a glorified rounder. Adolphe Menjou is suave as the hero, and the feminine contingent includes such pretty girls as Virginia Valli, Louise Brooks, and Lilyan Tashman.

### *Do you know that—*

Greta Garbo and Metro-Goldwyn have patched up their differences and she will do *Anna Karénina* with Ricardo Cortez?

**The true story of the Ace of Aces, with the official records of his many killings, begins in LIBERTY, June 18.**

# Marvelous Mary Garden
## Always Careful of Her Precious Voice

© Fernand de Gueldre, Chicago, Ill.

## *writes:*

*"My teachers, Trabello and Richard Bartelemey, all impressed upon me the solemn warning that I must always treat my throat as a delicate instrument. Yet every artist is under constant strain. Sometimes we get real relaxation in smoking a cigarette. I prefer Lucky Strikes—which both protects the throat and gives real enjoyment."*

Mary Garden

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, *and* there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

# "It's toasted"
*Your Throat Protection*

*When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.*

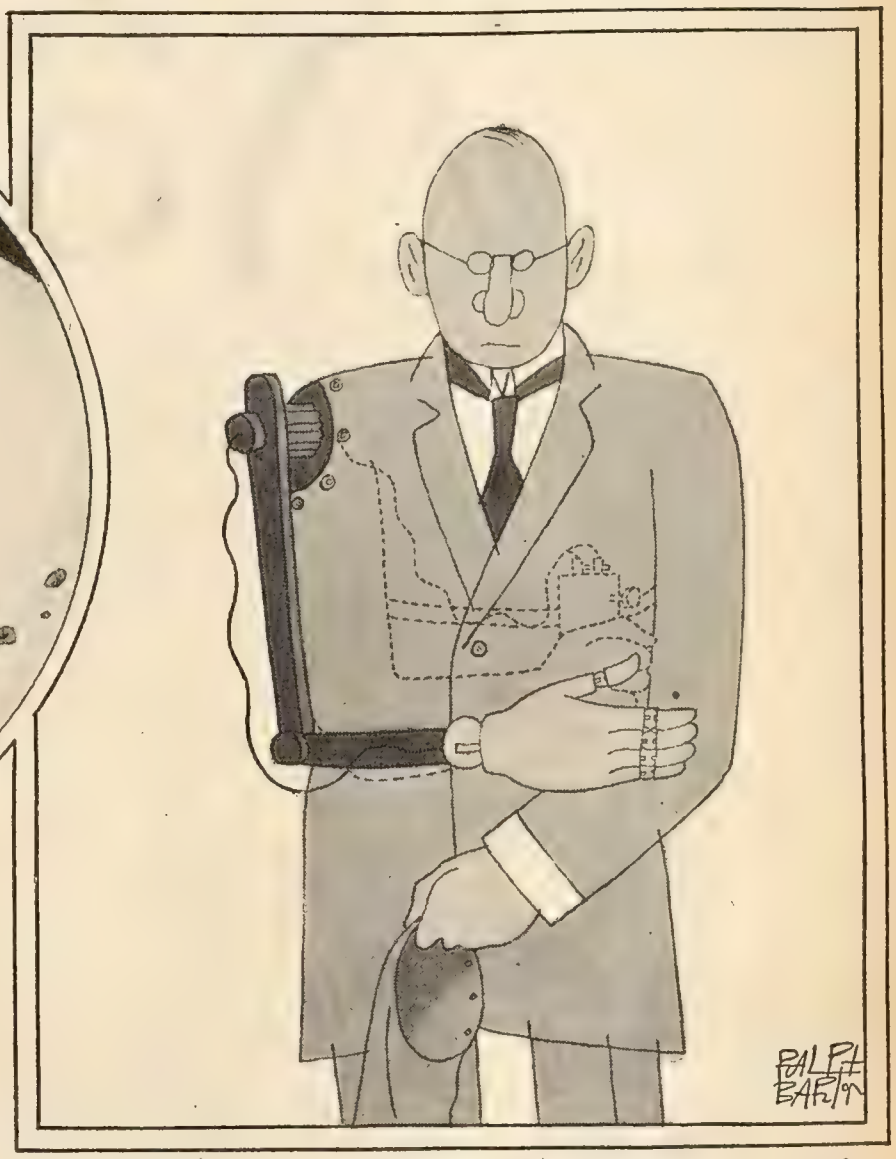
GRAPHIC SECTION

# News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

THE NEW MASTER MIND IN THE MOVIES: Herman K. Wem, who receives $500,000 a year to advise the industry as to how long kisses should last.

TELESCOPIC VIEW OF THE SUN, showing the sun spots that appeared on April 4 and that are blamed for rum-running, the dance madness, the Eighteenth Amendment, four-card flushes, college dramatics, and the failure of the Allies to pay their debts.



OSKAR BALLOON demonstrates his automatic arm for President Coolidge. The real arm, shown in dotted lines, manipulates buttons to grip at "hearty," "cool," or "average."

THE MEETING OF LAFAYETTE AND WASHINGTON as enacted by members of the Peter McH. Roonin Lodge of the Order of Boosters in the campaign to correct the unpatriotic teaching of history in New York schools.

FOR BIGGER AND BETTER MOVIES: Directors of the Mighty Moments Film Corporation view new improved projector and vastly enlarged screen. The new device will produce nothing under seven-gallon tears in the weeping close-ups.

# 1927—A Synthesis of Young Love

*Pictures by* Ralph Barton

## *A Comic-Opera Tale of Ultra-Modern Life*

## *By* Clifford Raymond

*ARTHUR sipped his. The first response was an involuntary arising out of his wicker chair as if he were being electrocuted.*

"WE have recently come into some money," said the young man; "unexpectedly."

"It was from Uncle Jared," the pretty young woman beside him said.

The urbane floorwalker inclined his head slightly. He was a man of ready impressions. It was what made him so valuable to the firm. Consequently his station was at the most used door. As he frequently told his own sweetie: "It gets a man nothing to hate himself, Gertie, and so I'll admit that I can size them and sort them. It's a matter of genius, in a way."

His impressions told him that these were nice people; that the young man's name was Arthur; that the young woman's name was Janet; that they had been married four months; that they hoped to have children; and that now they needed guidance. He knew Arthur was a bond salesman. Arthur had that air of reserve.

"But I forget. You couldn't know Uncle Jared," said Janet in a pretty confusion.

The urbane floor manager inclined his head again. He did it well and liked to do it. He passed over the suggestion that he did not know Uncle Jared. The young people were obviously innocent. Otherwise they would not have made the remark. Knowing Uncle Jared was, in part, his business.

"UNCLE JARED," said Arthur, "was in the wholesale sawdust business and, as you may imagine, dry. I think he made us his heirs because Janet used sawdust in stuffing her gift dolls for Christmas."

"I have discovered since that sand is better," said Janet.

The floor manager's name was Gerald.

"The point is," said Arthur, coming to it, "that we are justified in enlarging our manner of life."

"Uncle Jared left us fifty million dollars," said Janet.

"The point is," said Arthur, "that in our more fortunate condition we are justified in making a home and stocking up a cellar. As I look at it, there may be a duty in it."

"Very commendable, I'm sure," said Gerald. "The American home! Spirituality, if I make myself clear. Rebellion, if you know what I mean."

"I think we all feel that way," said Janet; "although I wish it did not taste quite so badly."

"Possibly," said Arthur; "but need we waste time on speculation as to the impossible?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

# *Gayest of Frocks*—Sheerest of Light Summer Things

## Wear Them Now Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicap

*Utter protection and security, plus an end to the problem of disposal*

*By* ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

SUMMER days and moonlight nights, dances, tennis, motoring, yachting—don't let them bother you because of a difficult hygienic situation.

The old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted. There is now protection that is absolute, positive and certain—a new way that will make a great difference in your life; that will provide peace-of-mind under the most trying circumstances.

*Kotex—what it does*

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

*Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex*

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

## Easy Disposal

*and 2 other important factors*



(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

*"Ask for them by name"*

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

*No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue*

# SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS VARNISHES

Rely upon
"Paint Headquarters"

*The Sherwin-Williams dealer's store*

There you will find the famous Household Painting Guide. It is a scientific service that enables the Sherwin-Williams dealer to select unerringly the right finish for any surface.

Behind this service and the products specified is the famous "Cover the Earth" trade mark—known and respected in every corner of the civilized world.

Trade mark registered

LARGEST IN

# WILLIAMS
## LACQUERS · ENAMELS

# Wherever there are people

**Wherever there are people there are members of the world-wide fellowship of faith in Sherwin-Williams.**

**This has come about simply because *everywhere* that Sherwin-Williams men have gone in search of business they have adhered unfalteringly to the Sherwin-Williams policy of absolute sincerity in every transaction.**

**Those at the helm of Sherwin-Williams have done everything they can to make the famous "Cover the Earth" trade mark the symbol of trustworthy paint products.**

**Sherwin-Williams offers a real aid to you through the wonderful Household Painting Guide which points out the *right* finish for any surface in the average home.**

**"Follow the *Guide* to *Paint Headquarters,*" the store of your local Sherwin-Williams dealer. There you will find a service which stops mistakes in painting.**

## THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

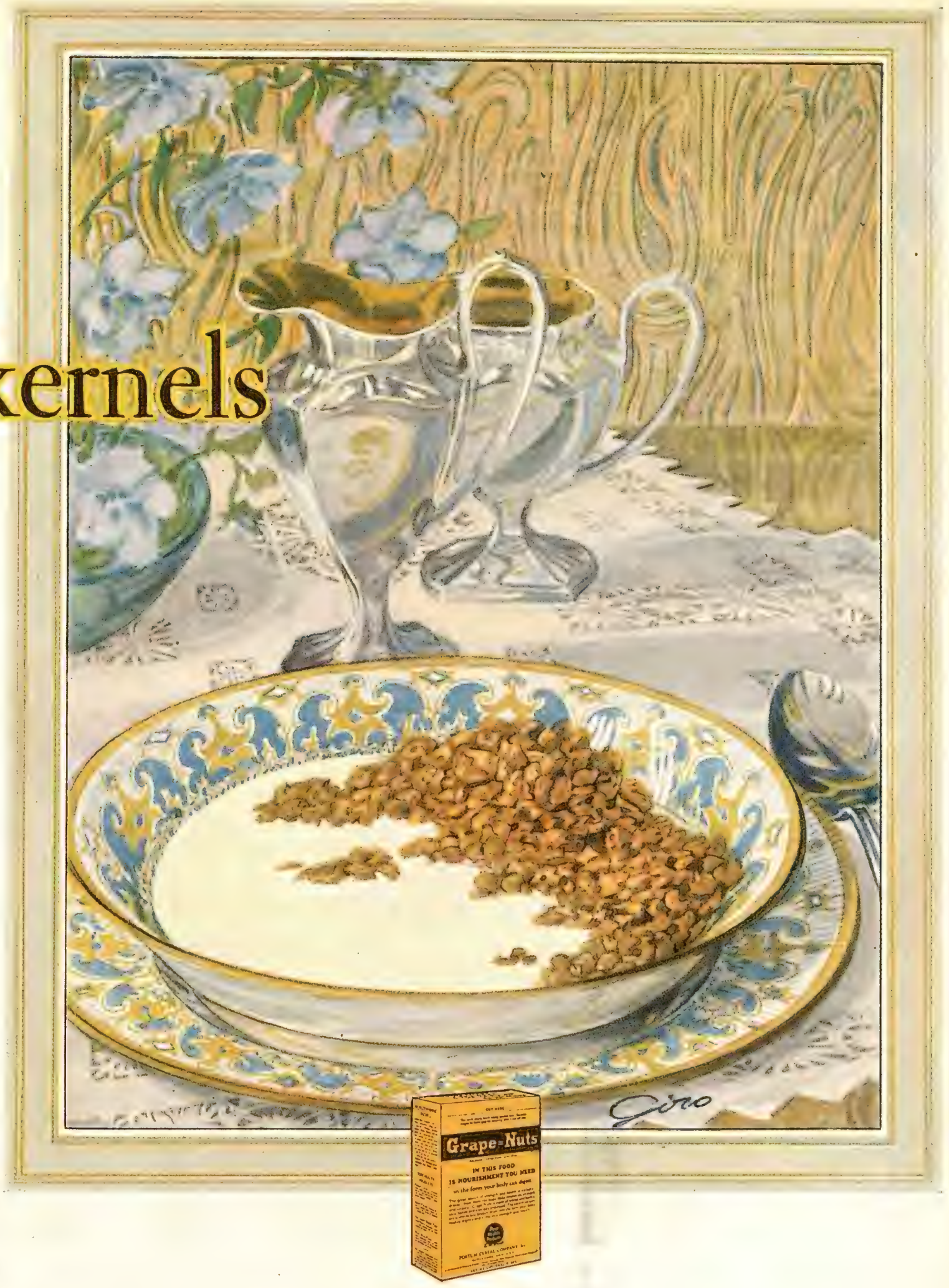
Cleveland, Ohio

***Write!*** **We will send you a copy of this valuable Household Painting Guide. It will save you money.**

# THE WORLD

# These golden kernels

## *People eat them for crispness... for balanced nourishment... above all for flavor*




EVEN the most earnest dietitians agree that eating must be pleasant before it can be entirely profitable! . . . Go on and enjoy your food, they say. The first duty of food is to tempt appetite. There's no reason at all why your three meals a day shouldn't supply pleasure, along with perfectly proper nourishment.

And that's the thing that has made Grape-Nuts a favorite food in millions of American homes. Balanced nourishment—and irresistible appeal to appetite. A delicious, nut-like flavor, made even more tempting by a delicate suggestion of malt sugar. And a wonderful *crispness*—a crunchiness—that heightens enjoyment of the flavor.

This crispness is one important reason for the health value of Grape-Nuts. Foods that make you chew—and *enjoy* chewing—are all too few in modern diet. Day in, day out, soft foods make up the greater part of our meals. Yet dental authorities say that our teeth and gums must have proper exercise in order to retain their health and beauty. The diet should include, every day, foods which *must be chewed.*

Eat Grape-Nuts then for crispness, for flavor—and for balanced nourishment!

These golden kernels are made from wheat and malted barley. They give to the body, in readily digestible form, food elements of the highest importance to health. Grape-Nuts supplies dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Served with whole milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

Give Grape-Nuts a daily place on your table. Your grocer sells it—or you may wish to accept the following offer:

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

*Grape-Nuts* is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate.

*"A Book of Better Breakfasts"—and two servings of Grape-Nuts, free!*

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free. We will send also "A Book of Better Breakfasts"—written by a famous physical director.

G.-LIB.-5-28-27

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., Ltd.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

"I think," said Gerald, "that we needn't. I believe your idea is one of a cellar."

"That to begin with," said Arthur. "Of course, as you understand, there will be many more things in our new life."

"Quite so," said Gerald; "but now I presume you wish to look at our labels."

Ordinarily Gerald would have inclined his head again and have called out: "Mr. Place! Mr. Ponci! Mr. Pidulski! Mr. Appelschmeerencassen!" and at the first answer would have said, with a mauve rubbing of his hands: "The lady and gentleman to our labels, please, Mr. Appelschmeerencassen."

Then he would have fingered the knot of his neck scarf, looking forthright into the nearest mirror, and have turned to regard his door again. But $50,000,000 newly come by inspired curiosity if not respect. Therefore Gerald himself went with Arthur and Janet to look at the labels.

*"We have, I'm sure," said Gerald, "the most extensive display in the country—medieval, renaissance, modern, popular, neoclassical, neorenaissance, neomodern."*

"WE have, I'm sure," said Gerald, "the most medieval, renaissance, modern, popular, neoclassical, neorenaissance, neomodern. There is a bit that breathes the breath of old Kentucky."

He indicated a label of Old Crow.

"There is something from the Roman Campagna," he continued, "the golden Frascati! Or, for a more subtle touch, there is the Falernian."

"They are adorable," said Janet, "and so many."

"The display is inclusive of the whole art, I am sure," said Gerald. "The firm is sensitive as to its reputation. It is the oldest in the country. It even antedates the Volstead Act. Imagination, vision, and prevision. The essentials of our country's greatness, do you not think?"

"I've always been partial to sloe gin, myself," said Arthur, looking eagerly into the glass cases.

Gerald shuddered slightly, but he was disciplined and controlled himself.

"And sparkling Burgundy," Arthur continued, with a gleam in his eyes.

"I think I could adore sparkling Burgundy," said Janet.

Gerald turned aside. His teeth were on edge. He regained control under cover of a smothered cough and a further solicitude for his scarfpin.

"May I show you our dry and our Holland gins?" he suggested. Gerald had faults, but his taste in labels was good and the double vulgarity of a liking for sloe gin and sparkling Burgundy took something out of him. Nevertheless he knew these young people were nice and he was willing to direct their taste without an obvious touch of superciliousness.

"A home," he said, "requires thought and experience. It is not always that the busy American business man and the busy American woman are able to develop themselves as you, Arthur and Janet, have."

"I do like sloe gin," Arthur said wistfully.

"Here's something," said Gerald hastily, "that I would show only to people of appreciation." He pointed to a label, Old Parr, which lay on a blue velvet background.

"We don't press it," he said. "The discriminating select it as a Scotch."

"It's almost confusing, isn't it, to see such a marvelous display?" said Janet.

"Here is a choice Pommard," said Gerald, pointing to a label. "I am glad you expressed a preference for still Burgundy. We have clients who like the sparkling just as we have clients who like sloe gin."

"Meaning the discriminating ones," said Arthur, catching his meaning.

"I think we'd better look at the hocks, sauternes, Rhine wines, and some of the more pleasant ordinary table reds," said Gerald hastily.

"It is marvelous," said Janet. "I think, Arthur, as a start, we'll order five hundred sparkling Burgundy labels."

For a moment Gerald's eyes were ghastly; but he caught himself on his heels.

"Mr. Appelschmeerencassen!" he called.

A young man of obviously New England extraction approached. Plymouth Rock was in his chin, Cape Cod in his eyebrows, and the Congregational Church of Massachusetts Bay in every feature. Rebellion was in his nature, and soon he would rebel against rebellion against the Volstead Act and throw all the labels into Lake Michigan.

"Mr. Appelschmeerencassen," said Gerald, "I believe before we go further in the selection of labels we'll taste the beverages."

Mr. Appelschmeerencassen went out and returned presently with two gold-rimmed and -banded glasses on a silver tray. Arthur and Janet had been gazing with fixed eyes at the sparkling Burgundy labels in the great showcases.

GERALD suggested that "we examine the merchandise. Some firms do not require it. We are not content that the customer be satisfied merely with the labels."

Mr. Appelschmeerencassen preceded them, with a smartly uniformed small black boy, and led the way to a silver-hooped hogshead with a silver bung plug and a silver spigot.

"Chairs, please," said Gerald, and an attendant brought three wicker seats.

"The claret first," said Gerald, when he, Janet, and Arthur were seated. Mr. Appelschmeerencassen turned the spigot. The small gold-braided Negro boy held the tray of glasses. When they were filled he served the wine.

Arthur sipped his. The first response was an involuntary arising out of his wicker chair as if he were being electrocuted without being securely strapped. The sound of his scalp flying up and snapping back was that of a damp tablecloth in the wind or that of the rubber in the hot bath of a sanitarium. His eyes popped out as if a sudden goiter had pressed at his neck.

Gerald watched him closely, but he said to Mr. Appelschmeerencassen:

"It won't be necessary."

He meant it would not be necessary to call one of the firm's doctors.

"That's good claret," said Arthur in his first gasp of breath.

Janet was affected differently. She became unconscious without a murmur and was limp in her chair. Mr. Appelschmeerencassen saw her. He looked inquiringly at Gerald, who said:

"An ordinary phenomenon. It is nothing."

Janet then revived and began to shake violently.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# No More Dandruff

*if you will follow this simple plan*

Half-way measures never yet got the best of dandruff. This serious infection, the cause of most thin, sickly hair, can be conquered, as hair and scalp specialists well know. But it needs real medical treatment. Not just to temporarily dissolve the dandruff, for many things will do that. It needs *this* treatment to destroy effectively the dandruff germs, cleanse the pores, stimulate the glands to normal action and bring vitality back to scalp and hair.

# Only for Those Who Seriously Seek Hair Health

Have you tired of fighting dandruff with feeble lotions? Do you want again the soft, clean scalp of childhood and the thick, lustrous hair? Ask your druggist for Glover's Combination Scalp Treatment (Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine and Medicated Soap); then only one third thing is needed—"*Persistency*."

Your first treatment shows the dandruff gone. Your scalp *feels* different, and it is. Following treatments reveal a new tingle of increased scalp circulation. Hair cells respond quickly, glands function normally. No hair falls now. Nature, freed from infection, begins anew the growth of vigorous hair.

Glover's Combination Scalp Treatment should not be confused with tonics. It is used and endorsed by hair and scalp specialists throughout the country. Thousands of letters in our files from men and women testify to its remarkable effectiveness.

**Notice This Odor**
The tar odor cannot be removed without removing an ingredient essential where positive results are desired.

*An interesting booklet concerning the human hair and scalp will be mailed to you free if you write to H. Clay Glover Co., Inc. Dept. L, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

**GLOVER'S COMBINATION**
MANGE MEDICINE MEDICATED SOAP
**SCALP TREATMENT**
95c at all Drug and Dep't Stores

R. LOUIS SAYS:

The salon of Monsieur Louis, opposite the Hotel Plaza, is known to all New York's elite. He is a coiffurist of international fame, a student of hair as well as an artist working with hair.

"I emphasize always that lovely hair depends entirely upon a healthy scalp. Besides my own preparations, as a treatment for the scalp in eradicating dandruff and restoring vitality to the hair cells, I rank Glover's among the best prescriptions known to science."


[A SYNTHESIS OF YOUNG LOVE Continued from Page Forty-seven]

"That also is an ordinary phenomenon," said Gerald. "We will now taste the Scotch. I recommend Skibust, born yesterday and already going stronger. I may call your attention to our care in aging our product. Grim, Grim & Grim never market an article the day it is made. The Skibust, if you please."

Mr. Appelschmeerencassen drew two glasses of Scotch from the barrel from which he had drawn the claret.

Arthur took his glass avidly.

"We sometimes venture to suggest," said Gerald, "when we are sure the suggestion will be appreciated, that the bouquet of this liquor be sensed before it is sipped. It gains in zest."

Arthur sniffed his Skibust and exclaimed:

"My gosh!"

"Quite so," said Gerald.

Arthur drank it, and again his chest gave a convulsive bound and his limbs jerked, but not so violently as they had in response to the claret.

"It will be all right," said Gerald to Mr. Appelschmeerencassen. "You may release the doctor and the nurses to other duties. That will be all, thank you, Mr. Appelschmeerencassen."

Mr. Appelschmeerencassen bowed and withdrew.

"That's good Scotch," said Arthur.

JANET, steadying from her attack of violent trembling, found the glass of Scotch in her hand and drank it.

"Ha, ha!" she laughed in her pretty, silver, girlish tones. "Ha, ha! Did I tell you of Uncle Jared who left us our little competence? Yes? But I didn't tell you of Aunt Silvia. Uncle Jared married Aunt Silvia three years ago, a year after Aunt Emily died. She was a hostess at a roadhouse. Uncle Jared was of the strictest moral principles, but he thought the trouble with old men was they grew old. That's so true when you stop to consider it. But how many mature people stop to consider it? Very few."

"Very true," said Gerald.

"Uncle Jared thought that people ought to keep up old interests and even get new interests. It was very fortunate he had an interest in blondes. He kept it up."

"Very intelligent," said Gerald.

"Wasn't it?" said Janet. "Uncle Jared was an exceptional man. He was probably the biggest sawdust man in the country. Possibly Aunt Emily was not sympathetic. Aunt Silvia was a blonde. The first night she met Uncle Jared she took him for ten thousand dollars. I mean she took it off him at the roadhouse. I think she also compromised him. But he was able to make her marry him—to avoid a scandal, I think. It was a very decent roadhouse. It didn't want a scandal."

"Life," said Gerald, "used to be inconsiderate of men. I think there is more justice now."

"I think so," said Arthur. "Uncle Jared killed her the follow-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# *Come where the soft sun streams through GIANT Redwood Aisles*

...AND YOUR summer-travel story will be the best of all! . . . In your own car—by rail—by stage, as you please, include this great tour of California's Redwood Empire, reaching from San Francisco north to Grants Pass, and Portland, Oregon, through 97% of all the Redwoods in the world!

For a hundred miles or more, you'll be actually in the shade of these 3,000-year-old giants—often 350 feet high, 25 feet in diameter. You'll see, also, rugged coastline, natural steam geysers, a petrified forest, Clear Lake and Blue Lakes; lagoons, old Missions, the famous Oregon Caves—all on this one great trip, a part of your western tour. And you'll see a hundred lovely places where you'd like to make a permanent home. Hundreds of good hotels, resorts and camp grounds are all along the route.

Write for folders—or just come ahead! We will supply you full information when you arrive. Bring golf clubs—fishing tackle!

Let us mail you these folders if you have time, but don't wait for them!

*California's*
**REDWOOD EMPIRE**

MAIL *this coupon for* FREE BOOKLETS

**Californians Inc**
AND
**REDWOOD EMPIRE**
ASSOCIATION
*Headquarters* R-3-27
SAN FRANCISCO
140 MONTGOMERY STREET, ROOM 21

*Please send me your booklets*

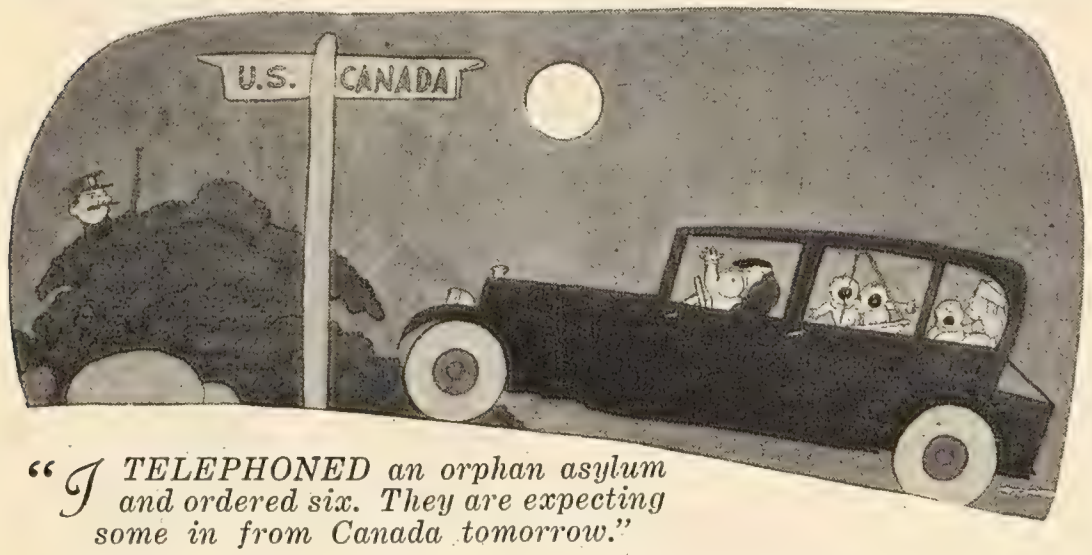
*Name* _____

*Street, City & State* _____

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

ing year. He was one of those old-fashioned men. He always wore rubbers when it was damp. He liked headcheese. Aunt Silvia wouldn't make it for him. So he shot her. The prosecuting attorney was really unsympathetic, but a jury acquitted him. I am sure men get more justice now."

"Shall we try the Bacardi or the Bourbon?" Gerald interrupted him, motioning toward the barrel.




*"I TELEPHONED an orphan asylum and ordered six. They are expecting some in from Canada tomorrow."*

"I'll take a shot of sauterne," said Janet.

"Well, old sport, I'll be game and join you," said Arthur.

"It was interesting about Uncle Jared," said Gerald, after they had recovered and were moving away from the barrel.

"I think we must consider flavors," said Gerald. "Some of our most discriminating clients leave it to us. On the other hand, there are people who know exactly their own tastes. Now, what shall we say as to formaldehyde in the Bourbon?"

"Really," said Janet, "I think we'd best leave it to you."

"I agree with you," said Arthur.

"Quite so," said Gerald. "I think you are wise. We know our own merchandise and just where a touch of carbolic or lye or tan-bark can heighten an effect. You may rely on us."

"What charming flasks," said Janet, pointing to a display.

"Aren't they?" Gerald admitted. "When you are preparing to go abroad I'll be glad to show them to you. Americans find the beverages of Canada and Europe pallid. The better classes of our travel like to carry flasks. They consult their taste. A bit of household cleanser, shellac, corrosive acid, or what you will, poured in a Scotch, champagne, claret, or white wine, gives it an appreciable flavor. There is an oil of horse chestnuts which goes well with Chianti, I am told. I have not been to Italy myself. I have tried a liquid shoeblacking with Dublin stout. It is delicious."

"NOW for the rest of the home," said Arthur.

"Quite so," said Gerald. "We have some extraordinary Pennsylvania pine tables, early Moravian, which we have arrangements to bring in. This room, please."

As they entered he said:

"We cannot always guarantee delivery. Sometimes it is hard to run them in."

He paused with a start of protest. A few red specks on the white pine top explained it.

"Buckshot, I suppose," he said. "I'm sorry you saw it, although it is the hallmark of bootleg."

"Uncle Jared hated pine tables," said Janet. "They reminded him of Aunt Prudence. Aunt Prudence was his wife before Aunt Emily."

"We never knew her," said Arthur.

"I really feel as if I had always known her," said Janet. "She has always been appealing to me. She was a waitress in the Bon Ton Restaurant when Uncle Jared was a coal-wagon driver. He used to eat at the Bon Ton. Their acquaintance ripened into love."

"On the wall," said Gerald, "is a Rabbit's Foot Hooked Rug just run in from North Carolina. I'll shake the buckshot out of it."

"I WAS thinking of Uncle Jared," said Janet. "After he and Aunt Prudence were married she started a boarding-house and he fell ill. He wasn't able to work. I think he enjoyed himself at this time of his life. He and Aunt Prudence had twelve children."

"A case," said Gerald, with sudden interest; "but probably fifths."

"I've never blamed Uncle Jared," Janet continued, "and yet I can't feel that Aunt Prudence was altogether without provocation. But one night she fed him in the kitchen on a pine table and wouldn't let him go to the table for dinner. This hurt him. He didn't eat his dinner. He went away. He had a proud spirit. He left his home, his wife, and twelve children. Aunt Prudence was not a blonde. Nor was Aunt Emily."

"But, my love," said Arthur, "we must consider that if Uncle Jared had not gone away and if he had eaten his dinner we might not be so favored by fortune now. This was before he made his money. Aunt Prudence had put arsenic in his corned-beef hash that night."

"Dear Aunt Prudence," said Janet. "She was so gentle, but when provoked she would do things she blamed herself for the next day. She never spared herself that way."

"On this side of the room," said Gerald, "is an Ohio base-burner of the best Youngstown construction. I'd hesitate to tell you of the trouble we had getting it in."

"I am still thinking of Uncle Jared," said Janet with tears in her eyes and voice. "It seems to me he had a hard life. And then to skid into a ditch just as an-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

©G.S.R.C. 1927

# The *Light-touch* shave
## –light on face – and disposition

THE new Gem Blade is kind to a tender skin and firm with a tough beard. At the lightest touch—little more than the weight of the razor rested against your cheek—it takes off every hair smoothly, easily, pull-lessly!

The Gem Blade is made of steel so thick, so sturdy that it stands up under the most rigorous and continual use—and stands out as the keenest shaving edge that ever glorified shaving!

It is rigidly reinforced with a solid steel backbone that eliminates the hop, skip, and jump from shaving. The stiffest beard meets its Waterloo when it meets Gem. Every blade in *every* package is perfect. Gem de Luxe Razor, $1. *At all dealers.*

*Sold Everywhere*

*We're so convinced you'll be enthusiastic about the Gem that we make this offer: Write us, enclose ten cents in stamps to cover mailing, and a standard Gem Razor and test blades are yours with our compliments. We're glad to discuss your shave problems.*

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

**GEM *Double Life* BLADES**

The Hotel Sherman Barber Shop—Chicago—has used and recommended Boncilla Facials ever since they were first introduced to the Barber Trade.

*Take Care of the Face You Have—Spare Parts for It are Hard to Find*

YOUR face can't be re-upholstered, re-painted, re-treaded or re-vulcanized, but it CAN be RE-TAINED, good as new, by a GOOD BARBER and BONCILLA FACIALS.

If you wish a pleasant surprise and very definite proof of the refreshing INSTANT "pick-up" of a Boncilla Facial, just step into your barber's chair TODAY and take a joy ride back to your early morning "PEP," your YOUTHFUL LOOKS and joy in living.

For Boncilla works fast and *deep*. It ENERGIZES the facial nerves and muscles, rebuilds the tired tissues, smooths out the lines, wipes away that worried look, CLEARS YOUR HEAD for faster, straighter thinking.

It PUTS BACK into your face what work, worry and weariness has taken out of it and gives you the ruddy out-door color of a two-fisted "live one."

You can step into any good barber shop, get a Boncilla Facial and walk out LOOKING and FEELING like a different person in 30 MINUTES.

Then take a tube of Boncilla Beautifier to HER for home use. Tell her, too, that she can get Boncilla Facials at her favorite beauty shop.

The effects of high tension, present-day activities, the late hours given to happy, joyous living, quickly destroy the greatest charm of a woman's face—its youthful freshness.

The ENERGIZING action of Boncilla Beautifier RESTORES to the face its animated loveliness because, as a TISSUE BUILDER, it stands Supreme. It makes one LOOK better and FEEL better.

*Anyone—Man or Woman—can Prove this—in 30 minutes. Send the coupon.*

BONCILLA LABORATORIES, INC.,
Indianapolis, Ind.
Enclosed find 10 cents (coin or stamps). Send me Trial Tube of Boncilla Beautifier.

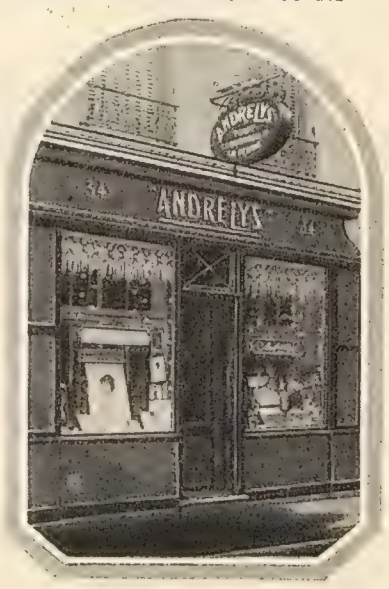
Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Lib. 5-28-27

*If you live in Canada, send coupon to Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd., 77 Peter Street, Toronto, Canada.*




*Now used in World Famed Beauty Salons such as Andrelys of Paris.*


[A SYNTHESIS OF YOUNG LOVE]
Continued from Page Forty-nine

other blonde was coming into his life as a consolation! She would have been Aunt Ernestine. Uncle Jared was going to meet her when he skidded. There was a bit of ice and he was on the left side of the road because it seemed safer. A young minister and his wife and baby had to go into the ditch to get out of his way. It seems sad that four lives should be snuffed out because Uncle Jared was hastening to meet the lady he loved so truly."

"I think my wife is overwrought," said Arthur. "Could we order the remainder of our antique furnishing by catalogue?"

"Oh, quite," said Gerald. "To my mind it is always best."

IN the early dusk Janet and Arthur were driving home. Their new house was provided with every object of art which could be run from the redistillers of one community into another.

They even had a Pittsburgh recooking of a Rembrandt, a needled Gobelin tapestry, and some redistilled Sheraton, also some denatured Sandwich glasswork of the finest order. They had stopped at a furrier's shop and Arthur had bought his wife an Alaskan sealskin coat of South Chicago steelmill rats run in the day before.

She was flushed in her young happiness and sat in his lap as he drove the car into the crowded traffic and ran past three red lights until he knocked an old lady into a safety isle and moderated his speed.

"We are so happy, Arthur," she said softly in his ear. "We are so blessed—in all but one thing. If we only had some little ones."

"Gosh, I'm glad you reminded me of that," said Arthur. "I can always trust you, darling, to remember these little things which, after all, are so important."

He stopped his car at a drug store where there was a sign of "No Parking by Order of the Police Department." He gave a policeman five dollars and left his car there. Within ten minutes he returned and snuggled in again under the wheel. Janet again snuggled into his lap.

"What were you doing, darling?" she asked lovingly but sleepily.

"Well, dear," he said, as he jumped the car forward and hit a Spanish War veteran who was crossing the boulevard with the light, "you spoke of children."

"Yes, dearest," she said, still sleepily.

"It made me feel so remiss," said Arthur. "I'm careless like that and I wish I weren't. But I got out and telephoned for some."

"Yes," said Janet with a vibrant interest.

"I telephoned an orphan asylum and ordered six. They are expecting some in from Canada tomorrow. We'll get the first delivery."

"Aren't we blest!" Janet exclaimed.

"We should be grateful," said Arthur, and hit an elementary-school teacher at the next red light.

THE END

**He was Death's own ambassador. Watch for the thrilling story of his life in LIBERTY, beginning June 18.**


# See the world from an orchestra seat!

# Pathé News

Japan is rocked by an earthquake, thousands are killed, other thousands made homeless—cable and wireless reach Pathe News cameramen in the Orient, motion pictures are taken while the earth is still shaking, a speeding liner bears the film to America, airplanes carry it to five great film distributing centers for printing—once again Pathe News is first in the theatres of America.

Wherever something big is happening, there is a Pathe News cameraman near at hand to cover the "story". England, France, Germany, Italy, China,—all over the world these men are in constant, immediate contact with the News.

The experience of sixteen years has made all this possible. The first news reel is still the first. Its incomparable organization can be imitated but not equalled.

*Make Pathe News a habit at your favorite theatre*

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC.
35 West 45th Street, New York

"Sees all knows all"

# Mash Notes and Others or The Broadcaster's Mail Box

*WITH nothing more than a voice to work from, an enraptured listener can paint an image of heroic proportions.*

An Article by
QUIN A. RYAN
*WGN Announcer*

WHENEVER I receive mash notes I think somebody is kidding me.

I don't know what other fellows do about them—movie actors, athletes, and such like—but I shy at them as I shy at Greeks bearing gifts on April Fool's Day.

No matter how far away a mash note may be postmarked, I suspect that some of my cronies are playing a prank.

Radio announcers and entertainers, who are introduced to the millions only by their voices and their music, are constant targets for mushy letters. With nothing more than a voice to work from, an enraptured listener can paint an image of heroic proportions.

The authors of mash notes generally hope to open a steady correspondence with you. They hope that the mashee is not married. They hope that you prefer brunettes, or those others, as *their* case may be. They hope to tell you that you are the white-headed boy on whom the sun rises and sets, and that they hang on your every wise crack.

There was the case of our oompah-player who sought out the authoress of many warm and scented notes, and found her to be an elderly witch residing in an attic! There was also the case of the radio performer who was suddenly taken married by following up an admirer's letter!—a horrible example of the dangers of paying attention to mash notes.

But I would not have you confuse mash notes with letters of commendation and admiration for the broadcaster's work. The latter are his only encouragement and his only guide in this one-way enterprise, and they are all too few. The largest radio station in the country, WEAF in New York City, the fountainhead of the chain broadcasting system, with the highest-priced talent, receives only 1,500 to 2,000 letters a day. And estimators say there are 20,000,000 radio listeners in the country!

How many letters have *you* ever written to radio stations in appreciation of evenings of enjoyment? In the radio's groping infancy the scattered audience used to establish an intimacy with the stations and take the programs as their very own, commenting and suggesting fulsomely. Now the public accepts good entertainment just as it accepts Niagara Falls and the Grand Canyon.

A radio station's mail might have been written by O. Henry. There is comedy, pathos, color, flattery, criticism, whimsicality, gratitude, flirting, and freakishness in every day's mail bag.

There are two ladies in the same State who write to me every week. One seems to think I'm a member of her family, and her weekly letter is a harmless domestic report such as one's sister would write.

The other lady writes every week or so to thank me for the great favor I performed in hushing up those who were maligning her and "dragging her name in the mud." I am the "first ray of light in a world of darkness."

ONLY through the broadcasters' mail can we realize the universal charity of the radio, bestowing its gifts on all sorts and conditions of people—the isolated farmers, the bedridden inmates of the hospital, the cheerless old souls in the almshouse, the boys in the monotonous fire station, the lighthouse family, and the lonely company in the timberlands. They write most of all because to them the radio is a godsend.

Look at this one, for instance: "I cannot refrain from telling you how much pleasure I receive from your programs. I am a shut-in, confined to my bed for thirty-eight years, and when a radio was placed by my bed, the world came to me. I never dreamed I should have such wonderful music and realistic visitors as I have through my radio. It has made me so happy! I have followed your footsteps like a mother around the country—to the evolution trial, the football games, the Kentucky Derby, and elsewhere. And I shall be right here with you whenever you are on the air. May God bless you!"

Imagine this scene, described by a deaf man who can hear with radio earphones:

"Not only have I enjoyed all your football games, but my deaf and dumb friends from the institute here have enjoyed them too. I would invite them to come to my place, and I would interpret on my fingers word for word, everything you said about the games."

From the prisons, from the soldiers' hospitals, and from the blind come warmly grateful missives:

"For some time I have felt it my duty to write and tell you how much I have enjoyed your new features introduced under the name of 'productions,' particularly the one entitled The Old Campus Moon, because as an old college grad I relished every bit of it. . . . I am doing my own typing, and as a blind man I am unable to correct the misprints I have made. Kindly overlook them."

And there are oodles of sincere little things like this:

"When Miss Gloria Swanson talks to you on the radio next week as I see in the paper please ask her do she like colored people. I am a little colored girl also one of the many screen admirers of the many millions that rush to see her pictures. My middle name is Swanson that is why I ador my middle name because her name is Swanson also.

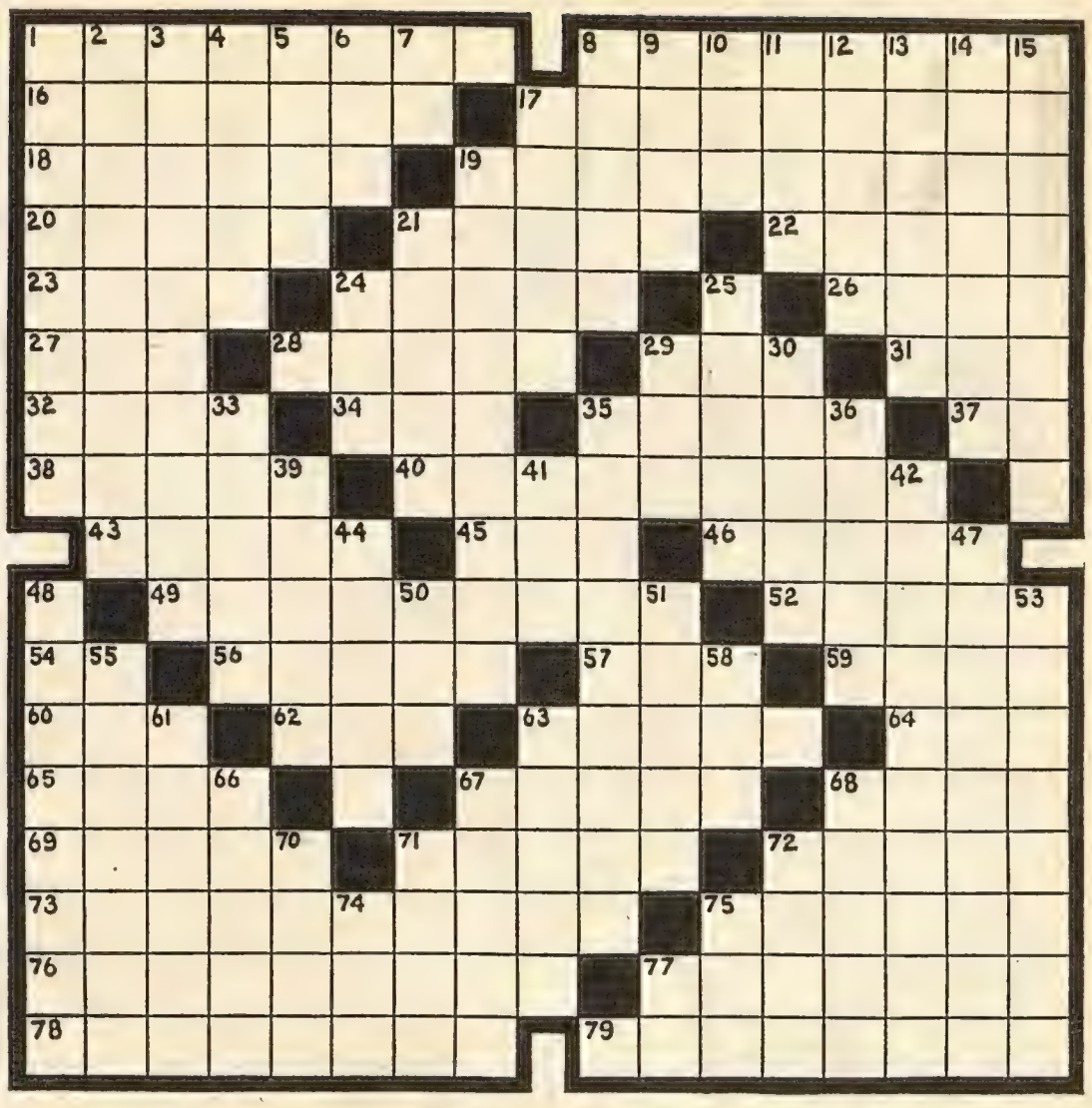
"P. S. What would you like for me to call her Miss Gloria Swanson or that long adorable French name. Would you please ask her send me one of her pictures so I can look at her all day long?"

THE END

**Few of those who fought him ever lived to tell of it. That is why his story is so terrible, and yet so fascinating. It begins in the June 18 issue of LIBERTY.**

# $25
# For the *Best* Puzzle

WITH hundreds of puzzles coming in every week and only one prize offered, it is obviously impossible for LIBERTY to accept all the accurate puzzles. So the Editor chooses the *best* one in hand, regardless of the time it was received at this office. The puzzle that wins the prize is the one that is outstandingly good in construction. The Editor will answer questions, and will return all puzzles, but only if both are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



## Prize Puzzle No. 38

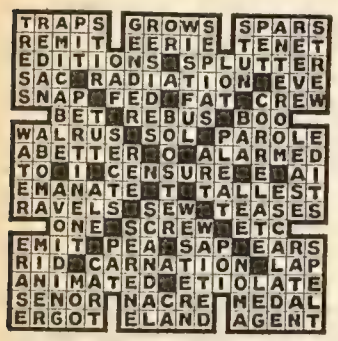
By VERA SCHROEDER, Sioux City, Iowa

### HORIZONTAL

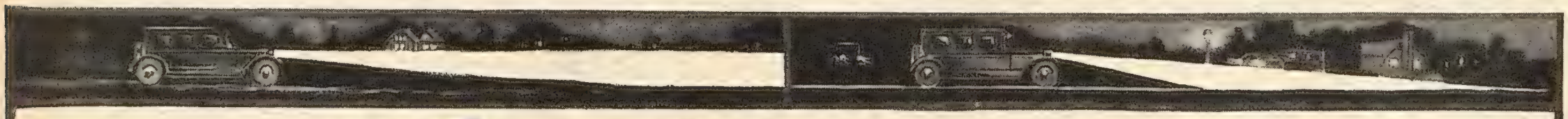
1 Primitive
8 Opposed manfully
16 Tenants
17 Sulphur
18 To chant
19 Vessels conveying soldiers
20 Searches for
21 A narrow opening
22 A steeple
23 An imaginary monster
24 Part of a knife
26 A prophet
27 A short sleep
28 Groans
29 Part of a circle
31 Collection of articles belonging together
32 Another name for Esau
34 A beast of burden
35 A mass of metal
37 Japanese measure of area
38 A gum
40 Defamed
43 Spanish title of respect
45 Craft
46 Drugged (slang)
49 A cardinal number
52 Roofed with baked clay
54 Syllable indicative of hesitation
56 A musical comedy
57 Merry
59 Small gaming cubes
60 Cluster of fibers in wool staple
62 Permit
63 Screams
64 To move in a short, jerking manner
65 A semiprecious stone
67 Vexes
68 A woman's name
69 Exhausts
71 Hollow-horned ruminants
72 Measure of weight for gems
73 Unavoidably
75 Roof of the mouth
76 Reveres
77 Adviser and instructor
78 Valued highly
79 Rearers

### VERTICAL

1 A captive
2 Deserters
3 Comes between
4 To tend a fire
5 A cardinal number (plural)
6 Wrath
7 Initials of a Canadian province
8 A pair
9 An inclosure for skating
10 Measures of type
11 Vipers
12 Ceases
13 Adherents to the crown
14 Dishes served between courses
15 Abandoned
17 Small nails
19 To render into another language
21 A species
24 A large snake
25 Impelled
29 A conjunction
30 Celebrated French landscape painter
33 A digger
35 Honesty
36 Warm
39 New
41 A part of to be
42 To ponder
44 Riotous festivity
47 An embellisher
48 Indicative
50 Hard-shelled dry fruit
51 Fastening devices
53 Arguers
55 Complains
58 An assent
61 A progenitor
63 Embers
66 An embankment
67 Arrayed
68 Sound
70 A parent
71 A portal
72 Walking-stick
74 A round flat cap
75 American poet and novelist
77 A title of respect (abbreviation)




Answer to Puzzle No. 37

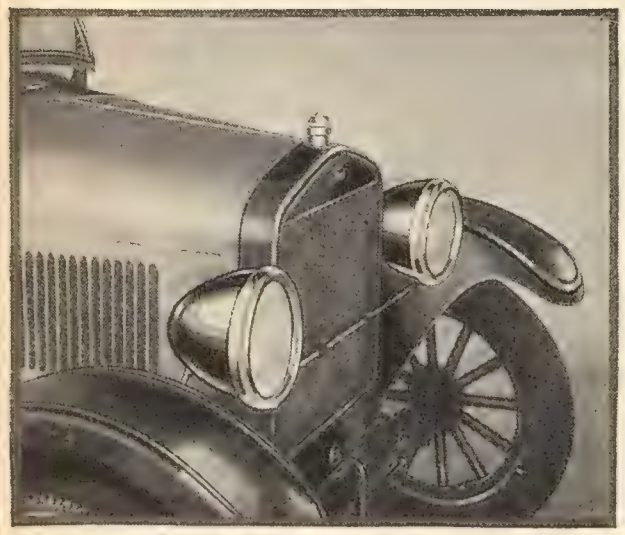



# Guide TILT RAY HEADLAMPS

## *for any make of car*

Quickly, easily installed. Sold on a money-back guarantee.

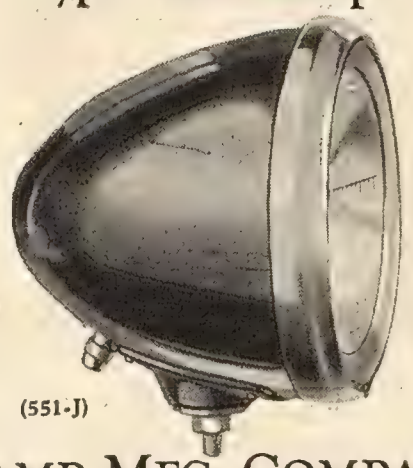
Here's style and safety combined in the Guide Bullet Type Headlamps.



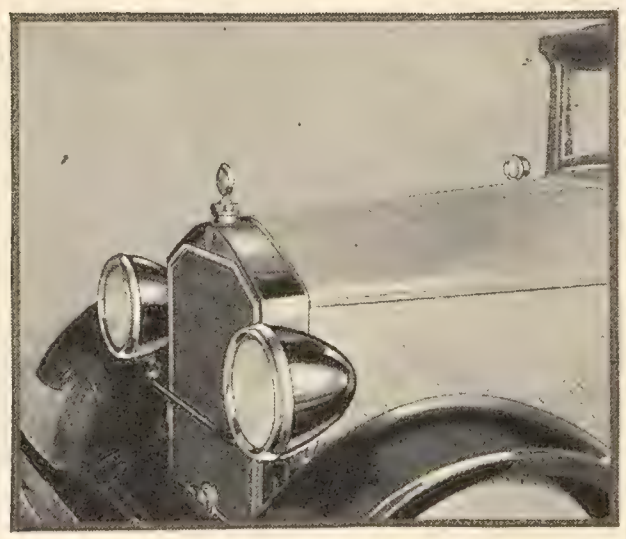
NOTE the artistic sporty effect which the Guide Bullet Type Headlamp gives to the Ford car.

Ask for No. 540 for Fords, $15.00 per pair.

Your service dealer can install Guide Tilt Rays on any car by the aid of the universal bracket.



(551-J)



BESIDES harmonizing with the beautiful lines of modern cars, Guide Tilt Rays are appreciated because of the double ray feature—the upper ray for long distance lighting and the lower for passing other cars.

Ask for No. 551-J for all larger cars. $18.00 per pair.

THE GUIDE MOTOR LAMP MFG. COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

# Bobby Jones

## *Super-Champion*

### *The Story of Golf's Greatest Amateur and His Bag of Tricks*

As Told by Himself to

**O. B. KEELER**

*Francis Ouimet, who trounced Bobby in the 1920 National Amateur tournament.*

*CHICK EVANS, who, Jones writes, "was the man of destiny at the Engineers' Club in 1920, playing the best golf I have seen in our amateur event."*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Bobby Jones was a veteran golfer with a national reputation at seventeen years of age, when, in 1919, he entered his second National Amateur golf tournament. In previous installments of his memoirs he told of annexing several sectional titles, of surviving to the fourth round in his first National Amateur event, and of playing some of the most famous golfers in America during the war in benefit matches for the Red Cross and War Relief. Here he tells of an incident in his second National tournament that has become history, and of his début in the National Open tournament, the greatest event in American golf, which he was not destined to win until after several years, during which he seemed to be a good player, but not good enough to win the coveted trophy.]

PART FIVE

OAKMONT, in the pretty hills outside of Pittsburgh, in August of 1919 was the scene of the most impressive hailstorm I have ever seen on a golf course and the highest crop of qualifying scores of any National Amateur championship in which I ever played. They had an odd system at Oakmont, too, in 1919.

The field played one round on Saturday to reduce the number of competitors to sixty-four, and the survivors played thirty-six holes Monday to qualify thirty-two. The hailstorm came along on Saturday. I remember Francis Ouimet took an 8 on the last hole, trying to putt over hailstones. There was no hail Monday, but the scores went upward just the same.

S. Davidson Herron, the ultimate winner, was tied for the medalist's position at 158 with Jimmy Manion and Paul Tewkesbury. I had 159 and was the only other competitor under 160. The qualifying scores went all the way up to 172, or two average rounds of 86. Oakmont was, and is, a severe golf course. I think it's the best test of championship golf in this country.

Now, however popular opinion may have it, my clearest recollection of the championship of 1919 is not the licking I got from Davy Herron in the finals, though I remember it quite clearly enough. It is of the amazing battle between those classic rivals, Chick Evans and Francis Ouimet, who were to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# AT THE START OF THE TOUR

Your enjoyment on tour this summer will be made more certain if you install a set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs before you start. Your car will perform better under all driving conditions, because every dependable Champion Spark Plug is of two-piece gas-tight construction, with sillimanite insulators and special analysis electrodes. That is why two out of three motorists the world over buy Champions regularly.

Champions are standard equipment on the entire range of motor cars from Ford to Rolls-Royce and there is a correctly designed Champion for every type and kind of engine.

# CHAMPION
## *Spark Plugs*
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Champion Spark Plugs have been standard equipment on Ford cars and trucks for 16 years and the Fordson tractor since it was introduced.

**Car manufacturers recommend, and hundreds of thousands of motorists are changing spark plugs every year to insure better and more economical car operation.** All spark plugs, even Champions, ultimately lose some of their efficiency under the continued stress of 600 to 1500 explosions per minute. Pitting of electrodes eventually checks the free flow of current. Carbon burned into the insulators will, in time, cause current leakage. A weakened spark is the result. Under these conditions the instantaneous ignition necessary to cause complete combustion does not take place. Gas is wasted. Power is lost. *That is why it is real economy to install new spark plugs every 10,000 miles. Champion X*—exclusively for Ford cars, trucks and Fordson tractors—60 cents. Set of four—$2.40. *Champion*—for all other cars—75 cents. Set of four—$3.00. Set of six—$4.50.


[BOBBY JONES—SUPER-CHAMPION]
Continued from Page Fifty-three

meet again the next year at Roslyn, with a different result.

Francis and Chick were ill at Oakmont. Chick was suffering severely from rheumatism, and Francis, who had a fever, could take nothing but orange juice for nourishment. They met in the second round, and the weather was unfavorable to both. But each got around that tremendous course in a stroke better than par—with 73s—and they were all square in the morning round. Bob Gardner and I, starting off first, managed to get our match over rather early, and I saw part of the afternoon round between Chick and Francis.

The first nine holes had me gasping. Francis went out in 34 with a bad 6 on the ninth hole, and had Chick only one down, the latter having gone out in 35. Both were better than par for the twenty-seven holes they had played on one of the longest and finest courses in the world.

HUMAN machinery couldn't stand it, and both collapsed on the finishing nine. It was not surprising. They played loosely, and Chick finally picked up the single hole he was down, and at the thirty-sixth tee they were all square.

I was pop-eyed with interest and excitement; to me it was a battle of giants.

They got good enough drives on the extra hole, but their seconds were bunkered at the green. Chick played a good recovery, ten feet past the hole, and Francis got just inside him, about nine feet to the left. Chick studied the putt carefully—and missed. Francis got his putt down for the match. He lost next day to Woody Platt, in a grim struggle that went to the thirty-eighth green.

I wasn't playing at all well, but was consistently lucky up to my final match, where I was outplayed, anyway. I defeated Manion, 3-2; Bob Gardner, 5-4—thus getting some revenge for the 5-3 spanking he had given me in the previous championship; Rudolph Knepper, 3-2; and W. C. Fownes, Jr., 5-4.

Davy Herron meanwhile was really earning his way through the other bracket, and winning all but one of his matches by wide margins.

We got together in the final round, and I was playing better than at any time before in the tournament. We were square at the end of the morning round. In the afternoon Davy began sinking long putts, and as we stood on the twelfth tee I was three down with seven holes left to play.

It was on this hole, which is more than 600 yards, that a megaphone incident, which was much discussed at the time, took place. I want very much to make it plain that my defeat in the match and my loss of the championship ought by no means to be charged to that incident. I believe with all my heart that Davy would have beaten me anyway. Yet there is no use denying that the megaphone *did* affect the play on the long twelfth hole, and I want to employ the in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


# *The secret of* STEADY GOLF

*The so called "wizards of golf" know that it is cool, steady control which snares the championships. Consistant, sure shooting and a feeling of partnership between player and club.*

SCIENCE has found a way to give you just such a steady game. Wilson has built the discovery into a wonderful set of De-Luxe Matched Wood Clubs. Each club has the same satisfactory feel as the others. They are related as to length, lie, balance and resilience. To have perfect timing in one club means you have it in all. A steady flowing game is the result, and an improvement in your wood shots which will astonish you.

When you purchase your set of Wilson Matched Woods and select from the six different sets the one that is just suited to you, it will delight you to find them so nicely co-ordinated, that each club is your favorite and that at last you have discovered a way to steady golf.

*Can be purchased in pairs or sets of three.*

# Wilson
## GOLF EQUIPMENT

*Distance that brings a thrill to your game—accuracy that is most satisfying—a durability of cover that carries you around a greater number of holes. Play the new Crest golf ball—it's marked with a red star.*

Wilson - Western Sporting Goods Co.
New York Chicago San Francisco

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]
cident as a little object lesson for gallery officials.

I was three down, then, on the twelfth tee, and I had a better drive than Davy, who was bunkered and got an indifferent recovery shot for his second. I was at the top of my swing for a full brassie, designed (as I hoped) to land the ball near or on the green, when a gallery official, seeing part of the gallery in motion, roared, "Fore!" through his megaphone.

Of course he was watching the gallery instead of me, and he intended to stop the gallery motion and give me a fair chance at the shot. But the motion of the gallery was not bothering me in the least. What ruined me was that shattering shout of "Fore!" just as I was coming on the ball.

I flinched, hit the ball on the top, and it went into a bunker. I failed on my recovery, and picked up. Where I might have been only two down, I was now four down, with six to play. As I say, I feel sure Davy would have beaten me anyway; he was playing the best golf of the field. But there was something about that megaphone blast that seemed to tell me, as clearly as I suppose the angel Gabriel will call time on us one day, that this was not my turn.

That's partly what I mean when I suggest that a golf tournament is all in the book before a ball is driven. I've missed shots in a pinch; I've seen many an opponent hole a long putt or make a great recovery in a crisis most embarrassing to me—just as Bob Gardner did in giving me that first licking at Merion. But nothing ever announced to me so distinctly as that megaphone that I was beaten. The match ended two holes later, 5-4.

Pietzcker photo

*Harry Vardon (left), the "old master," photographed in 1920 with Bobby, who later became the "young master."*

NOW, a little object lesson on megaphones, if I may presume so far. I wish all gallery officials realized, as all tournament golfers do, that a megaphone is the most alarming hazard that ever appears on a golf course. The gallery becomes almost a part of the course and part of the round to the experienced competitor. Either he can play with a gallery following him, or he can't; and if he can't, of course, the gallery doesn't follow him.

The gallery is like any other hazard. Sometimes it even is a help, as in putting on a windy day, when several thousand people are standing massed about the green. Usually it does not help, however. At Columbus last year, in the Open championship, I turned away from my ball three different times, preparing to drive from the tenth tee, when spectators went scurrying, rabbitlike, across the fairway a hundred yards ahead. Then I missed the shot farther than I missed any other drive of the tournament. The gallery is harder on the pair immediately behind than on the pair it is watching.

MOST spectators seem to have no idea there is any other match or pair on the course. And that is the main trouble with the megaphone official. If he is experienced and careful enough not to bellow when one of his own pair is about to play, he is likely to shout at the gallery when some competitor in another match—perhaps on a parallel fairway not fifty yards away, or on a near-by green—is executing a stroke. And it doesn't matter what the reason is, or how excellent the motive—the fact remains that, of all things against which no golfer can steel himself, the shattering blast of a megaphone stands out as the main stroke-wrecker.

The experienced tournament competitor can guard himself against gallery motion by simply not playing if the motion is in his range of vision. But he cannot protect himself against the megaphone, whether in his own gallery or in any other gallery within earshot.

I like the flag system best; and the quiet and dignified "Stand!" in the unaided human voice, which does not go echoing across the course as if delivered by the Bull of Bashan. When galleries number up to and above 15,000 persons, as they frequently do these days, they are bound to be a problem. But I never shall believe the megaphone is the solution.

A deal of fun has been poked at golfers for being sensitive to sudden noises and sudden motion when playing a stroke. People ask me why we aren't like baseball players and football players—unaffected by shouts and such things. This is not hard to explain.

If the gallery were confined in a grandstand and keeping up a continuous clamor, the golfer could concentrate about as well as if all were quiet and orderly. Golf is not a game of rapid action, like baseball. When a moving ball or a moving opponent is the objective, other motions and extraneous sounds have little or no distracting influence. But in golf, as I heard one man—an Englishman—express it once, the player is all alone with his God and the shot. Not a poor idea.

He *is* all alone, though 20,000 spectators may be massed about him. Only *he* can play that shot on that ball. And I can say with all reverence that only God can

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


# Dunlop Science has again achieved the unbelievable

*ANNOUNCING the finest golf-ball ever produced by the world's largest maker of fine golf-balls . . . . . .*

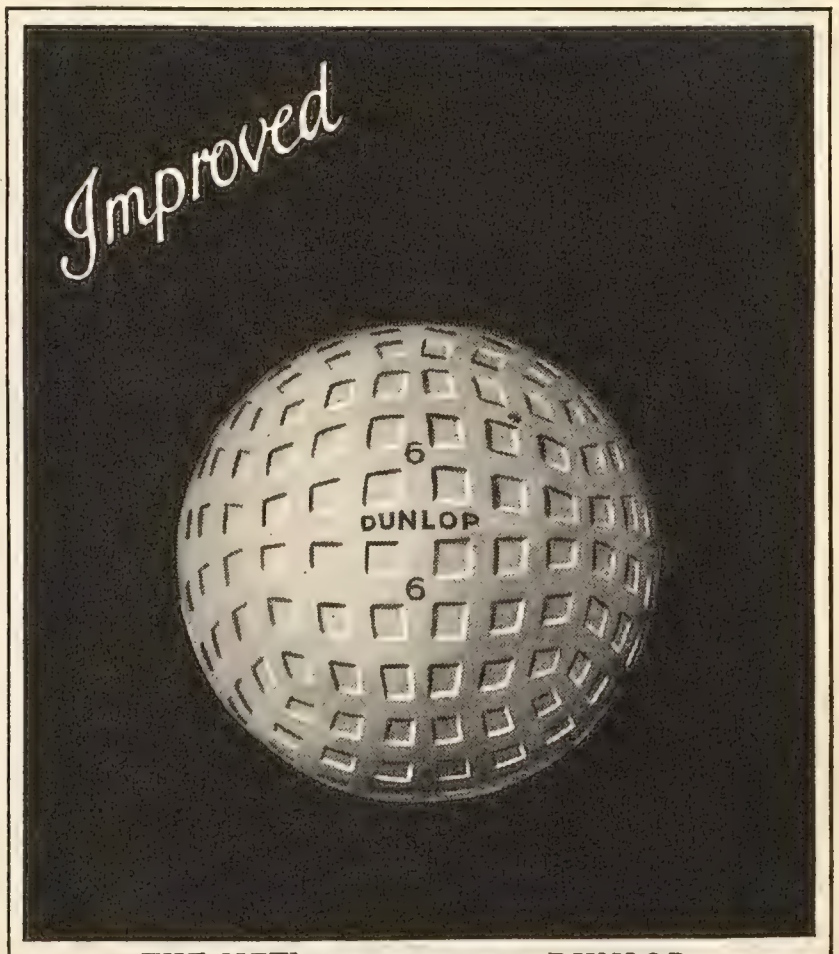
THE million or more golfers who have played the Dunlop will be astounded to hear that there is now a better golf-ball than the renowned "Blue" Dunlop.

This new world-beater is called the "Black" Dunlop.

Never have the Dunlop laboratories surpassed themselves so notably. And this achievement follows close on another world-record by Dunlop engineers. For the tires that enabled Major Segrave to drive 203.8 miles per hour at Daytona Beach this spring, were created by Dunlop laboratories.

The new "Black" Dunlop surpasses any other golf-ball ever made. It is definitely greater in distance, truer in flight, more accurate in putting. Like Major Segrave's tires its greatest feature is endurance—the ability to stand punishment.

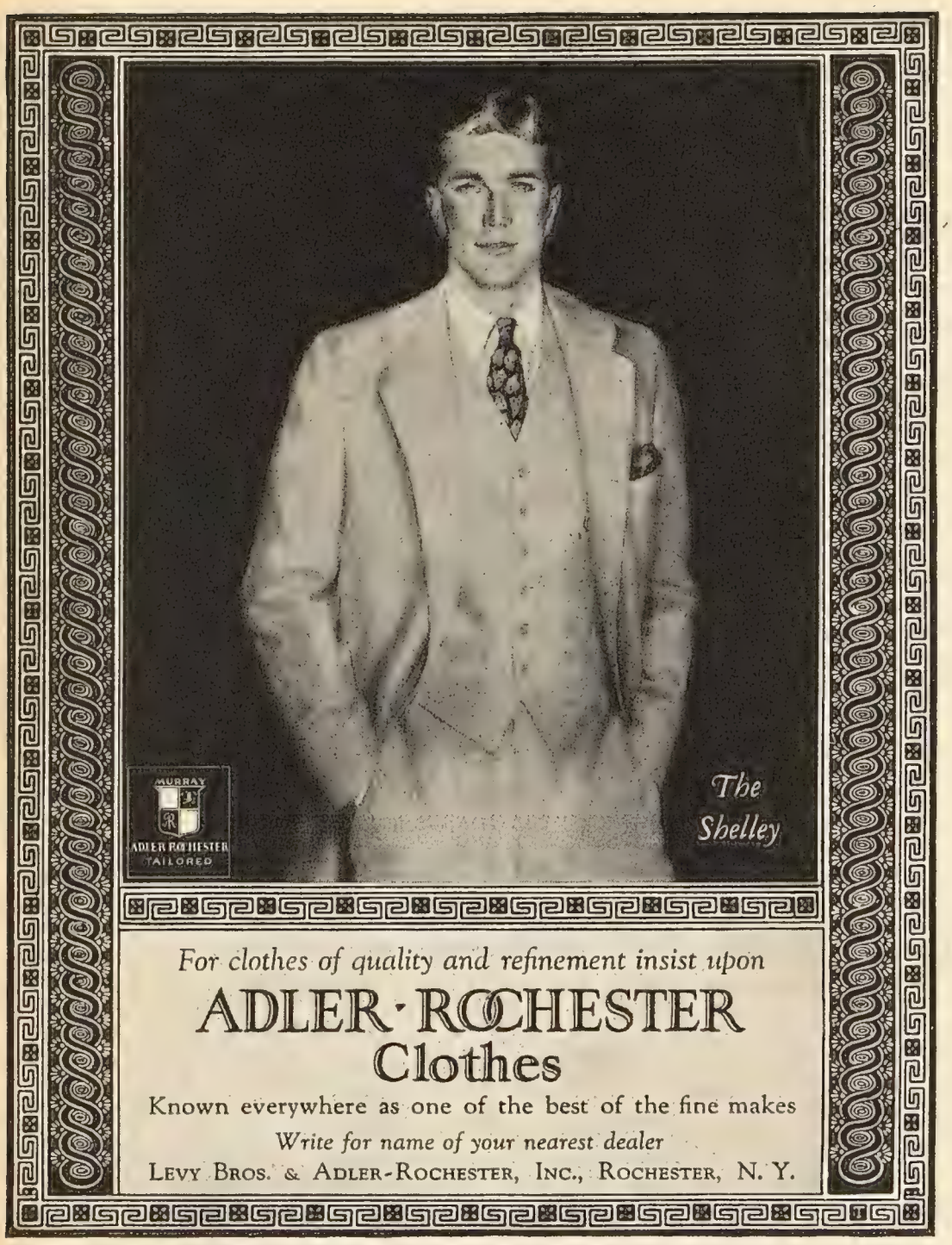
Again Dunlop has achieved the unbelievable and gained a new world's-record by producing the new "Black" Dunlop golf-ball.




THE NEW BLACK DUNLOP

DUNLOP

GOLF BALL




*For clothes of quality and refinement insist upon*

ADLER·ROCHESTER
Clothes

Known everywhere as one of the best of the fine makes

*Write for name of your nearest dealer*

LEVY BROS. & ADLER-ROCHESTER, INC., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

*Chew* DENTYNE *. . and smile!*

**PEOPLE always notice your teeth when you smile. Don't let them grow dull or discolored. Chew delicious Dentyne and keep your teeth snowy white. You'll love the Dentyne flavor.**

· KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE ·

[BOBBY JONES—SUPER-CHAMPION]
Continued from Page Fifty-five

know what some shots cost a golfer.

Well, well — that long, long twelfth hole, which saw me well trounced at Oakmont in 1919, was the turning-point of one of the hardest matches I ever played, six years later, when I was in the final round with Watts Gunn. This curious destiny that shapes our ends actually does seem to play no favorites in the long run—if the run is long enough.

The golf writers called it the Ghost Hole, that Number 12 at Oakmont, when I went there in 1925 to play again for the championship. They wondered if a gray ghost of that old, old mishap (they called it a tragedy) would haunt me and touch my nerve in the 1925 championship. And I was one down to Watts Gunn, and going to the Ghost Hole when I was trapped with my third shot and Watts was well on the green. I'll always believe that if Watts had won that hole he'd have won the championship. But we'll get to that in due course.

SO I was runner-up at Oakmont in 1919, and now the tournaments are piling up and I'll have to pick out just a spot here and there. But I hate statistics. And if you fancy this little story is too much about me, I beg you to remember that all my life I've been playing in tournaments, and that I've seen precious few in which I was not a competitor: which makes a difference in the way you regard tournaments, just as you are bound to consider a golfer differently when you are trying to beat him instead of merely watching him.

I lost eighteen pounds in the Oakmont championship. This may be news to those sport writers who still fancy golf is an easy, old man's game that takes nothing out of you. I always lose from ten to fifteen pounds in a championship of three or six days' duration. It can't be the physical strain. I can play thirty-six holes of golf every day for two weeks and weigh the same at the end. In a championship the fire seems to be hotter. There are two kinds of golf: golf and tournament golf. And they are not at all the same thing.

In 1920 I had a figure. From a chunky boy of fourteen I had grown six inches and lost twenty pounds, and my waistline—I wish I had it today. I was almost slender in 1920, when I went to Chattanooga with a large and lively delegation from Atlanta and won the Southern Amateur championship. I was playing fairly well, not being pressed much in any match, and my success impelled certain friends to urge my entry in the Western Amateur championship at Memphis the next week.

I qualified in rounds of 69 and 70, a Western record in those simple and straightforward days.

Perry Adair and Tom Prescott of Atlanta were in the Dixie delegation, and with them and Pollack Boyd of Chattanooga and me a four-man team was made up to represent the Southern Golf Association in the Olympic Cup match,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*Even outdoors—hair in perfect order!*

# Hair Unruly—?

*To keep it in place use the dressing more people rely on* than any other

Outdoors, indoors, hair in place, well-kept, right! . . .

Once you may have thought this impossible. Try what you would, your stubborn hair got out of place an hour or so after you combed it—looked even worse than before.

But now!—Thousands of men and women, today, keep their hair in order easily, delightfully—*all day long*. The dressing which they use—which more people now use than any other! is—*Stacomb*.

Your hair never looks gummy when you use Stacomb. And Stacomb keeps it in condition. Helps to prevent dandruff.

Stacomb comes in cream form—in jars and tubes—and in the new liquid form as well. All drug and department stores.

FREE OFFER *Stacomb*

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. Z-38, 113 W. 18th Street, New York.
Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:—
Original, cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐
*Name*.....
*Address*.....

BOYS! *win free* baseball equipment

HERE'S an easy way for you fellows to win all your baseball equipment free besides having a regular weekly income. Balls, bats, gloves, complete uniforms and many other fine prizes can be won free by you just as thousands of other boys throughout the United States and Canada are winning them and earning money too. It's clean, easy work—right in your own neighborhood in your spare time. No money—no experience necessary. We supply everything and show you how. The coupon below will bring you full details and our big catalog of free prizes.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

**Liberty Weekly, Boy Sales Division**
**247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.**
Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

**The America of Coronado waits for you beside this motor trail —**

# Indian-detour

**An enchanted land, where for three days your luxurious Harveycar carries you on a personally-escorted motor tour of ancient Indian pueblos and prehistoric cliff-dwellings in the New Mexico Rockies between Las Vegas, Santa Fé and Albuquerque.**

**A new motor link in the Santa Fe cross-continent rail journey to and from California. Only $50 with everything provided—meals, lodging with bath every night and motor transportation.**

**In no other way can you see so much of a vast, fascinating region in so short a time—and with the same economy, the same comfort and the same freedom from all trivial distraction.**

**On the Indian-detour you are still the guest of Santa Fe-Fred Harvey in every detail of accommodation and fine service.**

**Mail this Coupon**

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.,
Santa Fe System Lines
1139-A Railway Exchange, Chicago

Please send me free picture folder about the "Indian-detour," and "Roads to Yesterday."

.....

.....


[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

the first qualifying day. We won it. It was the biggest cup I ever saw until the International matches started with Great Britain a couple of years later at Southampton, Long Island, and I saw the Walker Cup.

I thought I had a good chance to win the Western Amateur title; but Chick Evans stopped me, as he had a habit of stopping anyone who fancied he could win it. I got through the first three rounds in fine style, playing very good golf at the Memphis Country Club—a neat course. And then I met Chick.

We had one of the greatest matches I ever took part in, and I want to say that the way he beat me proved to me that Chick is one of the gamest and best competitive golfers the world ever saw.

He had me three down in the second round, with seven holes to play, and then I got a crazy streak and took those three holes back in succession, two of them by sticking approach shots stone dead. We were square, and I thought I had him, sure. The hardest thing in golf is to see a good lead cut away fast and still play your game.

I wish I could give you all the details of that match: how we sparred like two boxers, and how Chick judged from my caddie's demeanor—he was a smart caddie and a pugilist—that I had a good second shot at one hole, and so Chick went for an almost impossible shot over a tree, when in reality I was away off in the woods; and how we each sank an eight-foot putt at the thirty-fourth; and how I thought I had him licked at the thirty-fifth, when his second was in a deep grass trap and mine was on the green.

He beat me there.

My approach putt was wide and left me a six-footer, while he came out of the trap a dozen feet from the pin and sank the putt for a par 4. I'll never understand my own putt, which hit the cup, ran clear around it, and came out on the same side as I was, and looked me in the eyes and said: "You're licked!"

I was licked, sure enough. Chick outfinished me—and I had thought I had him. He beat Clarence Wolff next day in the finals.

I SUPPOSE the main event of this year was my first entry in the United States Open championship, played at the Inverness Club, Toledo, August 10-13. I played typical kid golf on a fine course, and when I had a chance to win I didn't know it. I didn't know then, what I learned later, that the universal tendency is to blow up in the fourth round, if you haven't already blown up in the third.

I got going in the third round and shot a 70. Harry Vardon, fifty years old, was leading the field with 218 for the three rounds; Hutchison and Leo Diegel had 219; Ted Ray was 220; I was 222; and Chick Evans was 223. Gosh—I actually had a chance! I studied the score board, ate a hearty luncheon of pie and ice cream, and decided I needed another neat little 70, or better, to win.

I STARTED badly, thinking about that 70, tried foolish and desperate shots, and finished stupidly with a 77. I didn't suspect that everybody else was going to blow up in the last round. Gee—a 72 would have won for me! But I was full of pie and ice cream and inexperience, and finished in a tie for eighth place with Willie Macfarlane, who five years later was to beat me in a play-off in the National Open at Worcester.

They all blew up in the fourth round—Vardon and Ray and "the Hutch" and Diegel. Ray blew up least: he took a 75 and won. Chick Evans kept trying, shot a 75, and nosed me out of the leading amateur's place by one stroke. What a tournament that was!

*"I was still addicted to pie à la mode."*

A curious fatality — more food for thought among any who have a fancy of predestination in golf championships — kept Harry Vardon from winning the title when he seemed to have it in the bag, and the incredible distinction of winning the American championship twice, twenty years apart, he having won it in 1900.

With the last nine holes to play, Vardon was leading the field by four strokes, and picked up another at the eleventh. He seemed sure to win. It was "his tournament," as the professionals say.

But as he stood on the twelfth tee, facing the longest hole of the round, a sudden gale whipped up in his face out of a black sky. The grand old boy was tiring fast.

He hit the ball hard and accurately, but against the gale it took him four shots to reach the green. He lost a stroke; lost another at the next hole. The wind died away in a few minutes, but Vardon was spent.

He lost six strokes on the last seven holes, and finished in a tie with Jack Burke at 296. What a finish that was! Ted Ray came along with 295 and went out in front. Then came Jock Hutchison and Leo Diegel, with Chick Evans carrying the latter's clubs, and each had a long putt on the last green to tie Ray. They missed.

I remember Walter Hagen, several strokes behind, was playing with the Hutch; and Walter, from the edge of the green, sank a long one for a birdie three. He threw

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# Where patches Get the Hardest Test

"OUT WEST" where counties are as big as states, where you can drive, endlessly, through prairies, mountains, forests and deserts, a hundred miles to the next town is not at all uncommon. That's the country where Patches get the hardest test! Where the motorist is the most critical judge of tire repairs, where ONLY the BEST quality will do!

Here Bowes Seal-Fast Tube Repair Kits are in greatest demand! Your Westerner works, plays and drives harder, and demands the patch that will stay put under ALL circumstances. Bowes Seal-Fast is the West's popular tire and tube repair because it is the ONE and ONLY patented, guaranteed, self-vulcanizing rubber repair made. It has proved its superiority millions of times in the hands of motorists the world over.

The best dealers everywhere sell Bowes Seal-Fast Tube Repair Kits. Made in four sizes: 50c. (good for 25 punctures), $1, $1.50 and $4.50. If your nearest dealer cannot supply you with the Genuine Seal-Fast, send direct to us.

DEALERS: Be sure and display the Seal-Fast dealers' sign! Seal-Fast Users everywhere appreciate being told that you are prepared to serve them! Write at once, if your sign has not yet arrived.

**Bowes SEAL FAST Corporation**
Bowes Bldg. Indianapolis

EXPORT DEPARTMENT:
1133 Broadway, New York City
Cable Address: "BOWRO" N. Y.

[BOBBY JONES—SUPER-CHAMPION
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

back his black head and laughed as the gallery of 10,000 roared.

"I wish you had it, Jock," he said.

Then Jock, his face twisted with the strain, putted, and missed his chance at glory.

Diegel missed a fifteen-footer at the seventy-first green, as well as one nearly twice as long at the last hole, to tie for the lead. Four men were tied for second place—Vardon, Burke, Hutchison, and Diegel—one single stroke back of the victor. With a score of 299 and that last bad round, I was only four strokes back.

A fourth round of 72 would have won me the first open championship in which I played, and doubtless would have ruined me utterly. Of all the luck I've had, and I've had a lot, the best luck is that I didn't win at Merion as a kid of fourteen in my first amateur championship, or at Inverness in my first open. But that tremendous finish at Inverness hypnotized me. Think of it—five players having a chance to win right up to the seventy-second green!

I concluded right there that the open championship was the thing—it still is my idea of a *tournament*.

I watched Leo Diegel play the last three holes, and I remember wondering why his face was so gray and sort of fallen in—I found out for myself later.

Harry Vardon's first comment on my golf was at the National Open championship of 1920 at Toledo, and I still regard it as the funniest and most conclusive estimate I ever heard on anything. By some happy circumstance I was paired with Vardon, the Old Master, for the two qualifying rounds. I was delighted and more than a little flustered—Harry Vardon had been a hero and an idol to me ever since I first saw him play, when I was a kid eleven years old, at my home course in Atlanta.

Harry and I were tied at the end of the first round, at 76, I think; and in the second round I was doing a little better. We came to the seventh hole, a dogleg, with the drive over a yawning chasm and some tall trees, if the bold player would go straight for the green. Ted Ray really won the championship on this hole. It was a good par 4, and Ted got a 3 in each of the four rounds, being twice on the green with his drive, a punch of about 275 yards.

Harry and I took the big jump safely and were in front of the green, each with a short, plain little shot to get near the flag. Harry was a bit farther away, and played a simple run-up not far from the pin.

IN those days I loved to pitch, and elected to use a niblick, though there was no intervening trouble.

I looked up as I shot, and committed the most horrid mistake possible in the circumstances: I topped the ball, and it scuttled like a rabbit straight over the green into a bunker. To this day my ears get hot when I think of that shot.

I played out for a bad five, losing a stroke to par, and, desperately embarrassed, walked on to the next tee with Harry, who had not said a word thus far in the round. I thought I would ease my own embarrassment and break the ice at the same time. So I said:

"Mr. Vardon, did you ever see a worse shot than that?"

He said: "No."

This appeared to close the incident.

Less than a month later I went to the National Amateur championship at the Engineers' Club, near Roslyn, Long Island, and that was the last of the light-hearted and care-free entertainments golf has served me in what they call the Big Show. After that the matter became increasingly serious.

But in September, 1920, I was eighteen years old, still addicted to pie *à la mode* between rounds, and still playing, or endeavoring to play, tournament golf just as I played other golf. This was my third National Amateur tournament, and here and there people were beginning to wonder when I would break through and win one. I was acquiring a reputation, you see, with State and sectional championships and Red Cross matches and the like.

DAD was convinced that I was good enough to win a national title, and told me so. All of which got me to thinking about it myself. He went with me to Oakmont in 1919, and to the Engineers' Club in 1920, and I could see he was greatly set on my winning.

Chick Evans was the man of destiny at the Engineers' Club and he won the championship, playing against Francis Ouimet in the finals the best golf I have ever seen in our National Amateur event. But, to reach the final round.

Chick won his first match easily, and met Reginald Lewis in the second round. Reggie was playing strong golf, and Chick, who had not yet come on his game, was one down going to the thirty-sixth hole.

One down and one to play—Chick had to win

*"What ruined me was that shattering shout of 'Fore!'"*

that hole or be right out of the tournament.

From the tee Chick pulled to a bunker, and his second shot was a hundred yards short of the green, in deep clover—perhaps the most difficult thing out of which to play a pitch shot with "stop" on it. Reggie's second was just over the green on a slope; a fairly simple chip from the hole.

Chick, by a great pitch, got his ball on the green five yards from the pin, but he had played 3 and Lewis needed only a half to close him out. Lewis took some time studying his chip shot, and Chick was so nervous he could not stand still. He walked off to one side of the green and paced back and forth—out of Reggie's vision, of course.

Reggie played a fair chip. His ball was closer than Chick's, but not dead by any means. Chick had a mean, side-hill, curving putt of fifteen feet, and he had to sink it and Lewis had to miss a shorter one if Chick were to keep the match alive. Well, Chick sank his putt, tottered off the green, and dropped on the turf. Reggie missed.

The match went into extra holes and Chick finally won on the forty-first green—the longest match of my observation in the National championship. He was that near being out in the second round. And then he went on to win the title; with never another close match.

Tell me there isn't destiny in golf!

I don't think I ever enjoyed a match more than the one with Freddie Wright in the third round of that tournament. Freddie and I were about the same age, and we had tied at 154 for the medalist's position.

Freddie shot a birdie 3 at me on the first hole, where I took a sorry five. I countered with a 3 at the second. We halved the third in par 4, and Freddie nicked me with another 3 at the next. In some way I won the fifth hole with a conservative 4, and then fired three 3s at Freddie in succession. He reached the turn in 35, which was par, and was two down. I had eight 3s in the morning round, and the match ended at the short fourteenth hole in the afternoon, the famous "2 or 20," where I got a deuce.

I had won by rather wide margins from my old friend Simpson Dean and Frank Dyer, and this victory put me in the semifinal round with Francis Ouimet, who chastened my ebullient young spirit with a good spanking, 6-5. It was my last trouncing as a kid, though I have had many since then.

I was three down at the end of the morning round, and in the afternoon I simply could not close the gap. Francis was playing good golf and we had the biggest gallery I had ever seen. I suppose it was at the seventh green of the afternoon round that the kid spirit cropped out for the last time.

Each of us was on the green with the second shot, and I was a bit outside. As I was preparing to putt, a bee alighted on the ball. I shooed it away. It returned and I shooed it away again.

It then took up a position on the green near by, and a gallery official popped his megaphone down on the persistent insect, which instantly emerged from the mouthpiece and came back to me. The gallery was beginning to giggle. I took off my cap and chased that pertinacious bee clear off the green. I got to laughing myself, and the gallery fairly whooped.

Having disposed of the bee, I went back to the ball, made a wretched putt, and failed to sink the next one, losing the hole. Sometimes I fancy that bee flew away with a good bit of my juvenile fancy for the game of golf. Anyway, it hasn't seemed the same since the Engineers' Club in 1920.

FRANCIS stopped me at the thirteenth green in the afternoon round, and the gallery did one of the prettiest things I can remember. He was an Easterner, immensely popular then, as he is now. I was a Southerner, still with a reputation for petulance. But when I walked through a lane in the huge gallery about the thirteenth green, there was a wonderful crackle of applause that made my eyes sting suddenly. It was a kindly and gracious tribute that I shall never forget.

I began right there to love golf galleries. Some of them, in their eagerness, have knocked me about a good deal since then. More than once I've been knocked flat, in the rush. But I still love them.

---

*In next week's installment of his memoirs, Bobby Jones tells of his first invasion of Great Britain. It was one of the most thrilling episodes in his life. Read of it in next week's LIBERTY.*

**He killed for the glory of it—and killed, and killed, and killed. Then he, himself, was killed. The true story of his amazing carnage begins in LIBERTY, June 18.**

WORN WITH PRIDE

THE name HICKOK on a Belt, Buckle and Beltogram is a mark of honor—a pledge of honest worth from a house whose standard has always been the highest.

Design, workmanship and quality all play their part, but it requires HICKOK Design, HICKOK Workmanship and HICKOK Quality to produce the kind of Belt, Buckle and Beltogram that is "worn with pride".

This full measure of excellence in the Belt, Buckle and Beltogram you buy is assured only if it bears the name HICKOK—Priced $1, $2, $3, $5 and up.

HICKOK

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

*New York* *Chicago* *Los Angeles* *Toronto*

# HER MIRROR WILL NEVER TELL THIS TRAGIC STORY

## *4 out of 5 surrender to Pyorrhea*

So many women in the richest years of life are unfortunate pawns of neglect, cheeks sunken and sallow, eyes lifeless . . . Still there are exceptions: Charming women who wear their beauty like a queen, who with a little care protect their loveliness and splendid health against the attack of Pyorrhea.

Like a blight, this enemy settles on health and beauty. If neglected, its poison seeps through the system often causing rheumatism, neuritis, stomach disorders and facial disfigurement. It strikes 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger — victims of carelessness.

Don't fear these uneven odds. Simple preventive measures will give you protection. Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly, at least twice a year. Start using Forhan's for the Gums—today!

Prepared after the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., for many years a Pyorrhea specialist, this dentifrice is designed to thwart this grim foe, or to check its course.

While keeping gums firm and healthy, Forhan's keeps teeth pearly white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

It is folly to wait for danger signals. Prevention is easier. Start using Forhan's for the Gums, regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. Get Forhan's from your druggist—in tubes, 35c and 60c.

*Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.*
Forhan Company, New York

**Forhan's**
**FOR THE GUMS**
MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

*You can be sure of this*

Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant does just what we promise for it. It safeguards mouth, nose and throat against oral infection and relieves unpleasant breath instead of concealing this embarrassing trouble behind a tell-tale odor. Thousands are now keeping breath sweet and fresh this sensible way. Try it. At all druggists—35c and 60c.

# How Shall I LEAVE My Money?

## *Ways of Keeping Your Savings from Being Scattered to the Four Winds*

An Article by

HUGH FULLERTON

*"If I should die suddenly!" The bugaboo of poverty after the death of the bread-winner haunts every family of moderate income.*

UNDER the shadow of the old Sub-Treasury Building at the corner of Broad and Wall streets, in New York, a soap-box orator was railing at the House of Morgan across the corner. Hurrying brokers and clerks, running messenger boys, scurrying typists swarmed past, while a little group gathered about him, listening and grinning.

The voice of the bolshevist trembled with emotion as he denounced the owners of great fortunes.

"You toil all your lives," he wailed, ignoring the fact that he was talking to forty or fifty loafers; "you save a few pitiful thousands of dollars; you make a will. Do your wife and children get the money? No! The money is eaten up by courts, by the inheritance tax, by the robber capitalists. Do the rich pay these taxes? No! The great fortunes escape the taxes," et cetera.

He was partially right. The rich do escape a great part of the expenses, taxes, and other imposts usually levied on inheritances and bequests. Exercising the same judgment that helped them get and keep their riches, they do manage to maintain their estates intact, avoid the heavy depreciation, escape taxes, and evade unnecessary court costs.

There is no reason why those with small estates cannot do the same thing—no reason save ignorance and neglect.

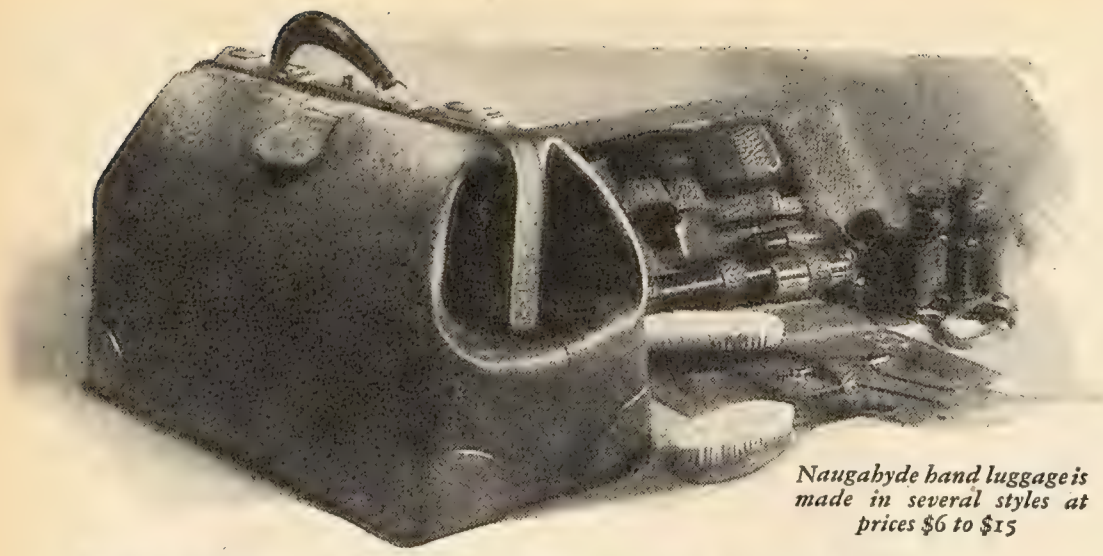
The fact that the average estate dwindles more than one-third before any of the money reaches the heirs, and that the average small estate is entirely dissipated inside of five years, is due not to the fact that the rich have any special privileges, but because the moderately well-to-do person does not know how to dispose of his property to avoid heavy loss; because he fails to make a will or establish a trust to handle the estate as the wealthy ones do.

You can make a will—but only about 35 per cent of those who die leaving property ever do so.

You can establish a trust and appoint a bank to administer the estate under your will after death.

You can establish a living trust—arrange your estate and your income before death and be certain that it will continue; and you can form an insurance trust to handle your insurance money for the benefit of your heirs.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



*Naugahyde hand luggage is made in several styles at prices $6 to $15*

# Smart – Waterproof – Sturdy . . . *for ½ the money*

IN construction and good looks this smart bag is patterned after the de luxe imported bag selling at twice the price. Lustrous ebony color; rich grained surface; tasteful. Tear-proof lining.

After years of research a remarkable substance was developed to give service that leather could not give. This wonderful new material — Naugahyde — is produced and backed by one of the country's largest corporations.

A Naugahyde bag is WATERPROOF—a quality not possessed by leather—giving you at least double the service you can get from any other bag at the same price. Any luggage dealer can supply you with a genuine Naugahyde bag.

**NAUGAHYDE**

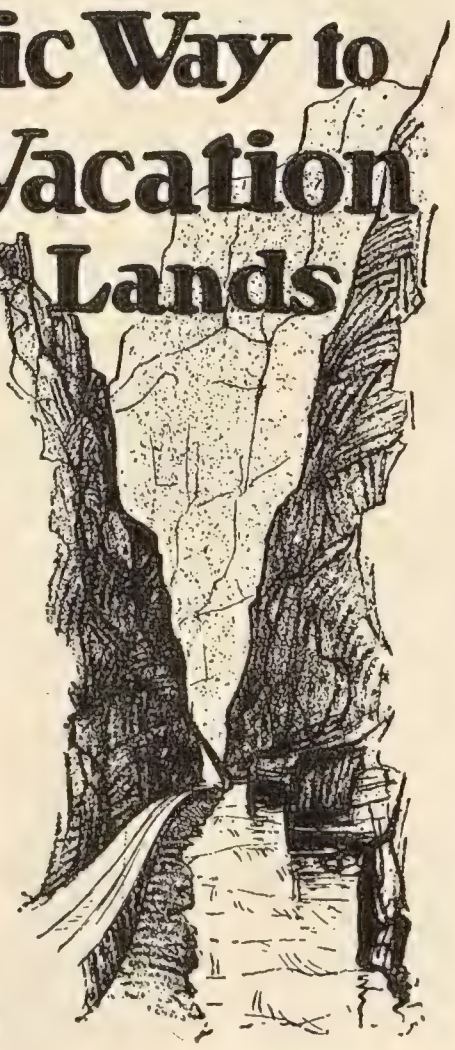
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*It's waterproof*

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



# The Scenic Way to Western Vacation Lands



**Colorado--Utah**
**California**
**Yellowstone**
**Pacific Northwest**

Glorious adventure is assured among the mountains of Colorado, on sea-swept beaches of California, in Yellowstone Park and Pacific Northwest, but--

*Half the Charm of Your Journey Depends on the Route You Travel*

That is why discriminating travelers prefer Missouri Pacific Lines -- *the outstanding scenic way West.*

Reduced round trip fares will be available. Go one way--return another--stopover anywhere enroute.

The Scenic Limited and The Westerner provide swift, dependable and luxurious observation car service from St. Louis and Kansas City.

Send coupon for illustrated and descriptive literature.

A. D. Bell,
Pass. Traf. Mgr., Mo. Pac. R.R.Co.
Saint Louis, Missouri

Please forward without obligation illustrated literature of Western Vacation Lands.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

I am particularly interested in .....

.....

W-1

MISSOURI PACIFIC LINES

"A Service Institution"


[HOW SHOULD I LEAVE MY MONEY?] Continued from Page Sixty-one

Banks and trust companies, especially in the larger cities, are taking the places of executors and administrators in settling wills and handling estates; yet two-thirds of us who have little to leave and whose dependents need it most, are neglecting our wives and children by failing to take advantage of all the legal safeguards that are available—and then, like the corner orator, are growling that the rich have all the benefits.

The problem of how to leave your money so that it will be of the greatest benefit to those you desire to help has become more and more complicated with the increase of property, the increase of different kinds of property, and especially with the increase of temptations and dangers resulting from possession of property.

If you leave no will, more than a third of the value of all your property will be lost before any of it is turned over to your heirs. The appointment of an administrator, the court fees, inheritance tax, probate expenses, expenses of advertising and selling off the property before the estate can be distributed, the appointment of guardians for minor heirs, and other expenses, are certain to reduce the principal.

If you leave a will and follow the old procedure of naming executors from among friends or relations, you risk losses through the inexperience of the executors; incur additional expenses for legal advice unless they are lawyers; and if you name your wife as executor you risk having her swindled or cause her heavy losses because of her business inexperience.

IF you leave a will and appoint a bank or trust company as executor, you gain a degree of security, additional latitude in buying and selling, and the advantage of the experience of the officials in handling securities.

The latest development in the disposition of estates is the formation of living trusts and insurance trusts. The living trust has become one of the big substitutes for the old will and testament. The "big" men and women have taken advantage of it while we have not—which fact the curb orator failed to take into consideration.

When I started to ask lawyers, trust-company officials, probate officers, and others how people may leave their possessions so as to benefit the heirs and safeguard the widow and orphans, I had an idea that everyone who disposes of an estate wants to prevent, if possible, throwing great responsibilities upon the heirs, who may not be prepared for them and who may be victimized by swindlers or suffer losses through lack of experience. It was a shock to find that, while the majority of men and women of means want to shield and safeguard their descendants for at least two generations, some do not.

Hugo Stinnes, whose fortune was the greatest among the Germans, strove to dictate and to manage his estate for his descendants for ever—and failed. William Wrigley, Jr., who has one of the great fortunes of America and one of the greatest incomes, commenting on Stinnes' will, said:

"If I had been one of Stinnes' heirs I would have refused to accept the portion coming to me with any such restrictions. I do not believe in restrictive clauses in wills; I do not think they are necessary to the average heir. When you are through with the money yourself, in my opinion, that portion which you do not leave for charitable purposes should be left to your heirs to do with as they see fit."

THE Vanderbilt fortune, carefully conserved by means of trusts, has endured and grown. The Gould fortune, not so well protected, has been widely scattered.

I find that very few of the wealthy ones believe as Mr. Wrigley does. The majority of them plan carefully to hold their fortunes together and prevent them from being scattered. They are creating trusts to handle their estates—sheltering trusts, charitable trusts, insurance trusts, living trusts.

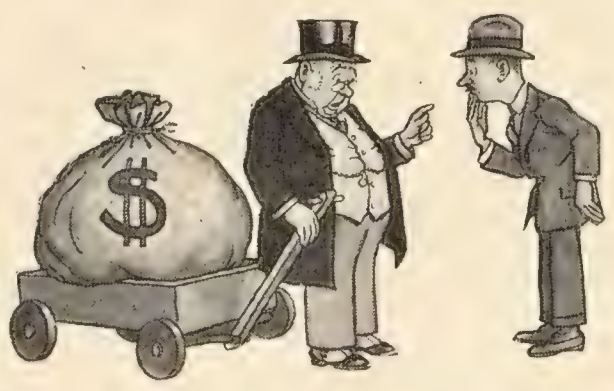
In the ordinary sheltering trust, so called, you make a will, under the advice and direction of some trust-company expert, with the aid of your lawyer, and, instead of appointing some friend or relation as executor, you name the bank or trust company. The advantages are that a bank is always on the job; it has the facilities and the experience for handling property; it saves attorneys' fees, and it charges no more than a private executor is allowed by law—frequently not so much. It is impersonal, not swayed by sentiment, has better facilities for buying and selling securities, and saves an estate the heavy and unnecessary cost of surety bonds, which are required of other executors and administrators.

A man with a small estate to leave can save, just as well as a rich one can, by using his bank. True, the banks and trust companies do not go out after small business, but at the same time they do not refuse it. Probably this method of disposing of property by will is about as safe as any for a moderate fortune, and if the trust-company experts advise you in the making or the remaking of a will (and all wills should be brought up to date with every change of circumstances, every birth and death among the heirs), they will see to it that the will gives them more freedom to buy, sell, and exchange than the average executor ever is allowed.

If we in moderate circumstances,

whose bequests mean more to our families than those of the rich do, want to learn how to safeguard our widows and orphans, it is not a bad plan to do as the extremely rich do; no matter on how small a scale.

The inheritance taxes of recent years have constituted something of a burden upon estates; and the laws of some of the States, especially on the Pacific coast and in the Southwest, have added to the burden and helped along the rapid dispersal of fortunes.



The possessors of great wealth naturally sought to lighten this burden as much as possible, and succeeded by means of the establishment of living trusts. These are not complicated. You transfer, by a deed of trust, all your property to a trustee—a bank, or a trust or insurance company—which invests it, pays the income to beneficiaries, or to yourself while you live, and finally distributes the principal as directed in the trust agreement. The chance you take is that the bank may fail.

The plan, while new in modern application by banks and trust companies, is older than Egypt. The new Federal Revenue Act repealed the provisions penalizing gifts and made it eminently practical.

Under this plan you may arrange so that you will relieve yourself of the burden of management and yet retain at least partial control of the estate while you live. Your wife enters into the benefits of the trust immediately, without the expense and delay incident to probate proceedings. The usual provision for care of the children, with a graduated increase in allowance and certain sums paid at intervals for education, marriage, or emergencies, will be carried out. The interest and stipulated sums will be paid over, and the rest held in the trust for them to fall back upon in case the first business venture of the son turns out badly, or he proves to be a spendthrift, or the widow or daughter marries a man who spends her money.

FIGURING it out in the cold-blooded banking method, this is what you can save by establishing a living trust:

Administration fees, including probate fees, accounting costs, administrator's commissions, appraisals, and lawyers' fees.

The State inheritance tax in States having such taxes.

The Federal inheritance tax.

The inheritance tax of States taxing stock of corporations.

Income taxes will be reduced, because, when the income of a trust is payable to someone else, the person who receives that income is taxed, thus multiplying exemptions and cutting down surtaxes.

In a number of States it will either reduce or eliminate the personal-property taxes.

The National City Bank of New York has issued figures showing what a resident of New York with a $500,000 estate producing a taxable income of $25,000, in addition to $15,000 salary, may save by creating a trust fund of $250,000, one-half of the income of which is payable to the wife and one-fourth to each of his two children. This supposititious trust provides that, at the death of the wife, her share shall go to the children, and after their deaths to the grandchildren as they come of age.

Here is what the bank figures he saves:

$1,545.91 per annum in Federal income tax;
$121.50 per annum in New York income tax;
$5,020, administrator's fees;
$5,000 to $7,500, administration expenses;
$6,850, New York inheritance tax on his own death;
$1,666.67 on the death of his wife; and
$8,400 on the death of his children;
$1,900, Federal inheritance tax on his own death;
$166.66 on the death of his wife; and
$1,100 on the death of his children;
$1,686.67, administrator's fees on the death of his wife; and
$5,020, administrator's fees on the death of his children;
$7,500 to $10,000, combined administration expenses on death of wife and children;
Inheritance taxes of other States in case there are stocks;
Continuing expense of administration in court, which would apply to the same trust under a will;
Expense of guardianships for minors amounting to 2 per cent guardian fee, cost of bond, and cost of court administration.

BY a living trust you can do everything that you possibly could by making a will, and can secure for yourself and your family a greater degree of safety.

The forms that the big trust companies use are much clearer and give more freedom in handling money and securities than the average will can do. Even if you are making a will, it would be worth while for you to go to your bank and secure one of these forms. They cover all possible exigencies.

The final development of the trust idea in protecting families and conserving estates is the insurance trust, which is really an extension of the life or other trust.

A large percentage of the real property left for the benefit of families is in the form of life insurance. About $1,350,000,000 a year is paid out to beneficiaries in the United States. And the payment of a large sum of cash to a widow or a young person is usually the signal for the swindlers to swarm around, offering their spurious stocks and business opportunities in the hope that the heirs will be inexperienced and easily gulled into buying fake securities.

An insurance trust is worked out so that the bank or trust com-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Cool!
Restful!
Healthful!

PROTECTS eyes from sun and glare—with soothing shade. Not a fad, but a real summertime necessity for all outdoor wear.

America's SUNSHINE CAP outshines all others. Exclusive new patented models; plain or mottled colors. Smooth friction-grip Size Adjuster makes cap instantly adjustable to any size. Always comfortable—no elastic webbing to bind the head—no unsightly loose ends—no buckles.

Here is the smart cap—wear it! Ask for it by name to be sure of getting the easy-fit Size Adjuster—an exclusive "Sunshine" feature.

Sold in leading stores everywhere.

Rear view showing New Size Adjuster

THE BREARLEY CO.
Rockford, Illinois

America's
SUNSHINE
CAP

*The out-of-doors Cap for discriminating people*

# CARRYOLA MASTER

## Sage Brush and Sighing Pine

Hot desert sun! Cold desert night! North woods streams and balsam-scented camps! Southern swamps and western ranches! It's all one to a Carryola.

Consider how easily it carries. Compact and strong. Light—grips easily and carries smoothly. Convenient — slips in anywhere.

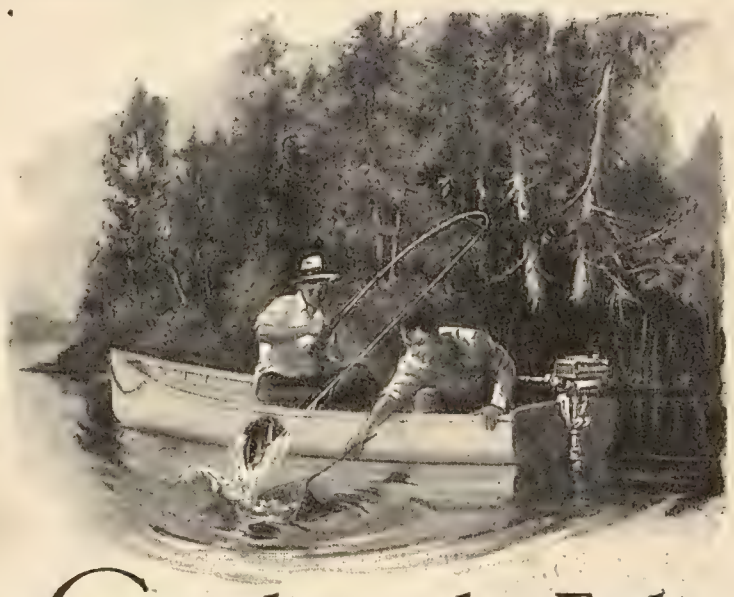
Wherever man goes there goes the Master. Into tents and shacks and cabins. In canoes and skiffs and motor boats. Up and down rivers and across lakes and over trails. Thousands take them who like to set the great outdoors to music. The Carryola Master is the modern musical instrument. No extra album for records—it carries fifteen full-sized ones within its case. Plays all makes—with the tone and volume of the new, larger, and more expensive models.

Your choice of five attractive colors or black. All in Genuine Du Pont Fabrikoid, and with art cover and record album, both decorated in exclusive, distinctive designs. Double-nickeled hardware. It's the Standard of Portable Value by which all others are judged.

*Just ask your music dealer for a Free Demonstration. Or write us for Free, Illustrated Folder.*

CARRYOLA COMPANY of AMERICA
641 Clinton Street Milwaukee, Wis.





# Go-where the Fish are *Striking*

HOOKED! You bet he's hooked! Game little scrapper. He's given you a battle. Your heart pounds—your blood tingles—as you play him toward the net. Man! there's a *real* thrill.

Bass waters soon will open. Get *more* and *better* fishing this year with a Johnson portable boat motor. Attaches to any rowboat. Anyone can operate. Four new 1927 Johnson Motors offer speeds of 8, 13, 22 and 27 m. p. h.

Ask any Johnson dealer to let you try a *Light Single* or *Light Twin*. Ideal for fishermen and auto-tourists. Sold on payments by sport goods, hardware and marine supply dealers. Write for our new catalog describing the 1927 Johnson.

Johnson *Outboard Motors*

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY, 734 Sample St., South Bend, Indiana
*Export Division:* 75 West Street, New York, U. S. A. *Canadian Distributor:* Peterborough Canoe Co., Peterborough, Ont., Canada
*World's Largest Manufacturer of Outboard Boat Motors*


[HOW SHOULD I LEAVE MY MONEY?] Continued from Page Sixty-three

pany is made trustee and empowered to handle and invest the insurance money, or to add it to the trust funds already in hand.

You can arrange with the banks to take over your policies, attend to premium payments, and at your death or at the maturity of the policy to collect and handle the sum for the benefit of your family.

These are the methods used by the big business and financial leaders to protect their families, and the ones urged by every one of the big banks and trust companies.

They are more scientific than the old system of making a will and naming your wife or friends as executors. But don't let that cause you to neglect making a will. Make one now. Someone may offer to buy you a drink in the next hour, and it will be too late afterward. Later, if you want to tack on these improved methods of disposing of your property, you can always tear up the will.

THE END

**He killed for the glory of it—and killed, and killed, and killed. Then he, himself, was killed. The true story of his amazing carnage begins in LIBERTY, June 18.**

# POEMS
## *You Ought to Know*

## THE BIVOUAC *of the* DEAD

*By* THEODORE O'HARA

(First three stanzas)

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

# hair tinting only now costs 50¢

NO LONGER need you pay $10 or more to a hairdresser for tinting your gray, faded or streaked hair. Just use Brownatone, the one guaranteed absolutely harmless hair tint, right in the privacy of your own home. Without fuss or muss, in just five minutes, restore the youthful shade and beauty of your hair. Only one application necessary. Color develops immediately. Won't wash out or fade. Is natural looking in strongest lights. Use Brownatone as thousands of others have. Any shade desired from two colors (blonde to medium brown) (dark brown to black). At drug and toilet counters 50c and $1.50. If you prefer trial first send 10c for postage and packing. The Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. K-12, Coppin Bldg., Covington, Ky. Canada address: Windsor, Ont.

Or Send 10c to pay cost of packing and postage for FREE Trial Bottle

# BROWNATONE

# So Slender
## *It Pays to Reduce*

Over-fat people suffer a handicap, today more than ever. People know that obesity is largely due to a gland disorder. Exercise and diet carried to extremes may correct the result for a while. But the right way, the easy way, is to correct the cause.

That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets. They are based on many years of scientific research. They act to correct the cause of excess fat. No abnormal exercise or diet is required.

Marmola has been used for 19 years. The use has grown, by users telling others, until people now are taking a very large amount.

You can see the results wherever you look. You can learn them from your friends, if you will. Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was.

If you need help, learn this easy, pleasant, scientific way to fat reduction. Do that in fairness to yourself. Watch the fat reduction, watch the new vitality. You will be amazed and delighted. You will know that this way is right. Test Marmola now, and learn what millions know about it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
*Prescription Tablets*
*The Pleasant Way to Reduce*

# Is the STAGE A Greater Career Than Marriage?

## The Answer of Eleanor Robson Who Became Mrs. August Belmont

An Article by
GENE MARKEY

Photo from Tyler Collection — Mary Dale Clarke photo

*MRS. AUGUST BELMONT as the youthful stage star, Eleanor Robson, and as the society matron of today.*

HERE is an answer to a question that has been asked for 200 years, since the first actress who ever married a duke exchanged her career for a coronet.

There is nobody in America more perfectly qualified to answer it than Mrs. August Belmont, whom, as Eleanor Robson, the playgoing world will never forget. Mrs. Belmont says the stage *is* a greater career than marriage.

Moreover, thousands of stage-struck girls throughout this land of the free—and easy—as well as thousands of anxious mammas who possibly tremble with apprehension at the thought of daughter's "going on the stage," will find a new viewpoint in Mrs. Belmont's observations upon the theater as a career for girls. There is, says she, no profession to equal it. But there is a catch to it.

In 1910, while at the zenith of her fame, though still in her twenties, Eleanor Robson stepped from the stage where she was playing one of her most shining successes, The Dawn of a Tomorrow, and married August Belmont, celebrated in the social and sporting worlds and head of a banking dynasty. With that romantic gesture, Eleanor Robson closed the stage door behind her. She has never faced an audience since, save in her stirring, coast-to-coast campaigns for the American Red Cross during the war, and in the championing of the various charities with which she is associated.

Seventeen years have fluttered from the calendar since the lovely Eleanor Robson renounced the theater, but these years have smiled upon her chivalrously. Except for her prematurely gray hair, she is still the same vastly charming Eleanor Robson of Salomy Jane, The Dawn of a Tomorrow, and Merely Mary Ann.

We took tea with her recently at the Colony Club, that luxurious refuge in Park Avenue for the famous and fashionable ladies of New York, where mere men are tolerated only on occasions—and then by a devious side door.

White photo

*WHEN the present wealthy society leader played the ragged slavey in Merely Mary Ann. The man is Frank Doane.*

And as we sat with her in a great tranquil room, we mused upon that esoteric quality which makes the personality of the stage star. What is it they all have? Mrs. Elinor Glyn vaguely defines this mysterious allure as "It."

NOW, "It" may be all very well in the films, but the stage demands a more glowing, a more vibrant power. We sought to analyze the personality that made Eleanor Robson a luminary of the theater. It is something quite different from the spectacular, operatic attraction of Mary Garden; from the languid elegance of Elsie Ferguson; from the brittle and beautiful aliveness of Ina Claire. The secret of Eleanor Robson's personality lies in the warm graciousness and serene dignity of her manner, in the sense of humor that twinkles from her gray eyes, and in the compelling magnetism of her charm.

MRS. BELMONT is a woman who could organize a Red Cross drive in the morning, preside at two charity board meetings before noon, discuss international affairs with the British Ambassador at luncheon, watch one of her thoroughbreds win at Belmont Park in the afternoon, discuss technicalities with her trainer after the race, dine in the most brilliant society America provides, and, in the evening, witness the première of a play from her own pen. She actually does all of these things.

We asked this quiet, gracious lady how she happened to go on the stage—though we knew perfectly well that her mother, Madge Carr Cook, was a distinguished character actress.

"When I was sixteen," said Mrs. Belmont, "there were two careers, either of which I might have chosen—religion or the theater. I had been six years in a convent in Philadelphia, and I had strong inclinations toward becoming a nun; but before making my decision I went to California to visit my mother, who was playing in the famous Frawley Stock Company. A month after arriving in California I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Genuine

BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 25 years.

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid



Thousands of Women, Weak and Worried, Yearn for Better Health

The Vitalizing Vitamines in McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets Are Helping Millions to Buoyant, Energetic Life.

SHE isn't really sick—only half sick. She has no pains or aches, but before noon she is tired out—her strength is gone.

What she needs is McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets which are so rich in health building vitamines that thirty days' faithful use usually means more vigor, greater energy, steady nerves, restful sleep and keen appetite.

McCoy's are sold in nearly every drug store in North and South America—60 Tablets—60 cents. Millions are sold monthly.

DEMAND McCoy's

For Your Health's Sake—Imitations aren't good enough For You.


[IS THE STAGE A GREATER CAREER THAN MARRIAGE? Continued from Page Sixty-five]

found myself bound for Honolulu as the leading ingenue of the company.

"I was never stage-struck. The reverse—I was a shy girl, to whom no one would have thought of suggesting the stage as a profession. Indeed, everyone seemed assured I could never make myself heard beyond the fourth row. But my sudden plunge into the world of make-believe was occasioned by the abrupt departure of the ingenue from the company.

"There was no one else, so I was hurriedly sent in for this important part. I played it. That was all. And my salary was fifteen dollars a week. For the next two years I played in stock—fifty-two weeks a year. After that, over a year in the play Arizona. And then something very thrilling happened.

"An enterprising young manager, Mr. George C. Tyler, appeared with an offer for me to play Browning's exquisite In a Balcony. And that was the turn of the road that led to stardom."

"Now," said we, "what do you think about the theater as a career for girls today?"

"THERE has never been a moment when the stage offered such a career as it does today," Mrs. Belmont replied. "Once a girl wins success, the world is hers. The theater is the greatest playground in the world and its favorite daughters achieve a fame that cannot be measured in electric light and newspaper prominence. The stage has advanced tremendously in the last dozen years.

"Plays are more interesting than ever before. In those good old days now laid away in lavender and laughter, there were principally type plays, written for stereotyped parts—the stalwart hero, the deep-dyed villain, the heroine, the ingenue, and the character man and woman. Today's best plays offer an infinitely broader field for the actress, and golden opportunities for interesting characterizations.

"And as the theater improves, the stage as a career grows more honorable. There is no career to match it for a woman.

"The danger, of course, is that in the theater, unlike most professions, a reputation is so often gained overnight. It is a skyrocket rise to fame. A girl needs the steady-mindedness of a steeplejack to keep her head in the dizzy heights. For with these bubble reputations the fall to obscurity is quite as rapid as the ascent to fame.

"I wish every girl, before leaping into a career in the theater, would ask herself what made Eleonora Duse *the* Duse of the world. She would find the answer to be:

"First, a divine spark; second, work; more work; and then more work.

"In this the theater resembles any other profession—sustained success can be achieved only by sincere devotion and genuine hard work.

"The theater offers exceptional

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"After 10 years of selling I've found the biggest money maker of them all, MARCELWAVER. My first week's profit was $176." A. R. MOHR, N. Y. *Men and women* everywhere are reaping a golden harvest of profit with

MARCELWAVER

THE NEWEST AND BIGGEST SELLING SENSATION

MAKE MONEY LIKE THIS QUICK!

$29 First Day — Geo. B. Eberts of Iowa made that.
$389 in 1 Week — A. F. Steinert of Pa. did that.
$213 in 4 Days — Frank V. Wander of Minn. sets that mark.
$40 Spare Time — Mrs. V. T. Krone of Ala. averaged that for 7 weeks.

NEW! Amazing invention of French expert gives perfect marcel wave in 15 minutes—costs 2c. Women everywhere wild over astonishing results.

EXCLUSIVE! Agents cleaning up biggest profits in years—no competition—patented in all countries—$3 cash profit on every sale—every woman and girl buys. Exclusive territories now being allotted—no time to lose.

FREE! Send name and address and territory wanted. Full information and protection on territory. Free—also finest selling outfit offered in America. Send now.

MARCELWAVER CO. Dept. E122 Cincinnati, O.



Get These DETROIT Facts

WITHIN the last few years Detroit has become internationally famous as the world's richest industrial city.

The statistics of this growth—facts almost unbelievable—have been collected in an interesting book "The Golden Deluge" by a 24 year old company with 70,000 clients. Send 10c for a copy, with valuable city map and street guide. Ask about Westwood Hills, residential investment property near Henry Ford's home.

The Stormfeltz-Loveley Co.
*Michigan's Largest Realtors*
210 BAGLEY AVE. - DETROIT, MICH.



BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 531-HA, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution



Teach Children To Use Cuticura

Soothes and Heals Rashes and Irritations

Cuticura Soap Keeps the Skin Clear

Make five gallons of pure sparkling Birch Beer in FIVE MINUTES with a bottle of

**TIP TOP BIRCH BEER EXTRACT**

If not obtainable at your grocer's send his name and 35c for full size bottle (makes 5 Gallons).

**SPECIAL OFFER**

Send $1.00 for bottle of Extract and automatic bottle capper.

*Prepaid Anywhere*

**BLUE RIBBON PRODUCTS CO.**
READING, PENNA.

**Do You Know?**

**"The silver polish of 101 uses"**

Leaves a brilliant lasting lustre on silver, bath fixtures, mirrors, windows, etc. Wonderful on nickel and glass of auto. No muss. Ask Dept., Drug, Hardware, Auto Accessory Stores or send 25c for trial tin.

Metalglas Mfg. Co., Box KT, Marengo, Ill.

**Safe Milk and Food**

*For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and for All Ages*


[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

cultural advantages, though I sometimes wonder if the young actresses of today take advantage of these advantages. The classics, for example, are the background of the theater; but I have a suspicion that very few girls who are waiting to see their names twinkling in electric lights bother much about the classics.

"Shakespeare, the basis of the spoken word upon our stage, has fallen upon evil days, except for infrequent revivals; but for the girl who earnestly hopes to do things in the theater there is no study so rich, so profitable as Shakespeare. The preparation of any part in any of the great plays, with the proper research for costumes and atmosphere in histories and museums, offers educational possibilities that could not be touched in any other profession.

"Moreover, a successful actress enjoys the rare privilege of meeting the most interesting personalities of her day—in the worlds of art, literature, music, and politics."

"What of the ancient belief that girls on the stage are ever exposed to insult from villainous managers and others of fell design?"

"That, I think," said Mrs. Belmont, "is a shopworn superstition. Girls who don't want to be 'insulted' seldom are. There is no reason why a girl isn't as safe in the theater as she would be in a public library. She carries her shield with her. No matter what a woman does in the world, she must carry her shield with her."

WE asked her then what she meant by the "catch" in a stage career.

"Talent!" replied Mrs. Belmont crisply. "With definite talent *plus* work everything is possible in the theater. But, of course, no girl can be sure she possesses talent until she has had her chance. That is the great gamble."

And, recalling the many actresses who had married and continued their careers, Ethel Barrymore, Frances Starr, and a dozen others—and remembering only two great actresses, Mary Anderson and Eleanor Robson, who had renounced the theater forever—we asked:

"Do you think the stage is a greater career than marriage?"

"Why, of course, I think the stage is a greater career than marriage," she replied. "But I have never regarded marriage as a career. I presume it depends entirely on one's personal definition. And from the choice offered by Webster, I define career as a professional or public course of life. To me, marriage is a vocation or one of the normal occupations of life."

Mary Garden, we pointed out to her, has explained that she never married because she feared that matrimony would wreck her career.

"And so it might have," remarked Mrs. Belmont; "though I must say it had quite the opposite effect on Mme. Schumann-Heink."

"That's true," we agreed. "But it would be interesting to know which Mme. Schumann-Heink

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# Your home is only 67% clean—*until "that neglected 1/3" is reached*

You *think* your home is clean—but it is the countless spots which ordinary cleaning methods cannot reach—hanging drapes, deep-tufted upholstery, corners on the stairs and many other hard-to-reach places—that add up to that neglected 1/3. No one of them seems worth lugging out a heavy cleaner or fussing to change several attachments before the 1/3 is as clean as the rest. Now the problem is solved by

# Presto-Junior *"Whisk-Broom Size"*

## Electric Vacuum Cleaner

A giant—in whisk-broom size. No more heavy lifting. A world of helpfulness compressed (as precious things sometimes are) into miniature form. Nimble, alert, powerful, tireless—it makes short work of "hard-to-reach" spots. Like all "Presto" products, Presto-Jr. is a quality item. Our 25 years' experience in building high grade electrical appliances assures superior performance and perfect satisfaction.

*This close-up of the motor-driven brush shows how Presto-Jr. accomplishes what no "attachments" can. Not suction alone, but the searching, powerful brush action indispensable to the modern cleaner. Presto-Jr. is only a foot long and weighs but 3¼ pounds. Complete with 15 feet of heavy insulated cord and standard socket plug. Made in 3 voltages, 32 volt, 110 volt or 220 volt power.*

*For Sale By*
**Electrical Appliance Shops, Automotive Accessory, Department and Hardware Stores Everywhere**

**METAL SPECIALTIES MFG. CO.**
**338-352 No. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.**

Metal Specialties Mfg. Co., 338-352 North Kedzie Avenue, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me without obligation, a copy of your interesting booklet, "That neglected 1/3" and a complete description of Presto-Jr. If your Dealer cannot supply you, please give us his name and address.

*Name*.....*Street Address*.....
*City*.....*State*.....
*Dealer's Name*.....*Street Address*.....

# "Liquid Cooler Doubled My Profits in Bottled Drinks"

—says A. CRUICKSHANK, Dallas, Tex.

## *Many make up to $675 a Month Serving Bottled Drinks This New Way*

NOBODY ever dreamed that so much money could be made selling bottled drinks until the "Liquid" Bottle Cooler appeared two years ago.

Nobody ever imagined that bottled drinks could be served so fast, clean and cold.

Nobody ever conceived that the public would be so quick to pass up the old fashioned ice box or tub of ice water to buy from the new, sanitary, "Liquid" Bottle Cooler that they see advertised in Saturday Evening Post color pages.

But actual records tell their own amazing story. Read about them in the book "Liquid Profits" sent free if you'll mail Coupon. Learn how more than 20,000 merchants in almost every line of business are ringing up unheard of profits with this new invention. Many who never sold bottled drinks before because of the muss and bother of old fashioned methods are now clearing $10 to $30 a day from a little waste floor space 3 feet square!

### "Doubled Business and Profits"

A. Cruickshank of Dallas, Tex., writes, "My 'Liquid' Cooler has doubled my business and profits in drinks and quickly paid for itself." McGrain Motor Co. says, "Profits paid for 'Liquid' Cooler and left a nice margin." "Best investment I ever made. Doubled sales of soft drinks," reports F. J. Houser of N. Y. And a Schenectady dealer tells how two "Liquid" Coolers cleared $90.00 profits in a single day!

### Profits Pay for "Liquid" Cooler

The "Liquid" Cooler has 8 cold tubes for 8 different flavors. Each tube holds 9 cold bottles —72 in all. 72 more in reserve rack so you can't run short. To serve any flavor asked for, take a warm bottle out of rack, push it in one end of tube, holding same flavor, and out comes a cold bottle on the other side.

Many guess the price of "Liquid" Cooler at $200 to $500. Yet it costs only $100 on easy terms. One dealer paid entire purchase price out of first 5 days' profits. Others pay for it quickly out of savings in ice and clerk hire.

### Send for Free Book

Get all the facts in new book, "Liquid Profits." Tells how others have increased sales of bottled drinks 100% to 400%—made up to $675 a month in season—cut ice bills 33⅓% to 66⅔%—saved 60% or more floor space and up to 80% clerk hire. "Liquid Profits" sent free if you give name of local bottler. Mail coupon now.

### "Liquid" Bottle Cooler Brings Crowds to—

Cigar Stores, Grocers, Roadside Stands, Theatres, Play Grounds, Candy Stores, Fair Grounds, Amusement Parks, Railroad Stations, Office Bldg. Lobbies, Chain Stores, Billiard Parlors, Gas Filling Stations, Waiting Rooms, Clubs, Drug Stores, etc.

Liquid BOTTLE Cooler

Liquid Carbonic Corporation, Dept. L-5
3100 So. Kedzie Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

Send Free Book "Liquid Profits" and Easy Terms on The "Liquid" Bottle Cooler.

*Name*.....

*Street*.....

*City*.....*State*.....

*My Bottler is*.....


[IS THE STAGE A GREATER CAREER THAN MARRIAGE? Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

holds more precious—music or matrimony."

"But," said Mrs. Belmont, "to be a wife or a husband is no more a career than being a daughter or a mother. Although I do agree with Mrs. James King Gracie, a dear aunt of Theodore Roosevelt, who said: 'Love is a talent and, like any other talent —music, sculpture, or literature — must be practiced, for without practice one loses the delicacies of shade.' Perhaps, on the other hand, there might be more happy marriages if both men and women regarded the state of matrimony in the light of a career."

ELEANOR ROBSON has achieved in life two of the American girl's dearest dreams—she had risen to be a great star in the theater and she has married a distinguished millionaire. She had just told us that she considered the stage a greater career than marriage, and in proof of her statement we were reminded of the case of Gladys Wallis, formerly a well known actress and now the wife of Samuel Insull, the Chicago financier.

When Eleanor Robson first went on the stage, it was to replace Gladys Wallis, who had left to fill another engagement. And Mrs. Insull has recently returned to the stage to head her own repertory company. She is both a successful wife and a successful actress.

"What," we asked Mrs. Belmont, "do you think about an actress leaving the stage after marriage?"

"I see no reason whatever for an actress to leave the stage after marriage. There is no reason why she cannot combine her career with a perfectly normal married life."

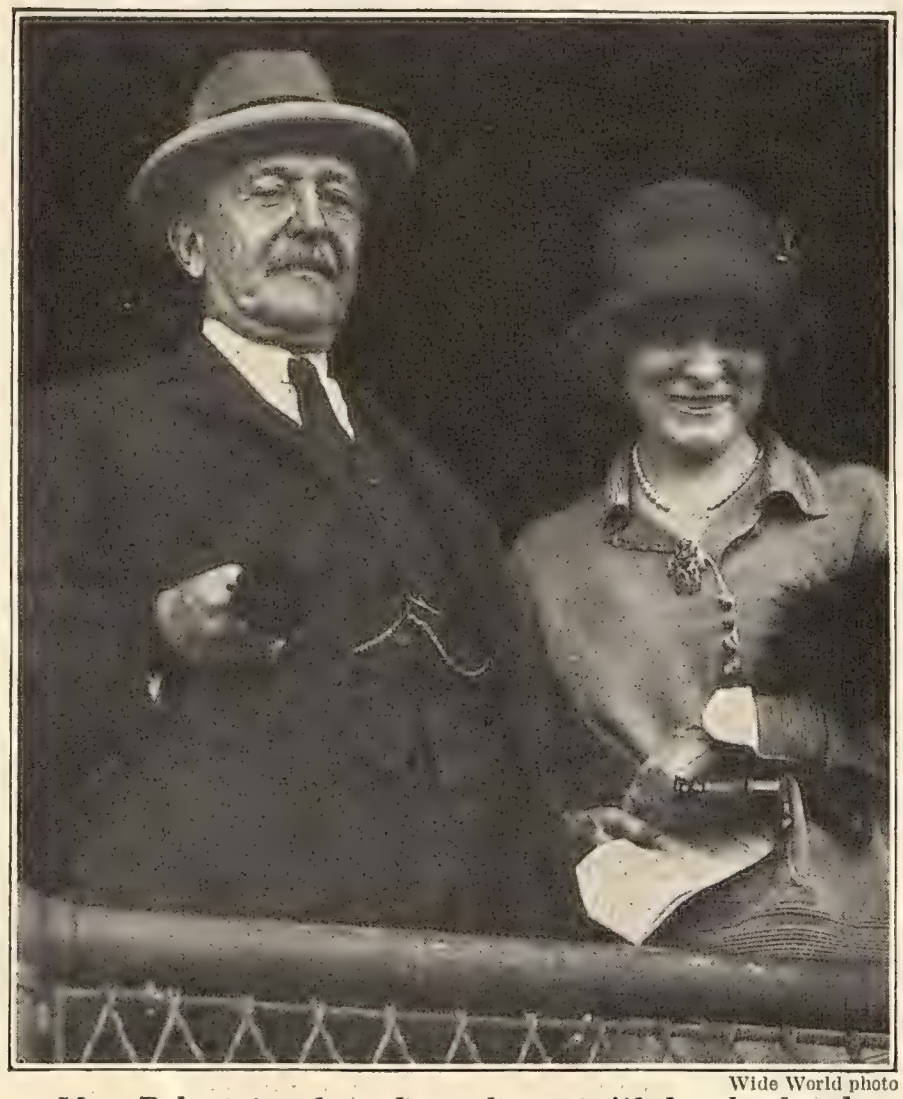
Then we asked a wholly impertinent question:

"Do you believe that an actress who marries into society has more to give to society than a society woman who goes on the stage has to give to the stage?"

Mrs. Belmont's gray eyes twinkled. "What could you expect me to say to that? My impulse is to reply by asking you a question. Do you think a doctor or an engineer would make a better architect? Your question and mine seem many miles asunder, but I believe the same answer might apply to both. It depends upon the individual.

"I believe, however, that a careful perusal of the records would show that more actresses have become prominent in society than society women have become prominent on the stage. For example, there is Mary Anderson Navarro, Pauline Chase (now the Honorable Mrs. Drummond), the Marchioness of Headford, the Countess of Clonmell, Lady Dudley, and many others who hold envied positions in European society. In our own country there have been many, including Edith Kingdon, the late Mrs. George Gould.

"On the other hand, I know of two young women of the fashionable world who have brought unusual talent and beauty to our theater. Curiously enough, they have both appeared in The Miracle: Lady Diana Manners of England and Miss Elinor Patterson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Medill Patterson of Chicago."



Wide World photo

*Mrs. Belmont, a keen horse lover, with her husband at the Aqueduct race track in 1924.*

We asked her what effect marriage has upon an actress' talent.

"It should have a very splendid effect. All experience in life broadens one's understanding and the actress who marries and has children should, for this reason, benefit and develop greater power of expression."

"NOW," said we, "what is your opinion of those society women who tremble with yearnings for the stage, and take it out on their friends in amateur theatricals?"

"Having been a professional at anything," replied Mrs. Belmont, "produces a lack of interest in that particular line at least, and as a result I have seen very few amateur performances of any kind. But after all"—she smiled—"don't you think they are really more for the pleasure of the amateur than of the audience? However, I do believe in amateur theatricals, because whatever you study develops your interest in the subject and your understanding of it. And without sympathetic understanding where would our professionals be?

"I especially believe in amateur theatricals for children, and I wish they could be more carefully conducted in our schools. They provide excellent training, when well produced, for literature, diction, and deportment. And diction is a subject to which even professionals in our American theaters could pay more attention. Don't you agree with me?"

Naturally, we agreed. And thinking of Mrs. Belmont's keen enthusiasm for the theater, we asked: "If you had a daughter would you allow her to go on the stage?"

Without hesitation Eleanor Robson answered:

"If I had a daughter—and she had talent—I would rather she chose the stage than any other career."

THE END

Int. Newsreel photo

*"By the Sea," the Belmont estate at Newport, Rhode Island.*

**How Major Hawker, England's great War Ace, was killed, is one thrilling episode of this story which begins in LIBERTY, June 18.**

HARMONY THAT FLOODS THE HIGHWAY

COURTEOUS BUT COMMANDING

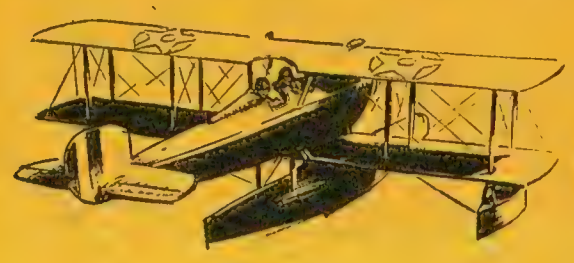
PLEASE

A GLORIOUS, unrestrained tone of new harmony, carrying the free joyous lilt of the open spaces . . . swift and sure as a bird in flight . . . sounding two sharply harmonious notes simultaneously. A wonderful new Sparton Signal that does not startle—but chimes and charms your way thru traffic. A "Courtesy" horn for courteous people.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY
*Also Makers of Sparton Radio Receivers*
JACKSON, MICHIGAN, U. S. A. (102)

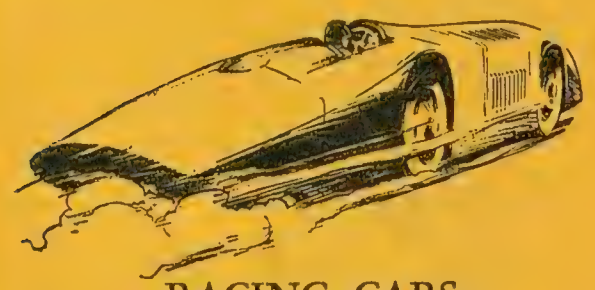
# The Sparton Chime

# *Who uses* ETHYL GASOLINE *..and why?*



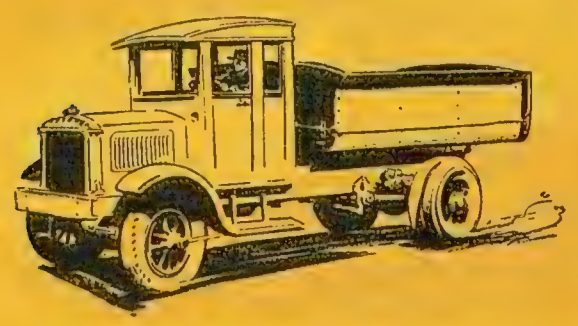
## AIRPLANES

THE United States Navy is using Ethyl Gasoline as the fuel for airplanes because it develops all the power and efficiency of their engines.



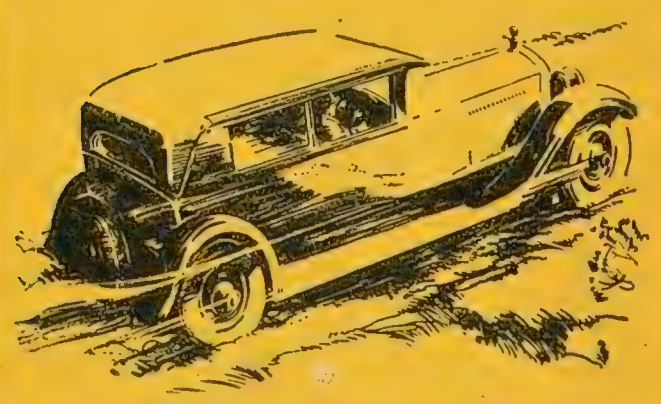
## RACING CARS

RACING drivers who are setting new speed records are using Ethyl Gasoline because it develops the maximum power their engines are designed to deliver . . . *and when Segrave drove 203 miles an hour at Daytona Beach last March, he used Ethyl Gasoline.*



## CABS, BUSES and TRUCKS

BUSINESS concerns which operate large fleets of cars and trucks are using Ethyl Gasoline because its superior performance reduces running and maintenance costs.



## YOUR OWN CAR

MORE than a million passenger car owners like yourself have adopted Ethyl Gasoline because it gives an engine performance and motoring satisfaction beyond that obtainable with regular gasoline. Just try a tank full!

ETHYL GASOLINE is motor gasoline treated with Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound, the chemical ingredient developed by General Motors to make gasoline a more efficient fuel for internal combustion engines. Its chief advantages are:

Elimination of "knock" under all driving conditions—transformation of carbon from a liability into an asset—more power on hills and heavy roads—quicker acceleration—less gear shifting—reduced vibration—freedom from the trouble and expense of carbon removal.

Try Ethyl Gasoline yourself. It will make your car perform as never before. On sale through responsible oil companies at pumps displaying the "ETHYL" emblem shown below.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York

ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Knocks out that "knock"

# ALL OFF for the COUNTRY!

## More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story *for* Children

*By* ALINE KILMER

*" Oh, mother! " wailed Dodo. " The mos' turrible thing has happened! "*

*Pictures by* ROBERT A. GRAEF

ONE thing I was ready to say for my children: They might be, and often were, little imps at home, but they certainly were good traveling companions. Dodo, their little West Indian Negro nurse, was more trouble than all the three children put together.

Carlotta had gone ahead with the trunks. Tony was still at school. Dodo and I were in charge of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg during this long, hard trip to the mountains.

The little mountain train had no dining-car. We had nothing to eat all day but hard, dry train sandwiches. And, oh! it was so hot and dusty!

Emmy, Nicky, and Greg sat with their noses pressed against the grimy windows, watching the strange sights that sped by. They were used to seaside and river country. But it was the first time in their lives that they had seen mountains.

" Giants must live up there! " breathed Nicky, staring in awe at a red-roofed castle on top of the highest peak in sight.

The children sat still. But Dodo hopped around the train like a rabbit. And speaking of rabbits, we had Alice Rabbit with us, tied up in a gray silk bag. Carlotta had taken Pompey, her Pom, with her in his little black leather traveling-house. He looked like a large black mouse with his little sharp nose sticking pathetically through the wicker window.

Now, after nibbling our sandwiches, it was time to change trains. Hats on. Coats on our arms. Greg was too little to be trusted with his coat—Dodo could carry that.

All the long way, Greg had not said a word. He stood at my side like a little wooden Indian. Emmy walked up and down, carrying Alice Rabbit. Nicky stood still, but his eyes were everywhere.

" Oh, see that wonderful bird on the roof! " he murmured, watching the first pigeon he had ever seen as it perched on the ridge of the station roof.

Trains were backing and puffing and grinding all around us. At last the train we were waiting for came sobbing and panting up to the platform. Such a baby train! Only two cars and the engine. But what a noise it made!

We scrambled into one of the two cars. No seats. We huddled our bags and ourselves into corners and stood.

Greg was almost asleep on his feet when the train stopped at our station. At least, it meant to stop at the station, but it really stopped before it got there, so that there was no platform under the steps. The conductor had to lift us all down. And then we had a long walk over cinders and rough gravel before we reached the station.

At the station was the bus—a long, rickety, brown motor bus. A long, lean, red-faced, red-haired man was at the wheel, all ready to start. Just suppose he had started without us!

We ran as fast as we could over the rough gravel. A kind man standing near helped us in. Dodo sat in one seat with Emmy, Alice Rabbit, and Nicky. In the seat ahead I sat with Greg and all the bags.

We were off! Before us the great mountains loomed up. Shadows of clouds floated over their sides. A cool, fresh wind blew past us as we bumped and rattled along. I turned to Greg.

" Well, this is nice, isn't it? " I asked. And I really meant it.

" No," said Greg, quietly but firmly.

It was the only word he spoke that day.

Up and up and up we went. Past little white farmhouses and big red barns. Past wells with great long well sweeps. Past meadows with grazing cows. Past little brooks throwing themselves headfirst down steep hillsides.

Emmy and Nicky were enchanted. But poor Greg was too tired to notice anything. He laid his tan head against my arm and fell fast asleep.

At last we stopped at the end of the road that led to Our Cottage. We piled out of the bus and said good-by to the red-haired driver.

*AT the station was the bus. We ran as fast as we could over the rough gravel.*

Our cottage was little and low and brown, with an overhanging green roof. Pine trees grew close around it on two sides. On another side was a little garden already bright with a few early flowers.

Emmy dropped Alice Rabbit and clapped her hands with delight.

" Oh, Mummy, why didn't you tell us? Why, it's a witch's house! " she cried.

But just then Dodo came up, wringing her hands.

" Oh, mother! " she wailed. " The mos' turrible thing has happened! "

" What is it? " I was frightened.

" Oh, it's so bad, I don' know how to tell you! Oh, it's jus' awful! "

" What on earth *is* it? " I begged, looking around to count the children. Something fearful must have happened to one of them to make Dodo act so wildly.

" Oh, mother, I'm so sorry! I los' Greg's coat. It must 'a' fell outa de bus! "

And Dodo burst into tears. But I'm not at all sure they were real.

---

*Everybody loves a kitten! You'll want to know the cute little mouse catcher that Emmy, Nicky, and Greg brought home. Don't fail to read the story in next week's LIBERTY.*

We're being flooded with more names for the pet rabbit belonging to Emmy, Nicky, and Greg! But the same old five are still 'way in the lead. They are:

SNOWBALL FLOPSY FLUFFY
WHITIE WIGGLENOSE

These are all dandy names! But that doesn't help us out at all, because we have only ONE rabbit to name. And so won't you write us a letter telling us which ONE of the above you like best? Send your letter to LIBERTY, Editor Children's Page, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**Watch for the issue of June 18, beginning the greatest war story ever published.**

# *Making the* Sub-Deb *a* Super-Débutante

*An Article by* EILEEN BOURNE

*Pictures by* HENRIETTA MCCAIL

"BEAUTY treatments for the sub-deb begin now when she is playing with woolly dogs," comments an eminent woman doctor who examines every year a thousand girls and women. "It is for this reason that the sub-deb of today is better looking than the débutante of yesterday."

She is right. Loveliness at sixteen years usually means untiring maternal care at sixteen months. Without it, at the teething era, the sub-deb would probably have made an all-day sucker of her delicious thumb or pillowed her cheek on her fat little hand and arm. Such practices cause malformation of teeth and jaws. As for the more serious mistakes of nature—crossed eyes, ears standing out from the head, bow legs—they are corrected by intelligent mothers just as soon as the medical law allows.

Even with these major difficulties solved, however, childish beauty has to be constantly defended from ruinous habits. Of these, squinting and frowning are the most common. Young eyes should be shaded by hats with brims. They should not read in the sun or in a bad light. They must be tested once in a while by a good oculist and protected by proper exercises and rest.

Biting the nails is another familiar vice. To paint the whole finger tip with bitter-tasting tincture of aloes makes it so unappetizing that it is soon eschewed. And there are other vagaries to keep mothers too busy to get into mischief. One of these caused a nine-year-old to spoil the shape of her hands for all time. Fascinated by Dickens' portrayal of the knuckle-cracking *Newman Noggs,* she used to imitate before admiring contemporaries this winsome trick, and did it so successfully as permanently to enlarge her finger joints.

*Posture is one of the young girl's chief beauty problems.*

However, checkmating such moves is not all of this vicarious beauty game. Take the matter of hair, for instance. Any natural tendency to wave or curl is best preserved and encouraged by keeping the child's hair quite free from oil by frequent shampoos, and by combing it with a fine-toothed comb in the direction of each little spiral.

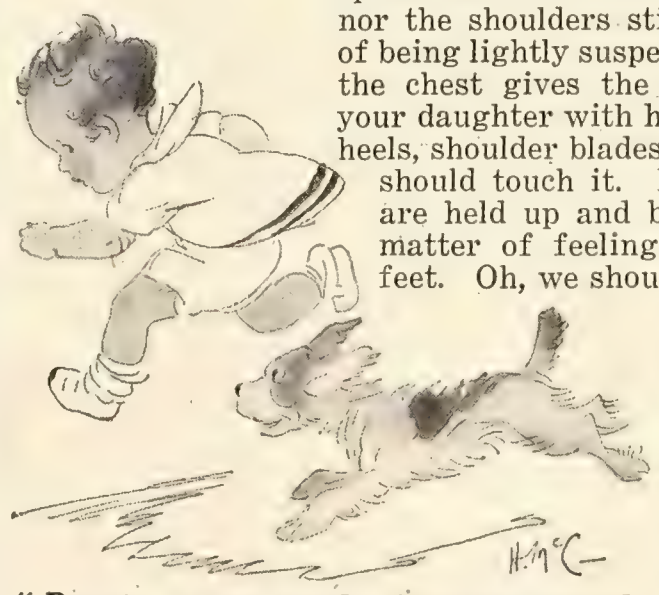
Moreover, training the hair to grow prettily is partly a matter of clever cutting. While some young girls look best with a boyish clip, others should have a slight fluffiness. Every young woman must be made early to see the value of being distinguished rather than standardized.

It is during the teens that another important subject comes up. This is the question of the schoolgirl's complexion. Pimples, blackheads, and roughness of texture are familiar enemies of adolescence. Naturally, in a campaign to rout them, careful diet, with a strict embargo on sweets and rich foods, is of incomparable importance. Likewise, out-of-door exercise, hard and continuous enough to set young blood galloping through the arteries and up into the cheeks, brings immediate benefit to the skin.

But natural methods must always be supplemented by local care. For Nature, that conscientious stepmother, although concerned with the health of her offspring, is utterly indifferent to their beauty. The sub-deb should be taught to use cold cream after exposure to the elements and after exercise, but to use it for cleansing purposes only and with a wise and sparing hand. This cleansing must be followed by bathing in hot water and with a soap chosen for its purity rather than for that barbaric splendor of perfume so dear to the sensibilities of sixteen. And then comes a tonic spray of cold water.

Usually this ritual, followed every single day, will, in combination with simple food and plenty of exercise, result in a smooth and lovely skin. But, if not, special measures must be taken. Sometimes an absolutely nonalkali soap will remove blackheads. Often witch-hazel or a curative astringent helps.

Pronounced cases of pimples and blackheads should be taken to a skin specialist. Remember that there is such a thing as a pimple germ. This surface infection must be eliminated. Remember, also, that the chronic pimple, or acne, is very hard to cure. Don't let the trouble become fixed.



*"Beauty treatments begin when the sub-deb is playing with woolly dogs."*

*Any natural tendency of the hair to wave or curl should be preserved from babyhood.*

Some dermatologists are using a new serum that is said to bring relief to the acne sufferer. Whatever she does, the sub-deb must not carelessly puncture pimples and blackheads, lest the infection spread or the tissues be injured. A sterilized needle and cotton and a disinfectant are the only tools for these minor operations.

And what of the question of make-up? The well groomed mother, who makes use of these aids, can hardly deny their value. Of course, she can say that Miss Sixteen doesn't need them. If she will use cosmetics the girl should be taught to choose fine face powder instead of coarse and to know good products from bad.

Aside from her complexion and hair, the young girl's chief beauty problems are two—teeth and posture. Beautiful teeth are probably a happy accident. But by careful brushing, massage of gums—a most important and too little regarded measure—good diet, and a visit to the dentist every three months, any set of teeth may be kept at its best.

POSTURE is a far less simple problem. During adolescence are formed those habits of standing, sitting, and walking that are likely to last a lifetime. True, youth's pose is better than it was. The débutante slouch is going out. Popular interest in folk and rhythmic dancing has added flexibility and grace to the muscular firmness achieved by sports. The modern vogue for low-heeled walking and sports shoes encourages right balance. Low corsets, boned only at the hips and designed to support abdominal muscles, are now widely adopted and influence posture for its good.

What is good posture? Not rigidity. The spine should not be held absolutely straight, nor the shoulders stiffly squared. The image of being lightly suspended by a cobweb through the chest gives the right conception. Place your daughter with her back to the wall. Only heels, shoulder blades, and the back of the head should touch it. If the abdomen and head are held up and back, everything else is a matter of feeling lightly balanced on the feet. Oh, we should do everything to create young Dianas with well poised heads and a movement of fleet grace—yes, everything, even to setting them a good example!

Yes, the sub-deb may be made a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Even if it means sentencing her mother to twenty years of hard labor, the product will justify the price.

THE END

**Watch for the issue of June 18, beginning the greatest war story ever published.**

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

41

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City..... State.....

# Riteall

## PROTECTS THE PAYEE

$97.50

## *Recognized by the Financial World as the SAFEST Mechanical Checkwriter*

The Riteall, designed and perfected by experienced checkwriter engineers, offers the fastest and simplest method of unalterable mechanical check writing. Recent improvements have been added which increase still more its unusual operating efficiency.

Simply insert the check in the Riteall—it writes and shreds into the paper in acid-proof ink, the payee's name, date, amount in figures and amount in words. All you do is sign the check. The Riteall is accepted in business circles as the supreme checkwriter—the only one offering maximum protection to both maker and payee.

**DISTRIBUTORS WANTED**

If you are interested in a splendid sales opportunity write immediately. State moral and financial responsibility

RITEALL CHECKWRITER CORPORATION

Suite 502—51 East 42nd Street, New York

A CHECKWRITER AND A COMPANY THAT ARE DIFFERENT

For further information ☐ or demonstration ☐ return this coupon without any obligation.

*NAME* .....

*ADDRESS* .....

.....

# Makes Milk Drinking a Game!

## Thompson's Chocolate
## *"DOUBLE MALTED"*
# MALTED MILK *at home*

Now a "home-made" chocolate malted milk with the "real professional" taste!

Like magic! In fifteen seconds you can change plain milk into creamy, chocolate malted milk . . . AT HOME. Everybody loves it!

Children shake it for themselves with a shaker or mason jar. It is much better for them than plain milk, *and you don't have to beg them to take three glasses a day.* It comes with the chocolate and sweetening right in it, ready to be mixed at home, just as you would get it at the soda fountain.

*The Secret of Thompson's*

The famous "DOUBLE MALTED" process is found in no other brand. By this process the vitamines are not destroyed in the making and the activity of the enzymes which help to digest other foods is retained. That is why Thompson's is so healthful for the whole family. It is the only malted milk that will dissolve without lumping in cold milk.

*High Energy—Deep Sleep*

Quickly digested—Thompson's helps digest *other* foods. That is why you have so much energy when you drink it in the day-time. Light—and yet nourishing—it is a snug "nightcap," inducing restful sleep.

*30 Glasses Cost Only 60c*

It costs so little. So easily made. Buy it at any store, in one-pound or economical five-pound packages. Or send coupon for three day trial package.

*Ask for Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk at Soda Fountains, too*

**Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED"**
**Sweet Chocolate Flavor Malted Milk**

**Thompson's Malted Food Co.,**
Dept. 40, Waukesha, Wis.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your three day test package of Thompson's Sweet Chocolate Flavored "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk.

*Name* .....

*Street* .....

*City* ..... *State* .....

[One package to a person.] Write plainly

IF IT'S THOMPSON'S IT'S "DOUBLE MALTED"

# Making *the* Most *of the* Cherry Season

By ETHEL SOMERS

*RAISED-RIM pie pans eliminate the cloth binding of the pie rim and retain fruit juices.*

EARLY summer heralds the toothsome cherry. May the crop this season be more abundant than ever. Their satisfying fruity flavors and tartly sweet meatiness make them a time-honored favorite. Thoroughly chilled and served in clumps with leaves for garnishing, cherries afford an excellent refreshing appetizer or a healthful, light dessert. They stimulate unlimited variety in service for salads, tarts, pies, beverages, preserves, and sauces. At this season and for the coming few weeks cherries are among the cook's best resources. Herewith are a few suggestive possibilities.

## *Cherry Pie*

2 pie crusts (see LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, page 19)
3 cups cherries, washed and pitted
¾ to 1 cup sugar, brown or white
3 tablespoons flour
1 to 2 tablespoons butter
Few drops almond extract or 10 cherry pits, if desired.

WASH and drain the cherries well. Remove the pits by squeezing. Mix the sugar and 2 tablespoons of flour until well blended. Line the inside of a pie pan with the pie crust, flattening it tight to the pan. Sprinkle with one tablespoon of flour, rubbing this well into the crust to prevent its being soaked with the cherry juices during baking. Pour in half the flour-sugar mixture, add the prepared fruit, and cover with the remainder of the flour-sugar mixture. Dot with butter and sprinkle with almond flavoring or strew with cherry pits.

Moisten the rim of the under crust, cut eyelets in the top crust to allow the steam to escape in the baking, press the pie-crust edges firmly together, and trim. Either bake in a no-drip rimmed pie pan or follow suggestions for retaining the juices given at top of page 21 of LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for 20 minutes, then reduce to a moderate oven (375° F.) and continue the baking from 15 to 20 minutes longer, until the fruit is tender.

*Sweet-Cherry Pie.* The big thick-meated sweet cherries are thought by some to produce the most luscious pie. Prepare as for sour-cherry pie, using only ½ cup of sugar, preferably brown sugar.

*Cherry Tarts* may be made by lining tart pans with plain or puff pastry. Using a fork, prick the crust full of holes before placing the tart shells in a hot oven (425° F.) from 10 to 15 minutes to brown. It pays to watch the baking, especially at the start, that the pastry shells may be pricked quickly if they start to puff. When the pastry shells are baked, fill them three-fourths full of Cream Pie Filling (see page 21 of LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes). Cover the top with washed, pitted cherries that have been steamed tender, but not soft, over boiling water for about 30 minutes. Arrange the fruit in neat layers to fill the tart to heaping and cover with a thin coat of cherry glaze.

*Cherry Glaze* is made by tightly covering and gently cooking 2 cups of cleaned, pitted cherries in 1 cup of water until tender—about 30 minutes. Press through a sieve. This will yield about 1 cup of cherry pulp. To this add 1 cup of sugar after heating the pulp to boiling, and 1 tablespoon of lemon juice to convert the added granulated sugar to a kind that does not grain easily after cooking. Stir until the sugar is wholly dissolved, then continue to cook to the jam stage (218° F.), when two drops will hang from the spoon as it is lifted out of the boiling syrup. Let the mixture cool slightly to thicken so that the glaze will congeal, and then spoon on to the top of the cooled tarts, spreading each spoonful so as to cover and glaze the entire surface. Serve after cooling.

*PRICKING the tart shells before baking in a right-side-up tart pan so that they will show the design of the mold.*

## *Cherry Salad, Stuffed*

Cherries
Blanched almonds
Lettuce or endive
Fruity French dressing

USE selected large cherries. The sweet red or white cherries are preferred. Fresh cherries are far better than canned ones for this service. After washing, draining, chilling, and removing the pits, insert a single blanched almond, a small pineapple wedge, or a morsel of cream cheese, allowing it to extend slightly to produce a contrast in color. Arrange on chilled lettuce and garnish with French dressing.

## *Cherry Jam*

1 pound cherries, wild preferred
¾ pound sugar

WILD cherries are preferred because of their tart flavor. Common sour cherries may be used, or sweet ones if some tart lemon, orange, or currant juice is added. Use ¼ cup of lemon juice, ½ cup of orange juice, or 1 cup of currant juice to each pound of sweet cherries being cooked. Put a layer of pitted washed cherries in the kettle for cooking. A flat-bottomed kettle of three or four times the volume of cherries to be cooked allows a quick cooking and rapid evaporation, which tends to preserve the brilliant color and fresh flavor of the fruit. Sprinkle the layer of fruit with sugar and crush with a potato masher to extract some of the juice, which will prevent burning. Add the fruit juice if used. Then add the remaining fruit and sugar in alternate layers. Do not crush these layers. Cook as rapidly as possible, stirring occasionally from the bottom to prevent burning. When the mixture reaches the jam stage (218° F.)—that is, when it will hang from the spoon in two heavy drops before sheeting off—pour into sterile glasses and seal.

## *Canned Cherries*

Selected cherries
Syrup: one part sugar to one part water

WASH the fruit well in cold water. Stem and pit. Pack in hot, scalded jars to within 1 inch of the top. Place the rubbers in position. Pour in the hot syrup, made by boiling equal parts of sugar and water for 5 minutes. Fill jar to 1 inch from the top. Insert a spatula or pliable knife around the inside of the jar and paddle or work out all air bubbles. Adjust the cover loosely. Place in a 275° F. oven for 1 hour, or cook in a hot-water vat for 25 minutes' boiling, or steam at 10 pounds pressure for 5 minutes in a pressure cooker. Remove, seal at once, and cool before storing.

**Eighty lives for one—the true and official record of one of the World War's greatest heroes. Beginning in LIBERTY, June 18.**

100 TESTED RECIPES FOR 10 CENTS!

LIBERTY COOK BOOK,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your cook book, 100 Standard Recipes. I inclose ten cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

NAME.....

STREET or R. F. D.....

CITY..... STATE.....

5-28-27

# Come to My HOUSE

## *The Story of One Mad Hour and a Girl's True Love*

A Serial by

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

*Pictures by* CHARLES D. MITCHELL

*" I told myself that if ever I had a duty in my life, it was to*

NO inner voice warned " Johnny " Century of danger when she accepted Renée and Jimmy Parsons' invitation to spend the week-end with them at their Long Island home. They also asked Murtaugh Pell. Johnny knew that " Murt " was expected to propose to her, and she to accept him.

As if scheduled, all went off with the dull definiteness of clockwork—and Johnny became engaged. That was after dinner. But a strange thing had happened before dinner. A pale young man was presented to Johnny: Floyd Bennings. And each had reacted on the other with the stab of an electric shock. Bennings told her of his little house where, after the dinner party, he would be waiting for her.

When the Parsons home was still, Johnny went to him—for one hour of delirium. But the next day she discovered that Elenor Doyle, a friend of Renée's, had seen her on her way back from Floyd's—then that Floyd had fled to New York. She followed him and he proposed to her. Though she refused him, her self-respect was braced until a mysterious male voice called her up over the telephone. The man had seen her at Bennings' house. A blackmailer! And a stupid one, for he phoned Jimmy Parsons. Murt heard it, and asked Johnny for an explanation. She told him the truth.

When he begged her to marry him, in spite of it, she discovered two things: first, that it was Murt she really loved, and second, that she would never marry him, since evil gossip had touched her. She sent him away, and it was then the real blow fell. A police detective came to see her. He told her that Fraylor, the blackmailer, had gone to Bennings' office—and that Bennings had killed him!

### - PART SIX

THERE were two Johnny Centurys in the room. One of them seemed disembodied, inarticulate, impelled to frantic flight, yet held here by a relationship to the other Johnny Century. And, despite the hysterical fear that possessed the first Johnny, she was able to look with incredulous admiration upon the second.

For the second Johnny Century was presenting histrionic attainments unguessed at by the first. The voice was cool and assured. The gestures were smooth and rhythmic. The facial expressions were not distorted.

The illusion was so perfect that she wondered seriously if everyone possessed two distinct individualities that were released from Siamese twinship by shock. But perhaps this was her form of hysteria. The thought seemed to merge the two persons. They came together with something of a crash and she found herself lying back in a chair, sipping a glass of water which the red-faced man from police headquarters was holding to her lips.

" Sorry—didn't mean to faint," she said.

The hard eyes of the detective held an unprofessional sympathy.

" You didn't," he assured her. " Not that I'd have blamed you if you had passed out. You just went sort of blah. Any lady wouldn't feel so good when she learned that a gentleman friend had taken a guy for a ride."

He looked curiously down upon her. " Not speaking professionally, but friendly-like, was this fellow Bennings your heavy sweetie? "

Johnny smiled faintly. " I've known him only a few days," she replied.

He nodded. " None of my business, Miss Century, but I thought that if he was I would hand you a tip. You see, the newspapers always try to mix a doll in every case. For the matter of that, us cops always look around for a skirt in every case. And at that there usually

is one. And what I am trying to get at is this: It's a cinch that the boys from the papers will find out that I came up here to see you. Now, don't you refuse to see them. You have got nothing to hide, so don't let them get their imaginations working. If you refuse to see them you'll make the headlines. But if you're aboveboard, like you've been with me, they'll let you off with a paragraph."

And that was all! With a clumsy grace he bowed himself out of the apartment, leaving behind him a white and shaken girl who only waited until the door had closed behind him to run to the telephone. But the hand that reached for the receiver never touched it. The impulse that had sent her across the room, that had bidden her communicate with her mother instantly, was rejected by a mind that had thrown off the effects of shock. She walked slowly back to her chair and sat down again. This man from police headquarters had been altogether too ready to believe her. It wasn't consonant with his profession, this quick credulity.

*come over and tell you to take that conscience of yours and toss it out of the window."*

This advice of his to talk with reporters did not, on second thought, seem either shrewd or friendly. On the contrary, it might be part of a policy to encourage garrulity. All that she had ever read in newspapers or in novels flooded her remembrance now. The police tapped telephone wires, drew deductions from overheard conversations. She shook her head decidedly; she knew her mother's quick tendency to excitement. Although her mother was not acquainted with Floyd Bennings, and if summoned to her daughter could say nothing of interest to the police, yet it was not advisable to enter into any telephone explanations.

SHE smiled bitterly. Few had been the occasions in recent years when Johnny Century had wished to turn for aid or consolation to her mother. For, as there are marriages of convenience, so are there filial and parental relationships that seem no more. Mrs. Century, engrossed in keeping up a social position on an inadequate income, looked upon Johnny as a present detriment and a future asset. When Johnny should do her duty, and her mother should acquire a rich and generous son-in-law, the daughter would become an asset. At the present moment Johnny, as she had once remarked to Renée Parsons, was entered in red ink in her mother's ledger.

Caution had caused her to refrain from telephoning Mrs. Century and now other things reinforced Johnny's decision. Her mother was one of those persons who are never content with a statement of fact, but always cross-examine endlessly. And Johnny, in desperate need of sympathy, was in no mood for a confession that would bring horrified censure. Nor was she in a mood for falsehood.

But she *must* talk to somebody. Indeed, it was not merely an emotional necessity; it was a wise thing to do. It was possible that the police had already tapped her telephone and were prepared to pick up words that would connect her with Fraylor or Floyd. But it was equally possible that the police would consider her failure to communicate with anyone as a suspicious circumstance. For once sanity and desire coincided.

Johnny approached the telephone again and rang up Pell. She smiled self-contemptuously as, in response to her request that he come at once to her apartment, he said he would. How quickly we change our minds! As penance for her betrayal of Murtaugh she had vowed she would never see him again. Further, she had wished to save his self-respect by avoidance of him. And now she was asking the one man in the world whose aid she ought not to accept to come to her assistance.

But she could be just to herself as well as to others. It was not merely to gain wise counsel as to her own course, but to secure aid for Floyd, that she sent for Pell. Yet Pell was the last man to whom she ought to turn in search of aid for Floyd.

But "ought nots" mattered little at a time like this. Now she realized that all her concern, since the moment the detective had told her of the killing of Fraylor, had been for Floyd. Suddenly she understood that in the crisis which confronted Floyd her own precarious position mattered little. She went into the bedroom and did those things with a lipstick and powder that remove the ravages of emotion. Peace of mind came to her as she understood that much, or most, of her fears were for Floyd.

"You're a rotter, Johnny Century," she told herself; "but, thank God, you're not yellow."

THE maid's announcement that Mr. Pell was calling put an end to this self-laudation. Bravely she went into the drawing-room to meet him. Poor old Murt! Lines had come into his face in the past few hours, and the big shoulders drooped. Men, she inconsequently thought, had so little resilience, such slight powers of endurance. Blessed old Murt thought that he was suffering because the girl he loved had confessed to him her surrender to another man. Not that she had mitigated the blow; but how much more dreadful to herself had been the confession. And yet she knew without undue vanity that she looked as well, almost, as ever in her life. Men might be braver when confronted by death, but certainly, when facing life, they had little of the courage of women. Perhaps this was because women brought life into the world and were familiar, and so contemptuous, with it.

His eyes were eager as he looked at her, but his voice was pathetic as he said, "What did you want?"

She felt that he had schooled himself, on the journey from his home to her apartment, into repression. Doubtless his mind had been in a chaotic whirl. His love for her had fought against the dreadful hurt to his pride, and smothering both these had been his fierce wrath against Bennings. For a moment her heart failed her, but she conquered her weakness.

"Floyd killed a man in his office this afternoon," she blurted. "He is under arrest. The

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[COME TO MY HOUSE
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

man, I think, is the one who telephoned Jimmy."

There had been such an expression of weakness on Pell's face that she had expected her information to bowl him over. She had yet to learn that a man may be weak with regard to the woman he loves, but strong enough in everything else.

"Good for Bennings," he surprisingly stated. "I wish I'd been the one to wring his neck."

Bewildered, she stared at him. One never could tell about people. Yet one ought to be able to, for Murt's reaction was that of an honest gentleman. He surprised her further by exhibiting a swift ability to get to the crux of the matter.

"Has Bennings talked? Did he mention you? No," he answered himself; "he wouldn't do that. How do you know it was the man who telephoned Jimmy?"

She answered his last question first:

"The same man telephoned Floyd and made an appointment to see him at his office. Floyd called me up and told me. He was to ring me again after he had seen the man. When he didn't phone I called him up. He didn't answer, and I gave my name to the man who did answer. That man, or someone else, came to see me. He told me that Floyd had killed a man named Fraylor. Because I had telephoned Floyd he came to see me."

"What did you say to the man?" demanded Pell.

"I told him that Floyd had rung me up this afternoon to ask me to luncheon some day soon. He forgot to insist on my telling him why I had telephoned Floyd later. I almost fainted, and he seemed convinced that I knew nothing about the matter. At least I thought that he was convinced, but I'm not so sure now."

"Why not?" asked Pell.

"Because he was too easily persuaded. Also, he told me not to avoid reporters, and to be frank with them. I don't know why—I'm suspicious."

PELL'S forehead wrinkled.

"Too bad you ever telephoned. However, that doesn't matter now. If Bennings keeps your name out of it, no harm has been done."

"But my name *can't* be kept out," said Johnny.

"Why not?" demanded Pell.

"The police will have to be given some reason for what happened. One can't kill a man in one's own office and offer no reason."

"Thousands of reasons!" said Pell. "Bennings' lawyer has probably suggested twenty-five to him by now."

"But suppose the police won't accept them?" Johnny wailed.

Pell's big hand gripped both her wrists. "No hysteria," he said threateningly. "I'll find out who is Bennings' lawyer."

"What good will that do?" she asked.

He stared at her in surprise. "We will figure out a way—if Fraylor was the man who telephoned Jimmy—to keep your name out of it."

"You've said that before," said Johnny. "But while you're figuring that out Floyd will be in jail."

Pell shrugged. "That can't be helped."

"But it must be helped," insisted Johnny, "If I go to the police and tell them that it was because of me Floyd killed the man—"

Pell interrupted her: "If you didn't want my advice, why did you send for me?"

Johnny shrugged hopelessly. "Don't be cross with me, Murt."

"I'm not. I want to help."

"Whom? Me or Floyd?" she demanded.

He colored furiously. "You, of course," he declared.

"But it isn't help for myself that I want," she told him.

"Then why on earth did you send for me?"

There was no trace of the pathetic about him now. He was frankly angry.

"Can you think of any reason why I should be anxious to help Bennings? You ask a lot of a man, Johnny."

"I don't ask a thing. At least I don't mean to. I only—I *had* to talk to someone. And I thought that you—"

She paused again. The situation was too incredible, too bizarre.

"You thought *what* about me? You tear down the castle in the air that I've built. You tell me—oh, I've had time to think it over—that you love me and that you'll marry me. And in the same instant, almost, you go to Bennings. And today you tell me all about it. I'm willing, because I don't see how I can live without you, to ignore the matter. But, by God, it's asking too much when you want me to help Bennings!"

*JOHNNY waited until the woman had left the room before she took up the folded newspaper by her plate.*

"So because he was chivalrous enough to kill a man in my protection—"

"Don't talk chivalry about Bennings," he cut her short. "And don't ask me to be chivalrous toward him. Chivalry? Why, you don't even know who this man Fraylor was. You're assuming a lot."

"I merely assumed that you'd be gentle with me," she reproached him.

"Gentle? I couldn't be anything but that, Johnny. But I'm up in the air. I don't know what to do yet. You can't decide a matter like this offhand. But as for your going to the police—that's the one thing that mustn't be done. Not yet, anyway. Not until Bennings sends for you."

"He'd never do that," she stated.

"I hope not. We mustn't think of that. I don't know but that the best thing for you to do is to get out of the city, out of the country, right away."

"And let Floyd meet the affair alone?" Her voice was unbelieving, as though she doubted that she had heard correctly.

"Well, you can't do him any good, and you can do yourself terrible harm."

"How?" she inquired.

He stared at her. "Don't you understand what a clever lawyer could do if he got you on the stand? You'd have to admit—everything."

"And that, of course, would mean the end of everything, wouldn't it?" she asked dully.

"For me," he corrected her. "Johnny, let's be honest. I love you, and this afternoon I thought that nothing else mattered. Funny, how a man's views will change. If anyone had told me that I could continue loving a girl who—well, I can, and I do. And all you said this afternoon about how I might feel later on—that trick of pretending to call Bennings up—those things don't matter. But a man has to think of more than himself, of more than the girl he loves, when he marries. There's his family; there're the children he may have. There are some things that are more important than love. Reputation is one of them. You get mixed up in this case and—I ask you, Johnny, would you expect me to marry you?"

ODDLY enough, now that he was cold-bloodedly analyzing the situation, and was letting his mind and not his heart discuss the problem of marriage, Johnny respected him more than she had earlier today, when he had been ready to marry her at once.

"Expect you to marry me? I've told you that I never would marry you, Murt, because I love you too much. Please let's not think of ourselves as a man and a woman. Let's think of us as two friends, one of whom is in trouble. Can't you, the friend, help me, the friend, without thought of marriage?"

"But I'm trying to help you," he declared.

She shook her head. "You're trying to help me with reference to yourself, with reference to the possibility of marriage with me. Everything you do for me will be colored, will be hampered, by the fact that you insist on continuing to think of marrying me. Murt, don't think of me as Johnny Century. Think of me as the mistress of Floyd Bennings."

"Don't talk that way," he said thickly.

"I must talk that way. Otherwise you'll be trying to help Johnny Century instead of Floyd Bennings. You know"—and she smiled wanly—"you could be a friend to another man's mistress. You could advise her what to do to help that other man. Unless I was absolutely ready to go to any lengths to help Floyd, you'd despise me. So—what shall I do?"

He had met several different Johnny Centurys since last Saturday night, when she had yielded to his embrace and accepted him. But now he felt that he was becoming acquainted with the real Johnny Century. He felt a stubborn force in her that compelled a greater respect than any he had known for her hitherto.

"Johnny, if there's anything that can be done I'll do it, and if it is necessary for you to become involved in the case I'll not lie to you about it. I'll find out who are Bennings' lawyers, and see them."

His manner was suddenly brisk and business-

like. Somehow she had managed to banish the personal from their conversation at the very end. She thought she had at last killed the last trace of Pell's desire to marry her, and the thought made her miserable and glad. Glad for him and miserable for herself.

II

IT was hard waiting to hear from Murtaugh, but it was even harder after he had called her up. For he was able to tell her only that Floyd's own firm, Gildroy & Grant, was temporarily representing him. Murtaugh promised that he would see one or the other of these men in the morning, but said it was impossible to get in touch with them tonight. It had been hard waiting for this meager message, but it was harder still after she had received it. She had never felt so completely alone in her life.

When she had yielded to an impulse whose genesis lay somewhere back in Eden, she had set in motion a train of events that would never become still. The first kiss that she had given Floyd had been the signal for Fraylor's death. Thus she was responsible for the taking of a human life.

The night was as sultry as the day had been. She hardly touched the dinner prepared for her and went back to her bedroom. In every possible way she tried to banish thought, but the mind wanders where it lists, and this mind of hers insisted on traveling around and around recent events. But finally, at what hour she did not know, her mind wore itself out with futile speculation and she slept.

Her maid brought in the morning tray at the customary hour of 8 o'clock, and Johnny waited until the woman had left the room before she took up the folded newspaper by her plate. There it was, spread in huge type across the front page. For a moment her eyes refused to focus. She drank some black coffee, spilling drops upon her pajamas, so unsteady was her hand. But at length she managed to control herself, was able to read and digest the newspaper story. It was long, running into several columns, but said nothing that the man from headquarters had not told her yesterday.

Floyd Bennings, member of a distinguished New York family, had shot a man in his private office on the fourteenth floor of the Imperial Trust Building. The slayer had refused to make any statement whatsoever to the police. He was represented by the firm in which he was a lesser partner. An office boy, who also attended to the telephone switchboard, stated that he had ushered the man into Bennings' office; that fifteen minutes later there had been the sound of a shot, following which Bennings had emerged from his office and told the boy to telephone for the police.

Stenographers added minor details, and examination of the man's body had disclosed papers that identified him, and that revealed the fact that he lived in New Danite, Connecticut. A brief dispatch from that New England village said that Fraylor had been arrested several times on charges of bootlegging, and that he was what was generally known as a bad character.

There were columns of speculation as to the motive for the crime. There was also a statement from the district attorney to the effect that murder was becoming altogether too common in New York, and that Bennings' money and social position would not save him.

Johnny had hardly ceased reading the account when her telephone rang. It was Renée Parsons, and that young matron did not lisp childishly this morning.

"Isn't it *dreadful* about Floyd Bennings?" were her first words.

Johnny agreed that it was.

"I knew he was eccentric and all that, but nearly everyone is eccentric nowadays," said Renée.

Johnny agreed to this also, and Renée, in a fervor to discuss the matter with a dozen other friends, soon hung up.

Johnny sighed with relief. Thus far, at least, Jimmy Parsons had not told his wife of the telephone call that had linked her with Floyd. How long, in the face of this affair, Jimmy would preserve such discretion could not be known.

*"YOU can't decide a matter like this offhand. But as for your going to the police — that's the one thing that mustn't be done."*

Johnny was just finishing her bath when Elenor Doyle called. She received the younger girl as soon as she had hastily dressed. Elenor had come, of course, to discuss the tragedy.

"It's just too excitingly dreadful, isn't it?" she cried.

Johnny shuddered. "It's too horrible."

"To talk about? Or just to talk about with me?" asked Elenor.

"I'd rather talk about it with you than anyone else, I think," said Johnny.

THE girl nodded appreciation of the remark. "You know," she said naively, "I was afraid you weren't going to like me—that my fresh way hadn't made any hit with you. At that, it's fresh of me to run over this morning. But reading the paper, and having had so much talk about Floyd Bennings with you, I thought you wouldn't mind."

"I don't," Johnny told her.

Round-eyed, Elenor stared at her. "Have you any idea what it is all about?"

An impulse toward unburdening herself of her secret swept over Johnny. But she resisted it. This bright, pert-faced girl had formed for her one of those quick attachments which girls in their teens are wont to form for women a trifle older. The fact that Elenor knew something about Johnny made her feel important and had resulted in quickening the friendship. But this was an occasion when silence was golden. There was no sense, for the sake of that momentary ease which confession brings, in being too reliant upon the discretion of another person.

"No, I haven't," Johnny fibbed.

"Well, I have," said Elenor.

Johnny looked at her in amazement. She felt a queer sick sensation in the pit of her stomach. She felt clairvoyant, as though she knew in advance what Elenor was going to say.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You know, last Saturday night, when we had that little collision and I recognized you?"

Johnny nodded. The younger girl went on:

"Well, as you started off, a touring car came down the road and followed you. My boy friend recognized the man who was driving. He said he was a bootlegger named Fraylor. I didn't think anything of it at the time. But now—" She hesitated. "Well, the minute I read the paper this morning I began putting two and two together."

"What did it add up to?" asked Johnny. Into her voice crept a shade of coolness.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[COME TO MY HOUSE
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

Elenor moved uneasily. "I hope you won't think that I am getting fresh again. But it added up to this: if Fraylor had followed you home to the Parsons house, and had known that you were at Floyd's—" She colored. "I guess I'm just nasty-minded," she finished.

Johnny shook her head. "Not at all. If you could think that perhaps the man was blackmailing Floyd, other people might think the same thing."

"You're not angry with me for mentioning the matter? You see"—and Elenor's voice was anxious—"I wanted you to know that if anything did come out, I'd keep my mouth closed."

"That's decent of you," said Johnny. "But things always do come out somehow, don't they?"

Elenor's voice fell to a whisper. "Was I right?"

Caution had ruled Johnny up till now, but the urge to confidence was irresistible. "I'm afraid you were," she admitted.

"You poor darling!" exclaimed Elenor. "But Floyd Bennings won't ever say a word."

"If he doesn't, then I'll have to," declared Johnny.

ELENOR lighted a cigarette. The action somehow made Johnny think of a sparrow donning a silk hat. Young girls smoked, of course. She herself had consumed many cigarettes when she was younger than Elenor's present age. But the smoking tube lent a jaunty sophistication that seemed to overburden the slim young girl.

"I don't get you at all," said Elenor. "I don't know how far you went with Floyd, and I don't mean to be fresh again when I talk this way. But you need advice. You got all fussed up Sunday when I mentioned having seen your car parked outside Floyd's house. I said to myself then that you weren't the girl to do any stepping out, because you're so darned innocent. It wouldn't matter a hoot what you did: you'd be just a nice innocent thing all the time. So, when I read the paper this morning and began doing my little stunt in addition, I told myself that if ever I had a duty in my life, it was to come over and tell you to take that conscience of yours and toss it out of the window."

She raised her hand and gesticulated violently with it, stopping Johnny's attempted interruption.

"Since time began," the young girl went on, "every time a girl gets in trouble she's the one who does the suffering, who gets the blame. The woman always tempts the man. But here's a time when the man has got himself into a jam that isn't the woman's fault. All you have to do to make yourself the center of a whirlpool of muck is to mix up in this affair. You didn't tell Floyd Bennings to kill this man. You'd have thought—any woman would have thought—of a dozen ways to silence Fraylor. But a man is always impetuous and damn-foolish. Men always, in defense of a lady's honor, do something to advertise her shame. And what I'm driving at is that you ought to keep strictly out of this affair. You can't afford to let people know that you had any concern whatsoever in it."

She ended her outburst by throwing her cigarette violently into the fireplace and immediately lighting another. Flushed, she looked at Johnny.

Johnny smiled at her. "And suppose Floyd goes to trial? What then?"

"Let him get out the best way he can," advised Elenor.

Johnny shook her head. "You don't mean that."

To her surprise the hard expression on Elenor's face dissolved. Tears stood in the younger girl's eyes.

"Of course I don't; but I hoped you'd think I did. You see—I marked that baby down for *me*."

"What on earth do you mean?" demanded Johnny.

"Just what I say. I fell for Floyd Bennings harder than you ever did, and I don't care how hard you fell. That's why I've talked so much about him to you. Fact is, that young man could go to the electric chair for killing Fraylor, and I'd marry him at the door of the lethal chamber. That is, if he'd have me. And that's why, being crazy to run to the police and tell them that I guessed you were mixed up in the matter, I came over here to persuade you to keep quiet. I wanted to do the decent thing and knew that if I persuaded you to keep out of the mess, I'd be square enough to keep quiet. It isn't you I've been arguing with. It's myself."

Johnny seemed to remember that Renée or Jimmy Parsons had chaffed Elenor about Floyd's abrupt departure after dinner Saturday night. Also, she remembered that Elenor had hummed some defiant impromptu tune to the effect that she'd get the young man yet. What a strange world it was, and how absolutely incomprehensible one generation was to the other. And in these swift-moving times, generations were not separated by thirty years; thirty months seemed to divide one generation from another. The amazing attitude of Elenor, however, could not be assigned exclusively to any generation. It belonged to the girl herself.

"You're a good sport, Elenor," said Johnny.

The younger girl smiled wanly. "I'm not so darned sure of that. I've had to argue myself into a frame of mind where I wouldn't run right off and blab all that I know. But it's all off my chest now. And now I do mean what I didn't mean a while ago. You keep out of this."

But the more Johnny thought about it, after Elenor had departed, the less able to keep out of it she felt. For the early afternoon editions of the newspapers elaborated on the morning accounts of the tragedy. Self-defense would be, the reporters suggested, the defense. But they also stated that the police were investigating a feminine angle to the affair. The newspapers gave no hint as to what was meant by the feminine angle, but a guilty conscience needs no accuser.

Now that the papers had actually printed the word "woman" in connection with the murder, it hardly needed the addition of Johnny's name to add to her sense of degradation. It was so slimy to remain hidden in her apartment. It would be a relief to shorten the newspapers' period of investigation by calling them up on the telephone and stating that she was the woman in the case.

The woman in the case! How many times had she read of soiled doves who had been, like herself, the women in the case. With what contemptuous indifference she had glanced at the headlines, and wondered from what sphere of life sprang these women foreordained to come to blossom only in mire. One always thought of persons who figured in newspaper scandals as being of some strange breed.

But people, after all, were people. One could hold oneself aloof from the mob, and yet be bone and flesh of the mob. And suddenly she became conscious of the fact that she was glad at finding herself as frail, as human, as those whom she had been wont to term ordinary and common. Damn it, she had courage. She wasn't afraid to face the mob, to be covered with its slime, if obligations demanded the sacrifice.

HER face, when Murtaugh Pell called upon her, should have been a lesson in cheerful courage to him. For his features were more haggard even than yesterday.

"Rotten news for you, Johnny," he opened abruptly. "Friend of mine, Dana Blair, lunching with me today, told me that his paper—he owns the *Moon*—had a straight tip from Fraylor's family in New Danite to the effect that a girl was mixed up in the case. They didn't know the name of the girl, but they did know the license number of her automobile. *Moon* reporters are looking up the license number now. They'll get your name and you can't possibly avoid being mentioned in the papers. In fact, in view of what that detective told you yesterday, I'm surprised that the reporters of other papers haven't been to see you already. That may be because Bennings' partners managed to keep their employees from talking. But the fat is in the fire now. Johnny, a girl alone can't weather the gale of scandal. With a man to protect her—with a husband—"

She leaned over and patted his hand. "You said last night that I was white. Well, you're the whitest man on earth. But it won't do."

He wrenched his hand away from her. "But don't you see," he pleaded, "that after this thing breaks, it will look as though I'm trying to protect you. But if you marry me now—"

She ignored his words. What a silly thing it was to be thinking of protecting reputations when a life was at stake. The road to wisdom is rough and arduous, but Johnny Century was taking it on high.

---

*Though clear-eyed courage guided Johnny, life was hurting her. Lawyers, reporters, and the strange ways of love brought her nearer to disaster. See next week's LIBERTY.*

**Watch for the issue of June 18, beginning the greatest war story ever published.**

**Two men--a game of draw poker--a girl at stake!**

One, a brawny giant, had performed a superhuman feat and claimed her as his prize. The other wanted her delicate beauty for the delight of millions—on the screen. Here is the gripping climax of a great short story, built around a dramatic struggle for an orchid girl of the hills.

BE SURE YOU DON'T MISS

Fate Fashioned Her

By EDWIN BALMER

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

# SANDY'S HIGH SILK HAT

*The Groom-to-Be Adds an Elite Touch to His Trousseau*

A Chapter of Fun in LIBERTY'S Popular Cover Continuity

## FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

*By* Leslie Thrasher

MRS. PERKINS, Sandy's landlady, puffed up the stairs with a letter in one hand and a mop in the other.

"Oh, Mr. Jenkins!" she sang out as she reached the landing. "Special delivery!"

Mrs. Perkins formerly sang in her church choir, and still retained her operatic powers. Sandy was paged frequently these days, and her challenging call always brought forth a row of inquiring heads from the doors on the second floor.

Packages came daily for the groom-to-be—C. O. D.—and the Scotch landlady planned to jump her rents to include maid service.

This morning, on the way to Sandy's door, she stopped to speak to Mrs. Bigelow in the second-floor-back, who lived with a husband, a canary, and three goldfish. Priding herself upon a maritime ancestry, she had named these pets Pinta, Nina, and Santa Maria.

"It won't be long now," Mrs. Perkins told her boarder. "The wedding's in July."

Mrs. Bigelow nodded her head before hurriedly closing the door. Although eager for more gossip she was not in a position to receive it at that moment. She had a mud pack on her face and was afraid conversation might ruin her facial treatment.

The landlady now knocked on Sandy's door with her mop handle. She jumped at his peppy "Come in!"

"It's a special," she said, "so I brought it right up."

Sandy held it up to the light. A check! His spirits rose to par.

"I'll miss you when you're married," Mrs. Perkins told him, running a finger over a picture called The Minister Comes for Tea to see if it needed dusting. "You've been so handy, especially when the pipes froze."

"Next week I'll pay my board through June," Sandy said.

"And remember how you found my earring in the vacuum-cleaner bag?" Mrs. Perkins reminisced.

At breakfast downtown, Sandy opened his letter. He found a check for sixty-five dollars with his father's card. "For wedding expenses," he read. Immediately he whipped out a little notebook and checked off the item: "Dress suit, (about) $65."

The largest item loomed formidably: "High silk hat, $15."

Admiring his new gray suit and red tie reflected in the one-arm restaurant mirror, he now stalked up the street.

"A high silk hat!" he announced importantly to the proprietor in the Men's London Shop on Main Street. "And how much are they?"

"Fifteen dollars," he was told. "What size?"

"Gosh," Sandy said under his breath, "the price of three new derbies!" Then aloud: "Seven and three-quarters."

The velvet-curtained showcase door slid open. A formal row of silk hats. And the groom-to-be gingerly set one upon his head.

High-Hat Sandy's first important step, which he *hoped* would lead him into the exciting seclusion of the town's best society!

(*To be continued next week*)

# Bright Sayings *of* Children

**LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

*'Twas Only a Thin Coating*

Six-year-old Billy came in for supper with a muddy face that needed scraping rather than mere washing. His father was appointed face-washer. Daddy was full of energy and haste. Billy was heard to say in an earnest tone:

"Be a little careful, Dad—my face is right behind that mud."—Mrs. E. W. Rettger, Ithaca, N. Y.

* * *

*Mary Turns the Tables*

Father went upstairs to stay with little Mary until she fell asleep. Mother, downstairs sewing, heard someone coming down the stairs. Thinking it was father returning, she looked up, and to her surprise saw Mary in her nightie, with her finger over her lips.

"'Sh, mother!" she whispered. "I got father to sleep."—Margaret M. Mulligan, New Bedford, Mass.

* * *

*Any Girl to an Abject Lover*

The little son of our new neighbor likes to play with Joyce so well that he comes over right after breakfast and stays all day. One morning when Joyce went out he was sitting on the steps waiting.

"Why don't you ever stay home," asked Joyce, "and give me a chance to get lonesome for you?"—H. R. Boswell, Statesboro, Ga.

Watch for the issue of June 18, beginning the greatest war story ever published.

# *Avoid Crinkling of Shoulder Straps This Simple Way*

TO RESTORE the newness and freshness to all your lingerie—to overcome the disagreeable stretching and crinkling of shoulder straps—try this startling new method of laundering.

Silk vests and bloomers keep their "body", georgettes stay crisp—do not become stringy—shoulder straps do not crinkle—laces remain fresh and lovely—wash silk and crepe de chine garments stay like new.

* * *

AFTER careful, gentle washing with a mild soap, rinse in tepid water until water is clear—then wring. Dip in LINIT Solution (directions follow). Wring Linited garments dry as possible. Shake, roll tight in a clean cloth, each one separately if large, or several small ones together. Let stand fifteen minutes and iron on the wrong side, coaxing out the laces to hold their shape.

*To prepare* LINIT *for lingerie,* dissolve a level teaspoonful of LINIT in half cup cold water, add to three and a half cups hot water—not boiling. This will LINIT a nightgown, step-in, and a brassiere. LINIT merges with the fabric, so little is needed, and it leaves the finish smooth and pliable. LINIT *prevents soil from penetrating the fabric.* Linited lingerie wears longer and perspiration stains are easily washed from Linited garments.

IMPORTANT: Should you experience any difficulty in procuring LINIT, please use the coupon. Being a comparatively new product, LINIT is not as yet widely distributed.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
Dept. L.5 17 Battery Place, New York City

I am enclosing $_____c. (enclose 10 cents for each package of LINIT desired). Please send me postpaid_____packages of LINIT.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

TOWN_____

STATE_____

# One Outfit for TOWN and COUNTRY

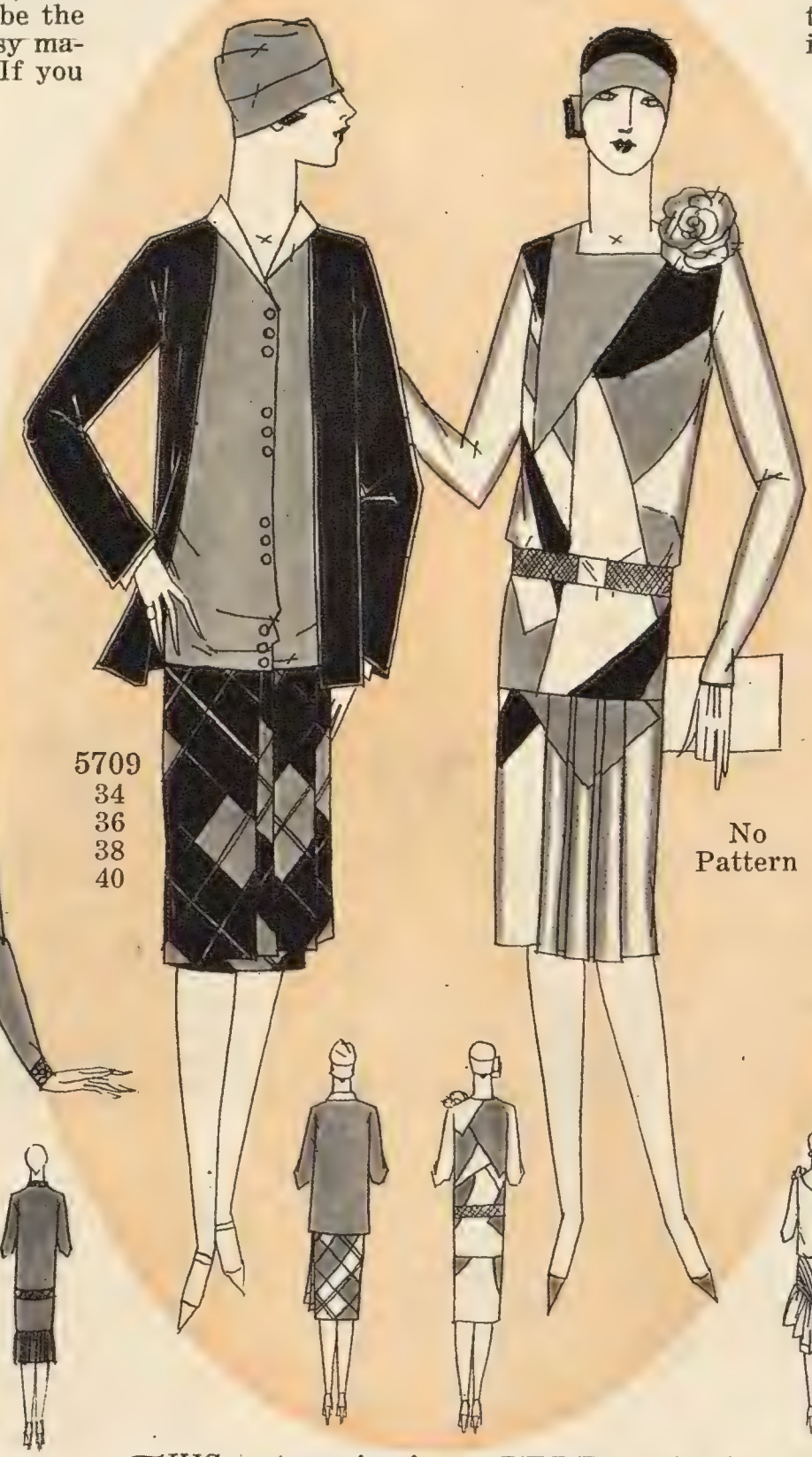
By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THE time of year is approaching when one must remember to warn all well dressed women not to be seen on the streets of the city without a wrap. Parisian women are always most punctilious about wearing a wrap; but this year even Mrs. Grundy, who usually has so little to say about Paris fashions, will insist that they do. For it has got to be the fashion to wear dresses of slinky, slimpsy materials without petticoats under them. If you won't wear anything beneath them, you must therefore put on something over them when going out into the sun. And so this makes the summer coat more fashionable than ever. Therefore the American woman simply must have one, whether she adheres to the fashion for transparent dress materials or not. The most popular outline for this summer rag of a wrap is the redingote, with its floating outline, lined or unlined, as one prefers.

Some time ago we predicted the redingote as a serious wrap carrying a little warmth with it. For all those who could afford two, it would not come amiss to have, first, such a wrap, say of flowered mousseline or crepe de Chine, whose filmy, drifting outline would go unlined; and, secondly, another made of a double layer of kasha or crepe de Chine. That is to say, for one carrying a slight protective warmth with it, there could be the outside of the wrap, reinforced with a lining exactly like it in weight, color, and design. Such coats should be collarless and reverless, with only stitching, or perhaps banding of the material, to border the neck and the lines down the front.

Indeed, the novelty of the season is the use of bands. From simple jumpers to crepe de Chine afternoon costumes, everything has them. Seams, as we know, constitute another of the features, and one of the most striking uses of them is to cut out the material into blocks, as it were, and sew these pieces together again, with the seams showing definitely, the net result being a costume that looks as if it were meant to camouflage the wearer as a protection—from what? Too much admiration, perhaps.

The young woman on the right in the circle illustrates what we are talking about. She is wearing a cubist frock in three tones of rose-beige crepe satin, with a belt of gold made like chain mail, and a muslin flower on her shoulder. Her costume carries another fashion note of the season in its use of crepe satin, with its well known shiny side and its no less known dull side, the latter of which is usually employed for trimming.



5709
34
36
38
40

No Pattern

5711
34 36
38 40
42

*A BLUE crepe dress with fringes and tassels and a snakeskin belt.*

*THIS costume is of woolen voile in black and black-and-yellow plaid.*

*CREPE satin in rose beige in three tones made this cubist frock.*

5710
16
18
20

*SMART touches are seen in this dance frock of apricot mousseline de soie.*

BY this token, getting up one's wardrobe has become more simple. Get together a few dresses not too elaborate for before six in the evening, and as elaborate as you like for later. That is about all there is to the gentle art of dressing well in the summer of 1927. For outline, take, perhaps, the coat-dress or something with a bolero. Hike your waistline up high, and your skirt still higher, proportionately speaking, and you are all set for anything from morning shopping to afternoon teaing, from riding out in the country to sitting on the country-club porch after you get there.

But, after all, those two outlines would be for people whose path lay primarily in the city. The illustration of model 5709 is perfect for both town and country, with its black jacket and its skirt in shades of yellow plaid blocked between patches of black. The model shows a blouse of yellow with a white collar and cuffs, the entire costume being in woolen voile.

The dress illustrated in model 5710 is perfect for summer evenings in either town or country. Its skirt shows tucking in its most intricate design as practiced today. Ruffles are popular for decorations and here is one in graceful outline. A bolero shows at the front of the bodice and a blouse at the back. Apricot mousseline de soie is the material from which the frock is made. This is one of the most popular of the colors for sports clothes as well as those for evening.

As for other fashion items, the silhouette remains "fine," as a Frenchman describes it, or clearly defined, as we should say, with as little to encumber it or take away from its simple lines as possible. The strictly tailored suit will dominate the French mode for some time. As a runner-up to it in popularity is the three-piece costume, but not with the parts of it matched.

Time was when this form of get-up was considered appropriate only for driving one's automobile or one's golf ball. Then it became popular as an outline for street wear. With the silhouette, the city wardrobe took over the sports materials also from which this type of costume was made. Thus, on the streets of Paris itself one sees three-piece suits of jersey kasha. Crepe de Chine was formerly a city material, which at the same time was lifted by the couturiers for sports use in the country. In other words, the time has at last come when one can scarcely differentiate between clothes for town and clothes for the country.

SPECIAL PATTERNS

by May Manton

**Order Mary Brush Williams' Designs**

*by marking a circle, on picture, around the number, and another circle around the size, of each pattern wanted.*

*Tear out and inclose entire picture with 25 cents for each number. Send with your full address to:*

LIBERTY MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, P. O. Box 418, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The true story of the Ace of Aces, with the official records of his many killings, begins in LIBERTY, June 18.

# An American Deb Goes Shopping

By Bettina Bedwell

*Paris, May 1.*

FASHIONS are afloat in Paris. It is the high tide of the mode, for Society—the capital-S kind, composed of the invincible Four Hundred—is back in town, and the air of the evening is all a-flutter, both actually and figuratively. The ragglety-taggle ends of chic are no longer something to avoid, but rather the heart, core, and center of the Paris fashions.

This is literal—I am speaking about the rags and tags of lace and chiffon that distinguish the smartest frocks worn by the highest of the *haut monde*. Never have I seen so many dripping, fluttering, waving panels and ruffles of lace and mousseline as at present appear when a group of fashionable Parisiennes get together after sundown.

The *grands couturiers* who create these vaporous costumes, which haven't too much bulk to go comfortably into an ordinary envelope, don't worry about hemming and reinforcing the lace or chiffon draperies that characterize their smartest evening clothes. It is more chic just to whack them off with the scissors, or let the selvage replace the hem. Anything to get the ultimate ethereal, angelic effect—and there is something earthly and bulky about hems, even hand-sewn.

I have been shopping this past week with the daughter of a Chicago multimillionaire whose indulgent papa provides a bottomless purse, and our sketches here are chosen from her new Paris wardrobe. They demonstrate visually the best qualities of the floating element of summer Paris fashions, and show with equally fine clarity the ease with which this chic may be acquired by less opulent but not less discriminating ladies.

Who couldn't aspire to the simple velveteen cape shown in our center sketch? And yet, it is the creation of one of the greatest of all great Paris dressmakers—Madeleine Vionnet. The only trouble about it is that it is so unpretentious that any less a person than a girl who has everything might not think it sufficiently opulent in appearance.

That's just the point. It is unalterably *right* as it is, made of cotton—not silk—velvet, and trimmed with nothing more brilliant than silk military braid, which binds all of the edges. This cape, which my friend is going to wear to fashionable evening parties this summer, is made of dark brown velveteen and lined with the same colored crepe de Chine. It is circular, with diagonal seams—or darts in front of the shoulders—and a small standing collar that is like the calyx of a flower—the neck and head being the blossom.

This cape may be worn with a number of different frocks, and in this case it was chosen particularly to wear with the plaid chiffon dress with which it is shown, a Molyneux model. This dress has the unhemmed pointed panels that are so fashionable, beginning above the waistline and extending below the hemline to increase the floaty effect. A narrow belt of self material ties in a bow at the center front, and bishop sleeves are tied with similar small bows.

The cape will also be worn with the lace evening gown shown at its right, one of Chanel's newest and most beautiful creations. Think of all the colors that are fashionable, and pick out the least spectacular—beige. It is the color of this lace frock that is made over a slip of beige crepe de Chine. Bands of lace hemstitched together make the long straight waist, and three circular ruffles form the skirt. There is a tailored belt made of lace, with a rhinestone buckle, and a beige-and-brown chiffon flower is worn on the shoulder. This, with the Vionnet velveteen cape, is the true million-dollar chic, accessible to any girl with fashion sense.

When a color is to be chosen for evening, the first choice of Paris is yellow, and if the material is chiffon so much the better. The more the frock looks like a golden cloud, the smarter it is. The Dollar Princess from Chicago has, naturally, a new yellow chiffon gown for summer, and it is pictured in our first sketch. All chiffon. Not a pinpoint of trimming except narrow hand-run tucks.

ALL of the chic and the beauty of this model are in its lines and fluttering movement. The blouse is straight, with round piped neckline and sleeve lines. The skirt is also straight with side panels topped by upcurving rows of tucks that end in waterfall draperies in front and back. There is a scarf in back, fastened under two huge yellow poppies, also made of chiffon, and very limp and soft. These are the most fashionable of evening flowers, and are always worn at the back. This dress is to be worn with the cape shown in our fourth sketch—a cape that reminds one of the dolman because it is draped under the arms and has a snug lower portion.

Golden-yellow crepe de Chine makes this cape, and small flowers are embroidered all over it in tiny gold beads. The opening is banded with four rows of narrow golden braid, and the cape is lined with chiffon. Both cape and dress are from Molyneux.

*YELLOW is a fashionable color for evening. This yellow chiffon frock is from Molyneux.*

*MOLYNEUX embroidered this yellow Crepe de Chine cape with gold beads.*

*TO wear under the brown velveteen cape, this Chanel frock of beige lace is smart for evenings.*

*A LOVELY summer evening wrap is this brown velveteen cape by Vionnet. Worn with a plaid chiffon frock.*

**Watch for the issue of June 18, beginning the greatest war story ever published.**

# CANDY

## Take home a box of candy for SUNDAY

THERE'S always a happy welcome when "Father's bringing home candy!" This time, take them pure, wholesome Homemaid Assorted Chocolates. Delicious nuts, fruits, caramels, creams and many other chocolate-covered dainties. The 2½ pound Family Package costs you only 99 cents. Sold only at Rexall Stores.

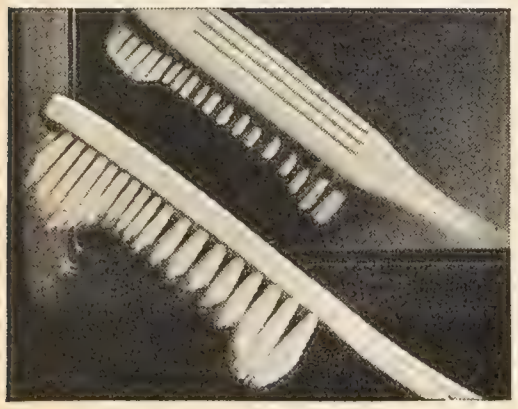
SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your*

**Rexall** Drug Store

The Rexall Store — United Drug Company

You will recognize it by this sign
Liggett's are also Rexall stores





## Firm · Live · Quick-drying

*DON'T take chances with an oversoft tooth brush!* Damp, "dead" bristles fail to clean between your teeth. Fail to stimulate and strengthen your gums.

The new Pebeco Tooth Brush—*ventilated*—dries overnight. Use it twice a day—you'll find it always firm and "live." And see how its *two tufts* reach every part of your teeth. All druggists.

Made only by Pebeco, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

PEBECO
VENTILATED
*Tooth Brush*



**ASK YOUR BARBER**

**FOR LUCKY TIGER**
Stops dandruff and falling hair; or Whyte-Fox for pimples and skin disorders. Money-Back Guarantee. At barbers and druggists. Write for Free booklet.
**LUCKY TIGER REMEDY CO.**
Kansas City, Missouri

**LIBERTY Auto Road 10¢ MAPS**

SAVE MILES WITH THIS

CLIP the coupon off the bottom of this ad and you will clip miles of trouble and worry off your auto trips. Liberty road maps have everything—distance, locations, conditions of the road.

Order by Number.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Alabama | 17. Mass., Conn., & R. I. | 33. S. Dakota |
| 2. Ariz. & N. Mex. | 18. Michigan | 34. Texas |
| 3. Arkansas | 19. Minnesota | 35. Utah |
| 4. Cal. & Nev. | 20. Mississippi | 36. Washington |
| 5. Colorado | 21. Missouri | 37. Wisconsin |
| 6. Florida | 22. Montana | 38. Wyoming |
| 7. Georgia | 23. Nebraska | 39. United States |
| 8. Idaho | 24. N.H.& Vt. | 40. New York & Vicinity |
| 9. Illinois | 25. New Jersey | 41. Chicago & Vicinity |
| 10. Indiana | 26. New York | 42. New England |
| 11. Iowa | 27. N. C. & S. C. | 43. Maritime Provinces |
| 12. Kansas | 28. N. Dakota | 44. Ontario |
| 13. Ky. & Tenn. | 29. Ohio | 45. Montreal & Quebec |
| 14. Louisiana | 30. Oklahoma | |
| 15. Maine | 31. Oregon | |
| 16. Md. Del., Va., & W. Va. | 32. Pennsylvania | |

46. Eastern Atlas - 35c.
47. Western Atlas - 35c.

AUTO DEPT., LIBERTY
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
Enclosed find $..... Please send
Road Maps Nos..... @ 10c each
and Atlas Nos..... @ 35c each

Name.....

St. and No.....

City..... State.....
5-28-27



**TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT**

World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—prices smashed to almost half.

**$2 and it's yours**

Free Trial

All late models, completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. GUARANTEED for ten YEARS. Send no money—big FREE catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10-day free trial offer. *Limited time, so write today.*
International Typewriter Exch., 188 W. Lake St., Dept. 589, Chicago


# Twenty Questions

## How Much Do You Know?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—How tall was Goliath?

2—Why do most English-made cars have the steering equipment and controls on the right side?

3—What South American country banned radio sets because they kept persons from working?

4—How did the expression "charleyhorse" originate?

5—When was the Liberty Bell broken?

6—When was the first Sunday school held?

7—What gas will ripen green fruit in a few hours?

8—When were Presidential candidates first nominated by national convention?

9—What two State capitals are farthest apart?

10—What should one do after touching poison ivy?

11—What is the deepest lake in the world?

12—What other countries have bone-dry prohibition acts similar to the Eighteenth Amendment?

13—Has Switzerland a navy?

14—Who made famous the remark, "Don't give up the ship"?

15—How much desert area is there in the world?

16—What State has the highest divorce rate? The lowest?

17—What nation has the greatest population?

18—What foreign commonwealth has a new capital city patterned closely upon Washington, D. C.?

19—Where in North America is there a pyramid comparable with the pyramids of Egypt?

20—What is the origin of the term "dog days"?

## See Answers in Next Week's Issue

### *Here are last week's questions answered:*

1—Who were the twelve Apostles?

A.—Andrew, Bartholomew, James (son of Alphæus), James (son of Zebedee), John, Judas Iscariot, Matthew, Peter, Philip, Simon, Thaddeus, and Thomas. Matthias replaced Judas.

2—What is the most densely populated State? The sparsest?

A.—Rhode Island, with more than 500 persons to the square mile. Nevada, with .7 to the square mile. The District of Columbia has an average square-mile population of 7,292.9 persons.

3—Which size of income paid the largest proportion of the Federal Income Tax revenue last year?

A.—Incomes from $100,000 to $150,000, which paid $79,385,904 into the Treasury.

4—What is the chief cause of airplane accidents?

A.—Human errors. According to United States Army Air Service experts, 90 per cent of accidents are traceable to men, and only 10 per cent to mechanical defects.

5—Where did the "Pittsburgh stogie" get its name?

A.—In the days when freight was hauled over the Alleghenies by horses, the Conestoga wagon was famous. The freighters smoked thin cigars of native tobacco, which became known as Conestogas, which was abbreviated to stogie.

6—Why was the English sparrow brought to America?

A.—John Bardsley of Philadelphia imported the English sparrow prior to 1770 to kill insect pests and save crops. The bird became a pest in its new environment.

7—How many ships pass through the Panama Canal in a year?

A.—In 1926 the total was 5,197. In 1924, the busiest year since the canal was opened, the number was 5,230.

8—What two European nations have signed a treaty agreeing never to make war upon each other for any reason?

A.—Sweden and Belgium.

9—Who said: "I would rather be right than be President"?

A.—Henry Clay. The remark was made in 1840, when he lost the Whig nomination for the Presidency.

10—What was the longest item of news ever telegraphed to a newspaper?

A.—The entire New Testament as revised, which was sent from New York to the Chicago *Tribune* for May 22, 1882.

11—What Revolutionary general's grave could not be found when Congress wished to put a monument over it?

A.—General Nathanael Greene's.

12—How fast does a wild goose fly?

A.—In its migration it makes ninety miles an hour.

13—What American discovered the principle of the telegraph and built the first electric bell?

A.—Joseph Henry (1799-1878), working at Albany, New York, developed the electromagnet and discovered that electricity could be used at a distance. He made a bell in 1831 and sent electricity over a mile of copper wire, causing the bell to ring.

14—Who was the first Negro to hold a Federal office in the United States?

A.—Ebenezer Don Carlos Bassett, who was appointed Minister Resident and Consul General of the United States to Haiti by General Grant in 1869.

15—When and by whom was the first movie studio in Hollywood built?

A.—In 1912, by Horsley Brothers, in a barn on Sunset Boulevard, and the venture was financed with $2,500.

16—How long does the average American live?

A.—Life expectancy at birth is now 55.51 years, according to insurance statistics.

17—What big-league baseball manager disbanded his team because it won too many pennants?

A.—Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics. In 1914, after his team had won four American League pennants in five years and gate receipts began to drop off, he sold his veteran players and started to build a new team.

18—What nation leads the world in commercial aviation?

A.—Germany. The records of one German company during 1926 showed a greater volume of business than all companies in France, which is second.

19—How did the name Potter's Field originate?

A.—According to tradition, Judas' "blood money" was used to purchase a burying ground for the poor and friendless, and the property purchased was a barren field where the potters worked and which could not be cultivated.

20—Through what bodies of water must a traveler pass sailing from New York to San Francisco?

A.—The Atlantic Ocean, Gulf of Mexico, Caribbean Sea, Panama Canal, Gulf of Panama, and the Pacific Ocean.

---

**Eighty lives for one—the true and official record of one of the World War's greatest heroes. Beginning in LIBERTY, June 18.**

**The "A. B. C's" *of* Foot Comfort**

Shake Allen's Foot=Ease into your shoes each morning and walk all day in comfort. You feel fresher and tire less easily.

Take this lesson to heart—all you who are active and on your feet every day—who enjoy dancing, walking and sports. Allen's Foot=Ease, the Antiseptic, Healing powder for the feet, takes the friction from the shoes, soothes tender, tired, aching, smarting feet, absorbs perspiration, relieves calluses, corns and bunions, and saves your stockings.

For **Free** Sample and a Foot=Ease Walking Doll, address Allen's Foot=Ease, Le Roy, N. Y. *Sold at all drug and toilet goods counters.*

**ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE**

**ASTHMA**

**Standard Remedy**

For 58 years **Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthma Compound** has **successfully** and **quickly relieved** the distressing paroxysms of Asthma. Two sizes, $1 and 25c., also cigarettes (box of 24, 50c) at your druggist's or sent direct post paid for cash. **FREE TRIAL** box of 6 cigarettes with treatise on causes and treatment of Asthma, etc. sent on request.

**J. H. GUILD CO., Dept. 4, Rupert, Vt.**

***Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Pills (a Diuretic Stimulant for the Kidneys) 60c. for package of 72 pills.***

**If You Are A**

**MAN**

worthy of the name and not afraid to work, I'll bet you $50 that you can't work for us 30 days and earn less than $200. Think I'm bluffing? Then answer this ad and show me up. Openings for Managers. The "Wonder Box" sells on sight.

**TOM WALKER**

**DEPT. 30 · PITTSBURGH, PA.**

**Skin Ailments**

Rashes, chafing, prickly heat, poison ivy, bruises, cuts, quickly relieved by clean, antiseptic, healing ZEMO Liquid. At all druggists, 60c and $1.00.

**zemo**

FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

*Add Colorful Charm to Your Home with*

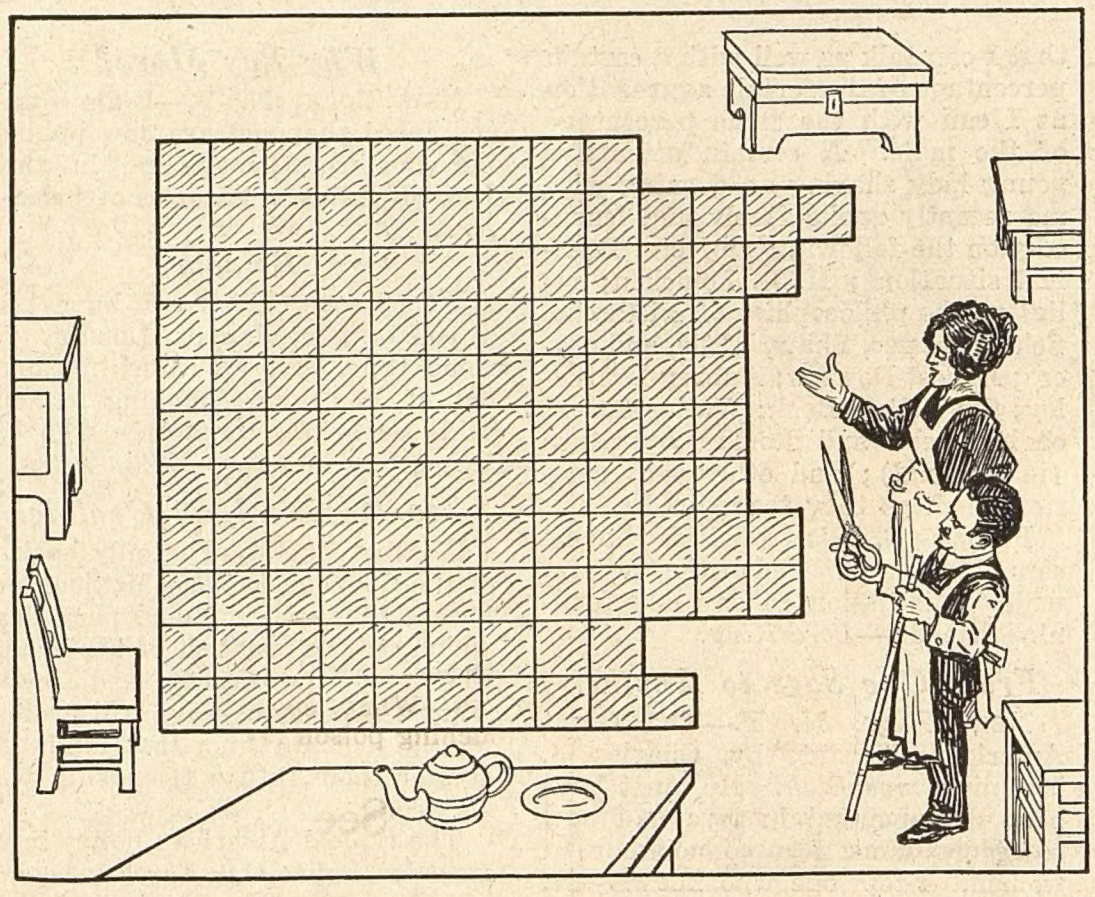
**UNDECORATED GREY IRON CASTINGS**

Easily colored with oil paints, liquid sealing wax, bronze, etc. Book Ends, Door Stops, Candlesticks, Andirons—nearly 200 designs in all. Our FREE Catalog, beautifully illustrated in colors, shows the rich decorative effects possible at small expense. Write for it today. Address Dept. L.

**ALBANY FOUNDRY CO., Albany, N. Y.**


# Wife *Shows* Up HUBBY *in Kitchen Economy*

## A SAM LOYD PUZZLE



### PAGE THE WIFE

MR. SIMPKINS and his wife were a thrifty pair. When their kitchen linoleum began to wear out, they trimmed away the tattered edges. Whereupon Simpkins stood back and said:

"Now, my dear, I will just cut off that little elbow at the top and tuck it in the bottom corner; cut off the lower two-square piece and tuck it into the top; then we will have a nice square, 11 by 11. Ain't I bright?"

"You think you are," said Mrs. Simpkins, "but just watch me."

Whereupon the lady turned to, and by cutting the linoleum in only 2 pieces instead of several, she fitted the pieces together and made the required 11 by 11 square.

"Never cut a remnant into more pieces than you have to," she said.

Let's see who can duplicate Mrs. Simpkins' clever feat of cutting that odd-shaped remnant into only 2 parts that will fit together to form a square 11 by 11.

Don't send your answer in. Hold it and compare it with the correct one, which will be published in next week's LIBERTY.

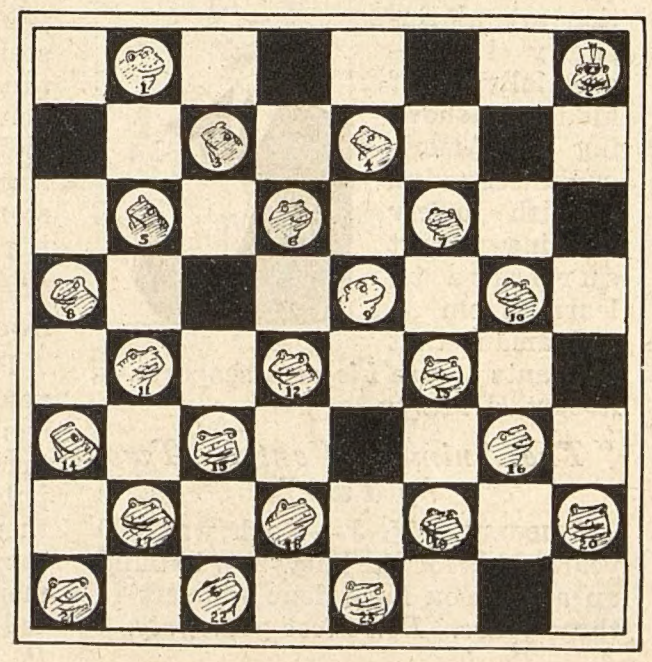
### Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

THE problem here was to place twenty-three checkers on a checkerboard. Then, by jumping one at a time, eliminate the least possible number necessary to leave an arrangement of men that the captain, stationed in the upper right-hand corner, can jump completely in one unbroken series of moves.

Answer: Captain Frog's men proceeded to jump according to directions in the following order:

Number 10 jumped over 13; 20 jumped 16; 4 jumped 6; 1 jumped 3; 8 jumped 5; 4 jumped 1; 9 jumped 7; 14 jumped 11; 15 jumped 12; 10 jumped 20; 21 jumped 17; 22 jumped 18, and 23 jumped 19. The captain, No. 2, then jumped the remaining nine men—Nos. 9, 4, 8, 14, 15, 10, 23, 22, and 21 in succession, and landed, the sole survivor, on the square originally occupied by No. 17.

Sam Loyd



# New Beauty For Your Hair

## *with Lemon Rinse*

A LEMON rinse gives you the beauty of thoroughly *clean* hair. No matter how well you wash your hair, or how many times you rinse it—only the addition of lemon juice to your rinse water will insure the thorough *cleansing* that means true hair beauty.

The natural, harmless mild fruit-acid of lemon juice cuts the curd formed by soap and water. All the natural beauty of color becomes apparent, and the hair has a vital, "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

Try this shampoo accessory the next time you wash your hair. Note for yourself the silky softness—the lustrous sheen.

First wash the hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—and rinse well to get out the free soap. Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water (about 4 quarts), and rinse thoroughly with this, following with rinse in plain water.

It will insure the full beauty of your hair—whether you wear it bobbed or long. One trial will convince you.

Get a dozen California lemons today and have them in the house the next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet —"Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," and learn other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Sec. 805, Box 530, Sta. "C,"
Los Angeles, California.

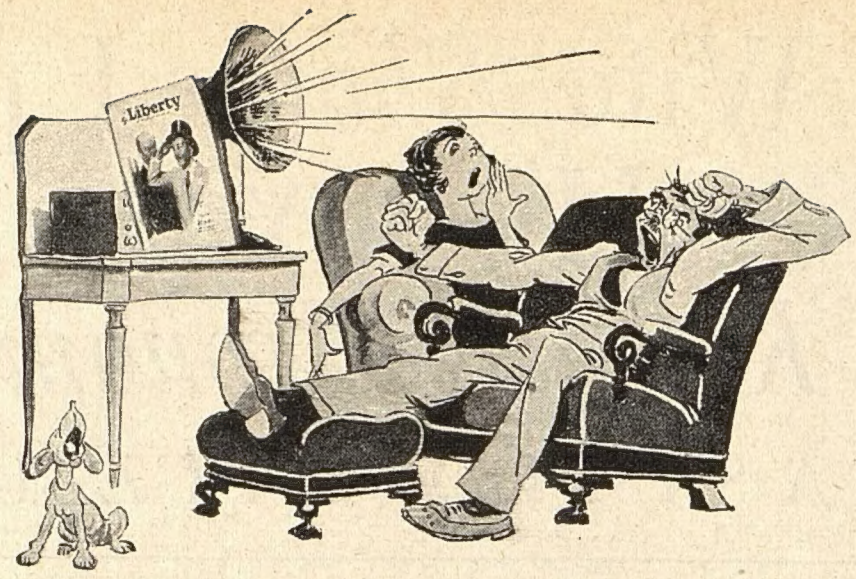
Please send me free booklet, "Lemon —the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

# Vox Pop




### *We Are Viewed with Alarm*

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.—One of your recent issues was a disgrace to the very ideals for which the name "Liberty" stands. I laugh up my sleeve! A scandal sheet!

Glance at this line-up in that issue:

Why Students Commit Suicide.

Our Fightin'est Fighter.

The Thrill of Divorce.

Bloody Williamson.

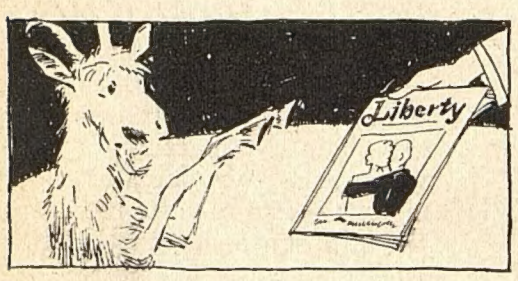
And this is a publication for "all the family."

A thoroughly good magazine gone to hell!—*A. D. W.*

### *Even the Goat Quits Us*

SUPERIOR, ARIZ.—My ma says your magazine is crazy and won't give it house room.

But my big sister Sadie thinks LIBERTY is just lovely. She ain't just




right. Ma dropped her on her head when she was young.

We got a goat, too, and it eats magazines and everything. It won't eat LIBERTY any more. You can't fool a goat all the time.—*Elsie Turner.*

### *Cream Puff*

GALVESTON, TEX.—For several months I have been under the impression that *Judge* and *Life* represent the cream of American humor. I have been sadly mistaken. LIBERTY takes the palm, due to its page, Vox Pop.—*Alan Van Anders.*

### *Both Rhyme and Reason*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

I have done my share of reading,
And I've spent my hard-earned cash
For a lot of fancy journals
Filled with literary trash.
So your LIBERTY astounds me,
With its wealth of sense and wit,
And, ye gods, it only costs me
Just a single measly jit.

—*Herb Hayworth.*

### *Wants Springs Eternal*

OMAHA, NEB.—The few criticizers in Vox Pop seem to have had their way in suppressing the wonderful stories by Elliott White Springs. Let's have more!—*Leo Stolba.*

### *Some Transpiration!*

PORTLAND, ORE.—A very small, blatant voice of one of the people, appearing under the initials, B. K., quotes science to prove that he can find no intellectual girl who will bother with him. He states: "When men wish to relax mentally they seek feminine companionship, but for really deep thinking and worthwhile discussion they must look to their own sex."

My personal experience has been that I can talk as well with a certain percentage of the female aggregation as I can with the same percentage of the male. A certain attractive young lady sharing an evening with me recently spoke freely and learnedly on the following subjects: Political situations; H. L. Mencken; religion; the philosophies of Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Shaw, Wells, and others; Ernest Dowson; Aubrey Beardsley; the Yellow Book; Walter Pater; early Greek and Roman literature (in original); and others—to mention them as they transpired.

Perhaps B. K.'s trouble is that he cannot keep up his end of the "worthwhile" discussion to suit his feminine friends.—*Lord King.*

### *From One Sage to Another*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The Great American Tyrant, by Charles J. McGuirk, was *Blah.* He must have been disappointed in love and now considers himself a connoisseur of women. From one who knows.—*M. Schwenker.*

### *Blasting a Romance*

SOUTH BEND, IND.—As a former rigger slinger I take exception to the authenticity of a story called The High Rigger, by Wallace Smith.

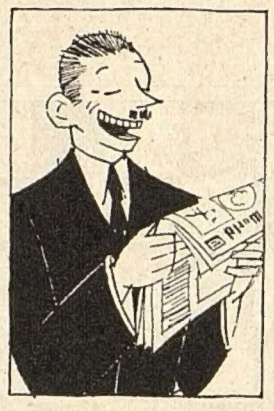
No rigger slinger is accorded any more privileges than any other man in camp.—*S. B. Joyce.*

### *A Cheer Leader*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—One thousand cheers to C. J. McGuirk for his article, The Great American Tyrant! As an unprejudiced observer, I found home life and domestic affairs far more successful in Europe than in America.—*K. Dusen.*

### *Those Peculiar Chinese*

MONROE, WIS.—Anyone who can't appreciate Ralph Barton's News of the World is sadly lacking in a sense of humor. His views of the Chinese situation are alarmingly true—especially one of his latest, showing an American officer and an English officer showing great surprise to learn from a Chinaman that he wants to use *his own* seaports.—*Robert F. Marty.*



### *"The Animals Went In, Two by Two"*

BRIDGETON, N. J.—Noah was 600 years old before he knew how to build an ark. You have done wonders in three years. *Don't lose your grip.*—*A. B. Borden.*

### *Why Pay More?*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am firmly convinced that you are now publishing the worst magazine in these United States, regardless of price.—*R. N. S.*

### *Balaam*

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I have been a constant reader of LIBERTY for some time, and get much pleasure out of Vox Pop—listening to some of those asinine creatures who call themselves humans.—*Billie Allen.*

### *He Doesn't Like Coolidge*

MARION, MASS.—The only backers of the Coolidge-Kellogg Mexican policy are a few unscrupulous periodicals which see the prospect of big money. The rest—the decent and broad-minded Americans—are still protesting against anything that might endanger their future friendship with Mexico.

The typical American policy in regard to Mexico thus far has been to overthrow any Mexican government which does not allow Washington to dictate to Mexico what her laws and her behavior shall be. For a long time, either the United States or Wall Street has financed civil revolutions in Mexico, in order to keep her in a chronic state of weakness, so that the United States may have a free hand in Mexico's natural resources.—*Rodolfo A. Guzman.*

### *Kiddy Kars for Kollege Kut-ups*

DALLAS, TEX.—Your editorial, Princeton on Roller Skates, was a knockout. College students are men and not babies, as the old fogies on the faculties think, and they do not need nourishing, either.

That rule of the various faculties which prevents the students from having automobiles at school is gross injustice of the worst kind.—*A Student.*

### *Back to Our Glorious Past!*

WINOOSKI, VT.—A few months ago your readers bought LIBERTY for the stories it contained. At present you are merely existing on the reputation you have built. If you desire to maintain your leadership, I would suggest that you resume your short stories and reduce your ever-increasing number of foolish articles.—*R. L. Marcotte.*

### *Secret: He Likes Money, Too*

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I believe that your editorials are the most American, most human and sincere writings to be found today in current publications. The man who writes them will surely be rewarded with something more satisfying than money. He speaks the mind of the red-blooded American of today.—*J. P. McCullough.*

### *Oh, Very Well*

WINNIPEG, MAN.—When will you fatuously egoistic creatures realize that Canada is Canada and will always *remain* Canada? In a Vox Pop letter headed He Doesn't Want Canada, Stuart V. Curnock asks this question: "Besides that, what do we want Canada for?"

Whether you want it or not, you'll *never get it.*—*G. M. Armstrong.*

### *Wait and See*

ATLANTA, GA.—Hope you are not kidding us about having Sid Sutherland go to Hollywood and write close-ups of some of the movie queens, as per Vox Pop suggestion of Mickey Finn. His habit of calling a spade a steam shovel should produce an article worth reading and then some. —*R. J. Vernon.*

### *They'd Have to Be Short*

DAYTON, OHIO.—I am a high-school boy. I read LIBERTY quite often, but I think that, with a little effort, a much better magazine could be made out of it by giving us a whole lot more *short stories.*—*E. C. D.*

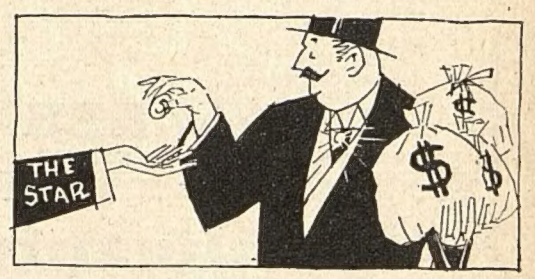
### *For Bigger Puzzles*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Will you be kind enough to give the following matter your careful consideration? Referring to the cross-word puzzles that appear in LIBERTY—has it ever occurred to you that these cross-words are done on trains—in odd moments of waiting—during journeys, and in the subway?

Can you not do your bit to help persons retain the use of their eyes as long as possible? Your puzzles are good—but they are too small, and the printing is small and indistinct. —*Elizabeth M. Hyatt.*

### *Our Starving Stars*

SEATTLE, WASH.—Your article, What For? was a dandy. A little




more stuff along this line will be interesting.

Most of the public is interested in knowing how much of the famous salaries that stars are reported to be receiving goes to them, and a few more articles will enlighten us as to just what is that. Give us some more.—*George L. Eder.*

### *Sweets from the Sweet*

CANTON, OHIO.—I have just finished reading LIBERTY and I find only two faults with it—and both of them are that the end of it comes too soon. —"*Sweet Fourteen.*"

**It is almost incredible, but every word of it is true and officially confirmed—this new story of the World War which LIBERTY will publish, beginning June 18.**

# NEW WURLITZER PIANOS

## bring a new decorative harmony to American homes

ANNOUNCEMENT of the beautiful new Wurlitzer Grand Pianos—the Clavichorde and the Spinette—marks an achievement which has long been the goal of builders of fine pianos.

For in the modern handling of the delightfully French design of these entirely new and different small pianos, complete freedom from any suggestion of the ungainly, the bizzare or the rococo has been attained. In smartness, in originality, in grace and simplicity of line, in distinctive craftsmanship, and in subtle reflection of Colonial atmosphere, these fine pianos mark another triumph of Wurlitzer artistry and genius for design. They, together with the new small Period Models, Upright and Player (shown at left), simplify the harmonious development of the high standards of interior decoration prevailing in American homes today.

And with their wondrous golden tone, deep and resonant, each of these beautiful instruments excels in performance, as in design. To see, to hear, to play one of them, is to want a—WURLITZER.

*Visit your nearest Wurlitzer store or dealer. Or write today for photographs, prices, and convenient terms of payment.*

*The Wurlitzer Upright Period Design*

*The Wurlitzer Player Period Design*

THE SPINETTE Model

THE CLAVICHORDE Model

*Wurlitzer Pianos are offered in more than a hundred and fifty models, $5500 to $295*

WURLITZER, N. Tonawanda, N. Y.
*Please send your portfolio on Upright Pianos, including the new small Upright and Player Period Models, without obligation.*

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

*City* _____ *State* _____

# WURLITZER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DEALERS AND BRANCHES EVERYWHERE

**Grand Piano Division, DeKalb, Illinois**
**Upright Piano Division, N. Tonawanda, N. Y.**

WURLITZER, DeKalb, Ill.
*Please send full information on new Clavichorde and Spinette Grand Pianos, without obligation.*

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

*City* _____ *State* _____

*A reflection of good taste*

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.